

# LIPPINCOTT'S MAGAZINE

OF

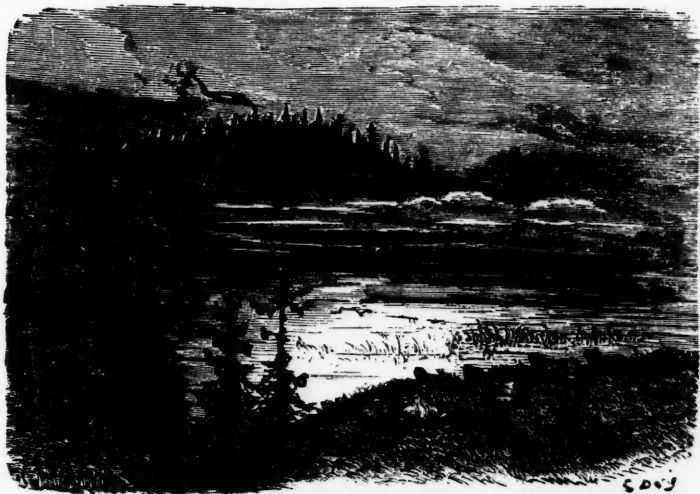
*POPULAR LITERATURE AND SCIENCE.*

MARCH, 1874.

THE NEW HYPERION.

FROM PARIS TO MARLY BY WAY OF THE RHINE.

IX.—ASTRAY IN THE BLACK FOREST.



THE LAKE OF UNDINES.

**Y**OUR vilest matchmaker is Death. Year after year he weds the tender and the base. His call, even as Keats's purer bird, is heard through every age "alike by emperor and clown." What avails our protest? From time to time some delicate prince, first conscious of the

natural, helpless antipathy, shall idly ask, for humanity's Cæsars and Alexanders, whether they must come to this fashion i' the earth; and Death's groomsmen the gravedigger sings twice or thrice, "Oh, a pit of clay for to be made for such a guest is meet." Again and again

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some wild Constance, morbid bride of corruption, shall shriek, "Arise forth from the couch of lasting night," and offer her maniac kiss to the "détestable bones," and put her eyeballs in the "vaulty brows." And Death, more horrible than any *duègne complaisante*, re-

heaven! I have no plain and easy tale to tell this morning, and I must needs fortify myself, as in the old time, with the old words, when I said, "O thou poor authoring! reach a little deeper into the human heart. Touch those strings—touch those deeper strings, and more boldly, or the notes will die away like whispers."

It is now four or five years since a lonely and beautiful woman, hurrying across the wealthy plains of Belgium with an infant in her arms, was forced to pause at Brussels. When she rose from a sick bed the angel of death had stolen from her bosom the little tender babe, and had laid the poor abortive being in the cemetery of Laaken. Just able at length to walk, she stole to the churchyard to bid a last adieu to the grave, for uncontrollable reasons urged her speedy departure from Belgium. "Take care of the poor flowers," she said, putting money into the hand of a stolid sexton. Then, in a voice all broken with sobs, "Ah, darling, darling little daughter! why cannot I stay near you? What gentle eye will ever dwell on your sweet grave when your mother herself abandons you? Who

will tend these desolate little roses and violets?"

"I will!" said a voice which seemed to rise upon the wind. She looked around, but saw nobody: was the sound a lingering echo of delirium? She came in haste next day at an early hour snatched with difficulty from the routine of travel. The grave was already covered with fresh plants for all its petty length, and guarded with a grating of iron. "My prayers are answered," said the poor traveler. When she had gone a figure approached the tomb from the nearest clump of cypresses. It was a young man of vigorous proportions, but with a face



ILL-FAME AND INNOCENCE.

ceive with his own grin his pennies from the my res. Our fine delicacy is notl... choice is impotent.

And Beauty shall be laid in Yorick's bed, for innocence must slumber with the clown to-night, and in the grave is no device nor difference.

I am approaching the most serious part of my story. I should be sorry for the reader to think that Paul Flemming can occupy himself with only *dilettante* studies and ballads of travel. Fill thyself with angrier ink, O pen that long since wrotest the dirge of Emma of Ilmenau: do thy spiriting darkly, as when, by those lone banks of Neckar, there fell a star from

worn and saddened with anxiety. He laid his hand upon the rail. "Poor baby!" said he, "it is in the name of maternity!"

After that no week passed by but the young philanthropist returned, darkly studying the bed where chance had laid the baby-bride of Eternity. He was a

home-sick Frenchman, and truly few young men but those of the Latin race would be capable of an action generous, yet uncalled-for and slightly mock-heroic. Only briefly a resident of Brussels, and driven thither by a schoolboy's manifestation which had been viewed in a political aspect, he had formed the habit



FALLS AT ALLERHEILIGEN.

of promenading in the cemetery. The small creature, hidden in the grave without ever having met his eye, became for him an interest and an object in life. He visited no one else, avoiding even the other refugees tempted by bankruptcy or ill-fortune into the friendly territory. Sick for his native land, he established a parallel between himself and this tiny stranger withered on a foreign soil. It lived in his fancy as a pallid cherub, and alternated with imperfect visions of a graceful lady half seen

among the trees. His constant visits were noticed, and with no friendly eyes.

"What would you think, yourself, Flemming?" said Grandstone, who recited, as we strolled toward the cascades of Allerheiligen, the history from which I have condensed this shadowy little idyl.

"I think he was Quixotic, but a fine fellow."

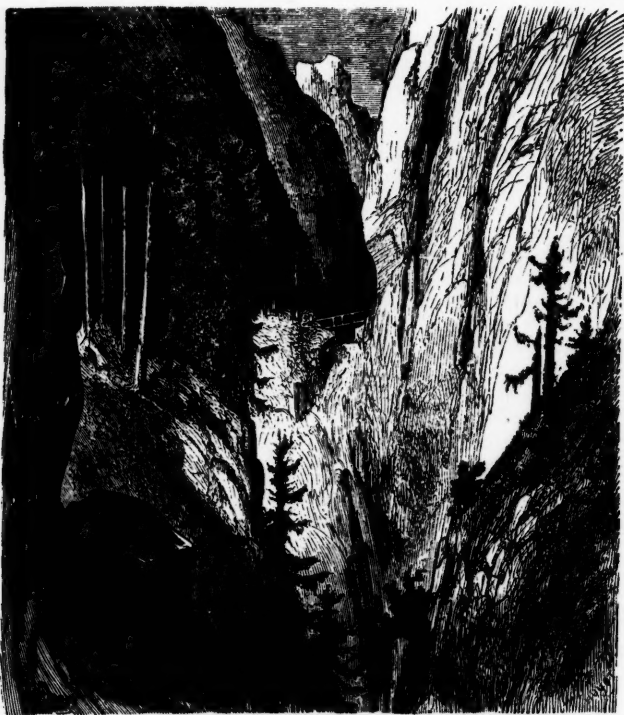
"They didn't think him very fine in Brussels," said my young countryman. "You see, they don't give a hearty wel-

come in Belgian society to French refugees, being more used to fellows that have jumped their bail or to gentlemen of the Rochefort order than they are to Don Quixotes. It was too bad, though, the things they dared to drop about that baby and its supposed father. 'We had better part,' said the landlord who lodged

him near the cemetery: 'there are too many of your family in our faubourg.'

"Was he obliged to move away, then, from the grave he had tended so generously?"

"It was of the less importance, for his banishment from French soil was repealed. Before departing he came once



LADDER OR BRIDGE?

more to the churchyard of Laaken. He left a considerable sum with the sexton, making him promise to keep the place in his special care. Nothing could be more handsome of Fortnoye."

—For it was again of Fortnoye, the eternal, the inevitable Fortnoye, that the tale was told. I had been repeating to Grandstone his riddling words about an approaching matrimonial project on his part. The former continued:

"Do you fancy that even if he wants to marry, a girl who goes over the coun-

try with undecipherable and mysterious babies is the wife for our whimsical, scrupulous Paladin? It was a pure infamy, though, to invent that coarse slander about him and the child."

"But who is the supposed mother of the infant?"

"Why, don't you see? Her godmother is well known at Brussels, where she shut her door against the adventuress. Of course it is your pretty hostess of Carlsruhe."

"What! Francine Joliet? The infamy



is in attaching any kind of mystery to that lovely creature's conduct."

I was proceeding to defend my dainty Francine at greater length when our dialogue was interrupted by a simultaneous cry. It was a cry of delight, for we had now mounted the hills, those sunny summits which had filled so beautifully the arches of the ruined windows in the abbey, and the cascades of Allerheiligen were before us. From the eminence we had reached, stretched out in their silver length, were unfolded to our sight the multiplied cataracts, like twenty rivers standing story over story.

Our comrades were waiting for us a little farther on, Fortnoye among them: as we neared each other I stepped briskly up to him and grasped his hand, a manoeuvre which seemed considerably to surprise him. It was a salute proceeding from the grave at Laaken.

Swelled by the tributaries of the Murg, the Enz and the numerous water-courses that drain the Black Forest, the falls of Allerheiligen have torn their way through a rocky tract, whose points of resistance have looped up the stream into numerous draperies. Formerly, to trace these cata-

Later, a series of ladders was thrown from peak to peak, where travelers with strong heads might clamber at their slip-



SAINT SAÏAN.

pery will. At present, the whole is arranged for the tourist with plank-walks, rails and bridges; yet many of the latter, in the history of the evolution pursued by Allerheiligen, remain in a state of partial development, and hesitate giddily between ladder and bridge.

The country-folk from the musical festival crowded the stairways, where the spray from the torrent baptized a wonderful variety of rustic costumes. I essayed a rude sketch of the scene, but the fantastic embossed man, Somerard, by dint of flying and capricolping about me, and professing ecstasy at the effect of the blank paper, destroyed my drawing before it was begun. As we crossed from the left bank to the right one I plucked a fine gentian, and opened my tin box to receive it: I found already in the cavity a sheaf of nettles. Evidently the dwarf about to become a giant had

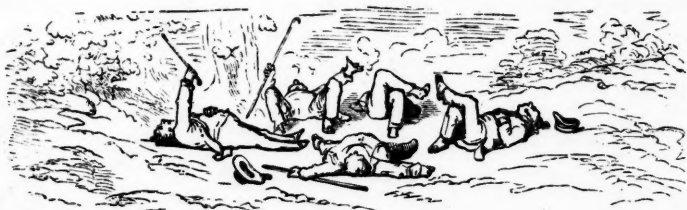


A CARTLOAD.

tracts through their whole length, the forster or hunter was obliged to slide over dangerous crags at the risk of his life.

chosen me as his victim for the day. As I shook a finger at him he puffed up quite globularly with laughter: perhaps

in elongating he would grow more wise; and so, with jokes and Joe Millers, we took leave of Allerheiligen, ever memor-



LAKESIDE REVERIES.

able for its processions of *buffo* characters trailing between the coulisses of a grand, austere landscape.

At the entrance to the little grove where I had found such a lively scene of rendezvous in the morning were num-

Épernay, a chance friend whom Grandstone had seduced from among the orpheonists, and myself, formed a little drama of eight persons. We engaged two carts. Grandstone went to direct the peasant who drove. I supposed we were on the return to Achern.

"To the Mummelsee!" said Grandstone.

"Is that the place where we are to dine?" I asked, rather absently, with a regret flung backward at my breakfast, interrupted by the shower of gold.

"We dine at the Hirsch."

"Why not at Achern? I shall certainly take the evening train for Paris. My chum Hohenfels must be almost a maniac by this time."

"We take the Paris train too: at least, if not for Paris, as far along as Épernay. But, you innocent, do you suppose people come to Allerheiligen without going to the Mummelsee?"

"What is a Mummelsee?"

"The Mummelsee is the Lake of Undines," said Somerard.

"And where is this Lake of Undines?"

"At the Mummelsee."

It appeared unnecessary to prolong this circular argument. Besides, the term "Lake of Undines" had a soft ring to my ear. We rode through a gentle valley toward Oberkappel, exchanging the din of the Funnel for the completest pastoral silence, punctuated here and there by the notes of the birds. Our party did little to disturb the scene: some smoked, with the grateful taciturnity of smokers; some slept at the bottom of

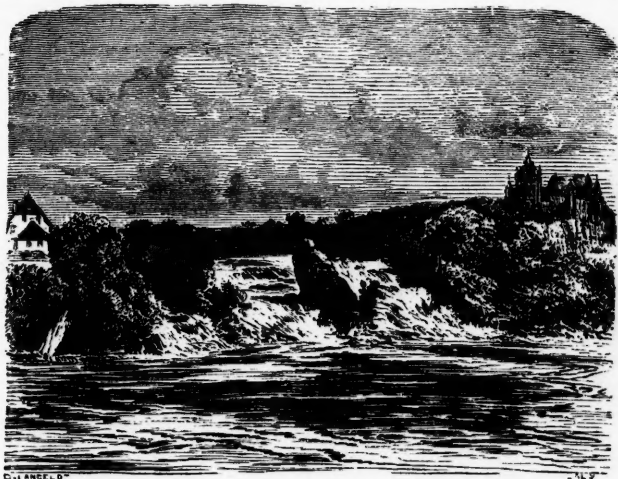


ASPIRATION.

bers of cabs and carts. Grandstone, Fortnoye, the homœopathist, Somerard, two other champagne-feasters from

the carts, where even Somerard, rocked in the cradle of his back, forgot his pranks in a succession of falsetto snores. For my part, I mused on a certain artisanne cap at Carlsruhe. Surely that milk-

white talisman was without a smirch, notwithstanding Grandstone's careless tales and a censorious world. Fortnoye had not spoken with blame of the gentle girl; and she, as I reflected with a pang,



FALLS OF SCHAFFHAUSEN.

was so shy, so grateful, so devoted in speaking of him!

Suddenly, as I saw the floating capstrings very distinctly before me, they gave a smart crack like a whiplash. We had arrived at the "Hirsch." I must have been nodding.

The Hirsch is a large *gasthaus*, an ordinary stopping-place for drovers, for

clock-sellers, or for the intelligent tourist bound for the Lake of Undines. Placed between the route for Würtemberg and that for the Mummelsee, it presents on the side toward the latter the form of a large chalet, where you can enter by a human-looking doorway, and have the range of two stories of chambers. On the side of the Würtemberg road you



AN UNSOCIAL COMPANION.

find but one floor, and an entrance into a garret like a hay-mow: it is the loss of level between the Seebach valley and the slopes of the Black Forest. We entered a large, low, whitewashed room,

furnished with limping tables and chairs of unassuming rustic-work. One ornament was on the wall, a tinted wood-cut of Waldhantz the Poacher.

Germany has plenty of legendary Wild

Huntsmen, but the jolly Waldhantz is the appurtenance of the Black Forest. This amiable being, the king of poach-

"Have you your flint there? Now light." With a prayer to Hubert, Waldhantz fired his fowling-piece. When the smoke cleared away Saint Satan was seen in good form, but coughing out clouds of buckshot. "What strong tobacco you use!" he said with a queer wink. Waldhantz had the glory of endeavor, but not of success. It sufficed him, however, for enduring fame.

The rays of the sun were getting level. We provided ourselves with alpenstocks, and with another bit of ironshod wood called a guide. Our course lay along the rivulet which descends from the Mummelsee. I had intended to talk seriously with Fortnoye on the route, but the steepness of the ascent forbade conversation. Although I leaned affectionately on the scapular angle of the guide, I panted like an August cartdog. To add to my humiliation, as I painfully divided off the pathway I perceived overhead, leaping goatlike

from rock to rock, a Titan scaling the mountains, the patient of our homœopathist, Somerard of the mocking eye. For one moment I was ready to believe in the vegetable-magnetic theory of the doctor, who toiled inadequately after on his interminable legs.

A grand basin turned by some puissant potter in the arid clay of the surrounding hills—lead-en waters, stagnant and thick, without fish within or insects or flowers above,—such is the Mummelsee. Evidently as birds will only breed



AN ACCIDENT.

ers, used to course the woods with an ingenious little gun, easily concealed, and Saint Hubert took good care to keep his gamebag filled. But one day he met a sinister-looking black-haired personage, resembling more the Prophet of Evil than the good Saint Hubert.

"Good-day, Waldhantz!" said the stranger sulphurously.

"Good-day, Satan!" replied the bold poacher.

"What is that droll little thing in your hand?"

"That? Oh, it is my pipe. Do you smoke?"

"Show me how to use it. Is your pipe filled?"

"It is." And Waldhantz, who had conceived the beneficent idea of ridding the world of its arch-enemy, put the barrel up to the smiling lips of his new acquaintance.



THE REAR.

in an untouched nest, the Undines demand for their lodgment a massive laver sacred from profane company.

At times, however, the Mummelsee is stirred from its depths, and that too when no wind is breathing. The leaves do not flutter in the forest, the raven's breast is not curled as he sails motionless over the lake. The strange agitation is soul-thrilling and terrible. The nymphs who live below in bowers of coral (it is probably the only instance known of the coral-builder as a fresh-water polyp) come to the surface in the full of every moon. They come up like bubbles and disport on the surface, where their gleaming, moonlight-washed bodies seem to be lilies blushing into roses. When the cock crows the frolic and jest, the wanton diving and swimming, cease in a moment, and the nymphs plunge to wait for another full moon. Sometimes the dawn surprises them: then there appears a dreadful Uncle Kuhleborn, a dwarfish ugly monster, who threatens them and drives them headlong into the lake, and the waters are left dull and sullen. Once the lasses of Seebach were surprised at their spinning by a lovely apparition, a fair girl who sat among them and spun from her ivory wheel a



"FIZZ!"

man, infatuated, flung himself into the whirlpool, and then the water was still, but the spinning Undine appeared no more.

thread like fountain-spray. She always left them at one hour, but the son of the house set back the clock, and that night she went hastily to the Mummelsee and threw herself into the water. Then a complaining sound was heard, and the lake began to foam and boil.

But the young

We stretched ourselves on a hillock, as appositely as possible for the visit of any fairy with ivory wheel or a foam-spinning distaff, but our receptive state was not honored with an apparition.



THE SICK-BED.

We lay and caressed our alpenstocks beside this small parody of the Dead Sea, beside this flat frog-pond for whose sake we had gone aside from Achern and committed ourselves to a journey. Some of those green-coated musicians, the frogs, began to be audible in the sedgy banks, and reminded me for a moment of the young apprentice in green who had long ago sung to me to "beware." The worst of it was that MacMurtagh, the Scotch charlatan, began to take me, as if he might follow the lead of his employer, for the butt of his clumsy badinage.

"Oh!" I said casually, "this is a poor exchange for the cascades of Allerheiligen!"

"—Which are themselves a lame substitute for the falls we have just seen at Schaffhausen," said the Scot. "Ah, Mr. Flemming, you have seen nothing! If you had been privileged, like us, to be at Schaffhausen, while reading at the same time the matchless description of Ruskin!" And the doctor began to recite, through his red nose, and with the utmost disenchantment of a strong Scotch brogue, a long passage beginning "Stand for an hour at the Falls of Schaffhausen."

Grandstone, wearying rapidly of this entertainment, turned to me with a groan. "Don't you smoke?" said he.

The incense from a number of mouths was curling among the mists of the Mummelsee. MacMurtagh interrupted himself: "Mr. Flemming smokes only by

proxy and with the aid of four negroes," he said ironically, alluding to my little quiz upon him at Strasburg.

I laughed good-naturedly enough. "You really must forgive me," I said. "When I popped that joke on you it was



TRUTH AND HER FAVORITE  
WELL.

in remembrance of the duke of Mississippi, to whom my dear Frau Kranich introduced me at Ems, and who, she assured me, kept a private secretary to 'smoke to him.' As for the Schaffhausen falls, if you were acquainted with

my former history you would know that I saw them in those same old times, before you were born. Since then I have grown lazy. I no longer take tobacco, even by proxy: in revenge I take my waterfalls infinitesimally diluted, at the hands of a homœopathist!"

Fortnoye, stretched apart from the rest, on his pelvis and his two elbows, formed a sort of tripod. To escape from the recoil of my shot at MacMurtagh, I went up and offered him a penny for his thoughts. He turned to me a face that was surprising for its depth and tenderness of expression. "I am thinking of a fairy," said he, "whom if I had the power I would bid arise this moment out of yonder lake." I know not why it was—I am sure I was torn with jealousy—but on that I gave him my hand for the second time.

In order to get an idea of the dignity of the hills on which the Black Forest is planted, our younger men had determined to ascend the Hornisgrinde, an excursion which would occupy the remainder of the day. This is the most elevated peak of a range which extends from Salsbachwalden to Oberkappel. For my part, I started in the rear of the party, but with a covert determination to botanize and sketch in such a manner as to

be left entirely behind. The fatigues of the morning had already told on my knees, which felt curiously uncertain under me, and I was wiping my brow already when my companions had mounted the first hillock. As for the short gentleman, the lively Somerard, he departed for the loftiest peaks like an eagle, and as if the best the Schwarzwald had to show were all insufficient for his desires.

My own rearward location, however, soon became the most popular one. In a short time I saw our guide returning to the lake, and looking like a Savoyard with his monkey as he carried the ambitious Somerard on his shoulder. He had fallen all of a heap in the pathway. MacMurtagh, who with the rest followed the descending cortège, said that it was a superexcitation of the assimilative organs, the result of an overdose of young ash tree in the morning, aggravated by the rarer air of the heights.

At the Hirsch, where we hardly arrived before nightfall, the table was already



ONE OF THE CHORUS.

set, and we found to our wonder at each plate a noble bottle of champagne labeled Le Brun, of which house Fortnoye was a special agent. "The Le Brun brand," said he carelessly, as if to conceal the generosity of his handsome



treat, "you'll find the most honest and conscientious of all the champagnes." This surprise, arranged over-night by our invaluable companion, put us all in

good humor and obliterated our fatigues, except those of poor Somerard, for whom a bed was laid in a corner of the great room. The invincible dwarf, sociable to

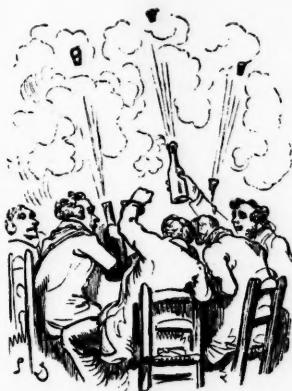


BROKEN SLUMBERS.

the last, feebly applauded with his hands when he saw the *sierra* of bottles stretched along the table.

As the repast proceeded some rather effervescent talk was heard, and witticisms and good things were not wanting. Fortnoye, the prophet and interpreter of the vintage, while continually adding to the fund of wit, maintained that the whole exhibition was due less to our natural ingenuity than to qualities inherent in the Le Brun brand. He argued that he could recognize its true effect in our gay but not silly repartees. This gift, he pleaded, was the special one of the champagne he represented, and thereupon he developed a most extraordinary theory, which he claimed to have been years in forming. Let him hear, he said, such and such a bright speech, such and such a sarcastic reply, and he could tell whether it were born under the influence of a sparkling or a still wine. At need he believed he could specify the very part of the Marne département where the speech or the sarcasm had been fermented and put in stock, whether at Rheims, Épernay, Avize or Sillery. In his opinion, Moët tended rather to imagination than to mirth, Montebello inspired musing

rather than conversation, while Clicquot turned naturally to politics; and so on with twenty obscurer labels, which he ranged under general headings, such as "wines of wit," wines "patriotic," or



"POP!"

"anecdotic," or "hearty," or "jolly," or even "a little broad."

The theory amused us abundantly, and I gave with the rest my vote for the classification of Fortnoye, without letting

him know how many prejudices I had been forced to conquer before coming



INTELLIGENCE.

overt to his side. Fortnoye, in accepting our comments and administering some vigorous strokes of his own, had never got the better of a sort of dreamy gravity which seemed habitual with him.

This man had seemed to me at Épernay a mere proficient in vulgar horseplay: at the house in Carlsruhe I learned to

think him a suspicious character. Engaged as I had been in his pursuit by a ridiculous accident and a peevish curiosity, I had him now face to face without the ability to see him clearly. Which was the true Fortnoye—the ambulant wine-agent, the poet, the philanthropist or the buffoon? They were all present in one, but the buffoon was disguised in the philosopher's mantle: his thoughts laughed oftener than his features. A keen, discriminating mind leaped up from the wine-cask, like Truth from her fabled well. As for the heart, I had but to trust the God's acre at Laaken for that. There remained but one more quality of Fortnoye's to test him in—that of bard.

At dessert I invited him to sing some of his own songs. He complied by rolling out more than one brindisi. They were transparently joyous, light-hearted and sincere, like fragments of Burns: at the moment of the most hilarious expression of gayety they were furnished with a penetrating note of pathos or sentiment, which, shaded in the most ex-

quisite manner by the manly voice of the singer, sent the strangest thrill of sympathy into the pleasure with which we listened, and matched our delighted ears with an accompaniment of swimming eyes. We joined in the choruses with absolute fury: the German orpheonist contributed to these refrains some variations and Tyrolean jodels which enlivened if they did not entirely follow them; and the sick Somerard, determined not to be forgotten at his corner, piped in the choir like a friendly steam-whistle. The fairies must have heard it all in their lake with feelings of envy.

Already, at several attempts, our two drivers had striven to detach us from the table. The night, they said, was gloomy, and it would be perilous crossing the valleys of Kappel and Seebach after it was too late to see the heads of the horses before us. We paid small attention. "One song more!" we cried, and still Fortnoye, with his grave enthusiasm, sang of cheer and hospitality, and the German vocalist, lashed to his utmost endeavors, sent forth his voice in Tyrolean exercises that resembled a syrupy liquid *blobbing* forth from a gi-



THE BLACK FOREST.

gantic champagne-bottle. At last we rose, and the charioteers cracked their whips with the relish of anticipation.

Doctor MacMurtagh, who had vainly endeavored to secure a hearing for certain effusions of Allan Cunningham and the Ettrick Shepherd, now declared his patient unfit to bear the jolts of the wagon. He refused to leave his charge. Grandstone, too, said it would be disloyal to quit Somerard's bedside. Fortnoye declared that wine-merchants should work in harmony, and governed his conduct by Grandstone's. The two natives of Épernay were glad of an excuse to stay with Fortnoye; the orpheonist, cracking a fresh bottle, found himself very well where he was, and promised to spend the night at table; and I, for my

part—what could I do against such a formidable majority? "*Resolved*," said Fortnoye, "That to return to Achern without M. Somerard would be an act of treason which the remotest posterity would brand on us as a crime." ("Hear! hear!" said the congress.) "*Resolved*," As Doctor Meurtrier yonder promises to set his patient up again by morning with the aid of a few juleps of poplar and birch tree, that we engage in another little project. *Resolved*, That we gain on foot to-morrow, not Achern again, but Appenweier, a nearer town, and a station where the railroad to Baden makes a branch to that of Kehl. We thus save



RESTING IN THE WOODS.

time and improve our acquaintance with the Black Forest."

The majority became unanimity, and we sent the carts rattling back to Achern. The landlord, not unused to making a bed-room out of his dining-hall, threw a few mattresses over the floor, where we stretched ourselves, rather ill at ease. The orpheonist alone, true to his promise, remained all night stolidly upright at table, communing with a large pot of beer and a small bottle of Kirschwasser.

Bright and briskly we quitted the grand hotel of the Stag in the morning. We directed our course for the little town of Appenweier on the road to Kehl, and I thought of an early return homeward, and an encounter with Hohenfels at

Marly. The cows were going out to pasture: they knew their way better than James Grandstone, who volunteered to guide us, knew ours. Ottenhafen and Lautenbach left behind, we admired the pretty valley of Salzbach, and passed various tiny and almost nameless hamlets, when a town came in sight—surely Appenweier and the Kehl railroad!

The town was Oppenau, and we had overshot the station. Grandstone was dismissed without arrears of wages: we sought a more experienced guide. Venturing into a handsome village-house and drinking a glass of beer, we asked the red-waistcoated owner for a cicerone. He pointed to a tall lout, a ferryman, who had just brought some countrymen

over the stream which laved the cottage wall. We explained to the boatman our wish to go to Appenweier, and he replied by two gestures—one an affirmative nod,



LARGESS.

the other an invitation with his forefinger to get into the boat.

This Charon conducted us for an endless time along his little river, the Rensch or the Ramsbach. Finally, leaping out and not looking behind him, he marched along a woody path, and then up a hill. We followed, our mutual conversation growing more and more sparse as our confidence decreased. This was our history from six o'clock A. M. until two in the afternoon. More than once I and my tin box sank to the ground for a little rest. Like the slave of some deceptive princess in the *Arabian Nights*, he led us through countless meanders, without answering our questions or ever once looking at us. At last he brought us to a town, and Grandstone, as the financial agent of the party, showered largess upon the guide and dismissed him, glad at last to have come to the termination of so long a walk. He made an exaggerated rustic bow and plunged into the recesses of the town.

At that moment I perceived on a sign-board the name of the place. It was not Appenweier. It was Freudenstadt.

"Hurrah, boys!"—I could not forbear the joy of announcing our luck—"is not this delightful? We are lost in the Black Forest! Let us have adventures! Let us quote the vagabondage of Cervantes and the philosophy of Gil Blas! Let us adopt knight-errantry as a profession, charter our own association, and practice 'Exploration of the Black Forest, by a

Company of Musical Amateurs, limited'!"

"Only hear the ancient boy!" Grandstone said in advance of me to the Scot, without thinking me so near. "Was there ever such a jolly old absurdity? He thinks he is still at the age when he used to walk around Heidelberg with his tiresome friend the baron."

We commenced our wilderness-life by getting a good comfortable dinner at the little tavern of Freudenstadt. The village proved to be a commercial centre, to the extent of irradiating upon a happy world the blessings of straw hats, glass mugs and musical boxes. There was a strange church here, constructed in some very remote antiquity on that cellular system which we pretend is most exclusively modern—the same system which Mr. Dickens so disapproved on his first visit among American prisons. The men and women at Freudenstadt worship in such privacy that they cannot see each other, though the preacher's desk is visible to every one of the congregation.

But I must render justice to the dinner. It was composed of cold sausage, of a salad, and a tart open and filled with Irish potatoes. It seemed to me preferable to the ordinary bill of fare at Delmonico's or Véfours'. But then I had been walking for it from six in the morning. It is proper, also, to celebrate the hotel bill: it bore not the slightest resemblance to my late one at Baden-Baden. It was computed in kreutzers, and cost us something like a dime each.

Again, then, we set ourselves in motion, having easily exhausted the commercial charms of Freudenstadt. Our guide, this time, was neither Grandstone nor the ferryman, but Accident. We were determined to have our souls thrilled with adventure.

The fact is, the Black Forest, so far as we could see it, appeared about as safe and quiet as the route from Boston to Cambridge, and we fancied we could have our adventurous experience at a very reasonable outlay in actual risk. Behold us lost in the Black Forest!

EDWARD STRAHAN.

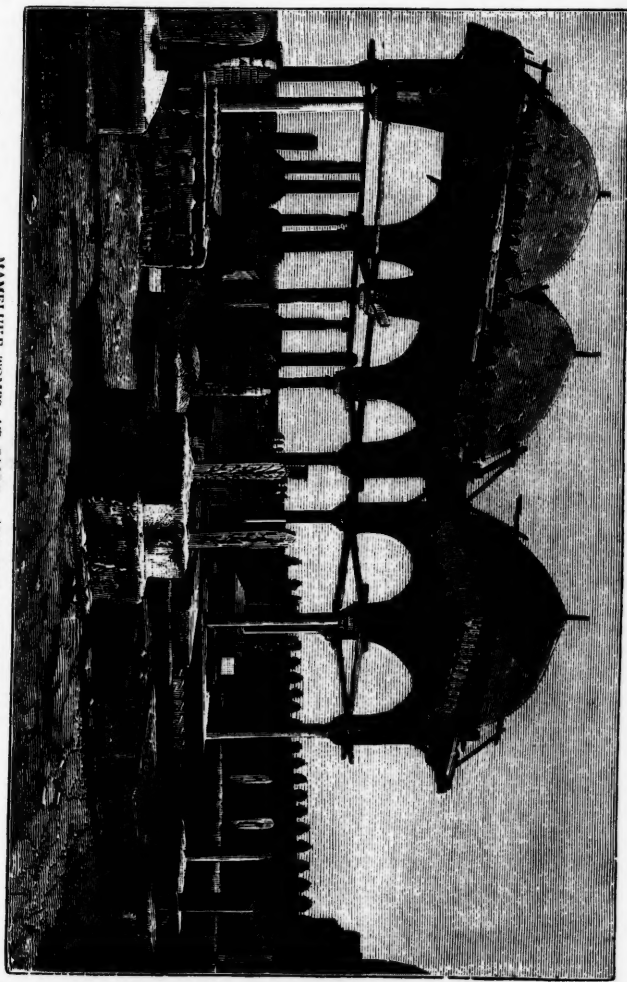
[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## IN A CARAVAN WITH GÉRÔME THE PAINTER.

TWO PAPERS.—I.

THE caravan took a route that was not very new, but it was made up of such choice spirits, and the aspect of things became so novel from their fresh

MAMELUNE TOMBS AT CAIRO. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)



and unconventional point of view, that the spectacle of Egypt was in a measure transfigured, and took on changes as of

a familiar garment worn inside out. Gérôme, the leader, was at home in Cairo. The little band chose for him the

title of Colonel; which must be pronounced trisyllabically, *Cô-lo-nel*, or it will acquire an American, militia-training, stand-up-for-a-drink sort of flavor, as far as possible from the humor in which it was conferred. Readers of these pages who have admired those dramatic compositions of his, those telling anecdotes expressed in color, those epigrams of antique history which constitute Gérôme the Plutarch of painters—and more especially his "Cleopatra," the cunning ivory woman,

—trace about by jewels which outline,  
Fire-frame, and keep distinct perfections, lest they melt

To soft smooth unity ere half their hold be felt;  
Yet, o'er that white and wonder, a Soul's predominance

I' the head so high and haught, except one thievish glance

From back of oblong eye, intent to count the slain,

—may be glad of a personal introduction, which, however, shall be shorter than a formula of Sir Charles Grandison's. The painter of "Cleopatra" and "The Death of Cæsar" is a dark, energetic man, with quick black eyes set under a very broad forehead, and a triangular, top-shaped face, whose apex, the chin, is shadowed by an arching moustache. With his alert motions, his height and weight kept serviceably at a medium, his taste in dress plain and business-like, and a directness of manner so absolute that trifling with him is out of the question, Gérôme is a man whom you would call a grave person even when he laughs; but his sincerity, his reasonableness and mental superiority make him the best of traveling-companions. Only, whereas the others are going to Egypt in an exalted spirit of larking, the pencil-Plutarch is descending upon the land of Pharaoh with as fell a purpose as ever sent a Highland chieftain raiding upon the Lowlands: his artistic larder needs replenishing, and he is going after his milch cow.

This expedition was so far a crisis with Gérôme that he went out a black-haired man and returned perfectly gray. There is something memorable in the particular action that at once distinctly deprives one of one's youth: it is like a vigil of

arms, where a young knight leaves his sable locks upon the altar.

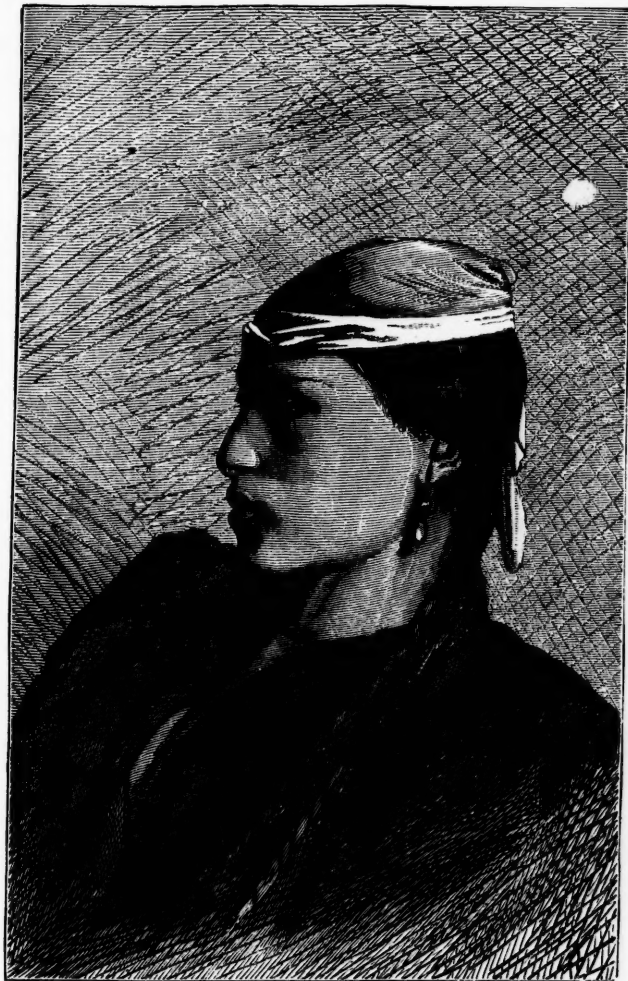
All Europeans in Cairo behave precisely alike: the mysterious Eastern charm runs away with all of them together. Our Parisians, installed in the house of a rich French cook *emeritus*, had hardly disposed of their first grand nine-course dinner when they retired to dream, one and all, of the same plan. "For my part, I know very well what I am going to do," said each to himself as he buttoned the mosquito-net of his own particular bed. "I shall get up at four o'clock, take a donkey and seek adventures until breakfast-time." And so accurately was every traveler bitten by the same maggot in the same place that they all had the pleasure of finding themselves together, each on a donkey, a little before sunrise.

The ex-cook's mansion forming almost the corner of the great native street of Cairo, the Muskee, the first tableau was naturally afforded by that finest of Cairene boulevards. The Muskee, with its shops and coffee-houses, is an Orient in itself, and he would be a stupid braggart who, after living in it for three years, should pretend to have seen all its interesting features. At the extremity of the Muskee a broad covered footway separates into two the quarter where the bazaars are grouped: turning to the left, the bazaar of the jewelers is reached; to the right are the carpets and raiment, the slippers, harness and saddles. The first duty of inexperienced travelers is to load themselves down with cumbrous articles of purchase. Our caravan did not fail at the present emergency, and Saint Eloi himself could hardly have kept count of the bracelets, the necklaces, the daggers and pistols, made very probably in Brussels, which the ardent Orientalists swept into their carpet-bags. The carved woodwork on the coffers and street-signs of the merchants attracted the admiration of every artist in the group, while the Persian rugs (many of which are sold in Cairo) seemed to them adorable enough for an artist to say his prayers upon, especially those with fantastic figures on white grounds. The



simple jewels prepared for the Fellah women were objects of eager research, partly on account of their broad statuesque styles and partly on account of the

singular manner of paying for them. In one dish of the scales is placed your chosen lot of trinkets, in the other your gold, and the equilibrium of the two



FATMA. (BY J. L. GÉRÔME.)

forms the payment: in this sort of jewelry the workmanship is valued at nothing at all.

One of the party had the fortune to stumble on a pair of ancient bracelets

remarkable for their exquisite chasing: they were received afterward in France, in circles of taste, with open arms—even by those beauties whose rounded wrists were seemingly too slender to support

the weight of forty centuries of graven-work.

It is always a philosophical pleasure to spoil a good story, and we feel impelled to give the sequel to the affair of the antique bracelets, one or both of which fell into the hands of Edmond About. About was accompanying Gérôme with a heart as light and a wit as ready as in the old days of the École Normale, when he used to write mock eulogies or combative arguments about Bossuet against young Hippolyte Taine and Francisque de Sarcey, or composed ridiculous tales destined to perish in an oblivion of laughter amongst his talented circle of school-fellows. The catastrophe of the Egyptian bracelet has been betrayed to us through young Florent Heller, now in America—the secretary of About in Alsace, and in his capacity of artist a pupil of Gérôme's. On the return of the caravan to Paris, About betook himself to a jeweler with his bracelet, meaning to have it cleaned and restored, and not a little proud of the possession of a genuine antique—the *real* antiques are so scarce! The wise craftsman turned it over and about in his accomplished hands. A few turns, and he had twisted it into two pieces, revealing the existence of a *screw* in the middle. The novelist began to look supernally wise, for the ancient Egyptians have not generally been credited with knowing the principle of the screw. "Let me see," said the jeweler: "there are only the firms of Chose et Cie. and Messrs. Un Tel who make screws of that sort: I can tell you in a moment who fabricated this one." He examined it critically a minute, and decided: "This screw is the manufacture of Chose—not a doubt about it." The poor bracelet, hopelessly degraded by cold professional analysis, passed into strict retirement: it was no longer boasted of. About had been fancying it on the wrist of Cleopatra or of his own fancy-feigned *Momie*: it turned out to be only a masterpiece of modern counterfeiting, which the first Paris artisan was able to nail—or rather screw—to the counter.

The day after the acquisition of the bracelet About formed an expedition to

visit the mosques of Cairo, inviting Lenoir to accompany him. We have no intention of intruding on the privacy of all the members of the party: the *Doc-teur*, the Photographer, the Naturalist (familiarily called the Taxidermist or *Empailleur*), the Hercules with the Buckskin Gloves, and the valetudinarian who suffered from a sunstroke at Senouhres, though they contributed in notable degrees to the interest of the party, shall rest for us unnamed. But Lenoir, who has made the difficult plunge into publicity by means of the double spring-board of literary and artistic success, is fair prey for the general eye, and he who in his time has made so many outrageous caricatures of his fellows shall be lightly sketched by us.

It is incredible how the atelier Gérôme could spare him, for he was the life and soul of the rollicking band of Gérôme's pupils, as he is now of the master's Egyptian caravan, where he forms the youngest member and the pet. He led all the studio games, superintended the alumni dinners, and delivered the orations, on which occasions his quiet, sarcastic style, full of ready allusions and apt quotations, provoked those smiles that are more flattering than open laughter. Visitors to his studio remarked on the door a sketch in charcoal—*Ci-git* PAUL-MARIE LENOIR, the phrase usual on tombstones. Entering, an interior stuffed with artistic curiosities met the eye. Among the bric-à-brac one large bust, a female head and shoulder in the grandiose, Michael-Angelesque style of the mysterious "Marcello," was sure to attract attention; and the young artist, suddenly quitting his sarcastic manner, would say respectfully, "It was the gift of Marcello to my father." This intimation would probably strike the visitor dumb, for in the Bohemian world of the ateliers nothing could be more dignified than an acquaintance with a mythical lady of genius, who went under a masculine name, and who had been compromised by the attentions of the emperor. Other characteristics added to the immense repute of Lenoir among the scholars: he was known to possess

the personal friendship of the patron, Gérôme himself; finally, what is never noxious to a character in a society of jolly beggars, he was reputed rich. He certainly was able to sport garments cut

in an exaggerated English style, such as proclaimed him a *crevé*, almost a *gommeux*; and he never sold, or even finished, a picture.

Since his journey, however, Lenoir has

DRAGONMAN AND DRIVERS. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)



thrown some of his fanciful conceptions into the market, and a few have found their way to America. The Persian lover riding up the doorsteps of his mistress's house to reach a flower aloft to her balcony, the Japanese ferry propelled by

swarthy swimmers, the infant of Japan dragging a toy mammoth along the street by a gay ribbon, and the Hindoo elephant upright on its hind quarters for the amusement of the ladies of the zenannah, have been familiarized here, either

in the original paintings or by means of prints. And surely that picture of his imported by Mr. Avery last winter—a view of the "Entrance to a Mosque," consisting entirely of the mass of assorted slippers left outside by the faithful—is the same which he made on this auspicious tour of inspection, and of which he remarks, dissimulating the identity of the painter, "One of the band made a study in the mosque of El-Achraf. Our donkeys being left at the door, we experienced for the first time the necessity of conforming to the rule which forbids one's shoes to follow their master into the sacred place. Nothing could be more drolly lugubrious than the battalion of our gaiters in battle array dejectedly waiting for us on the steps: they seemed to be envying us our luck of getting in."

It was no contemptible privilege to approach with Edmond About the jealous doors of the Mohammedan churches, for that brilliant author, who has never shown backwardness in availing himself of courtly favor, had made use of his letters of introduction, and rode through Cairo with an escort of officers or *cawas* who glittered with gold, and displayed his pockets filled with imperial firmans whose authority made accessible the most impenetrable sanctuaries.

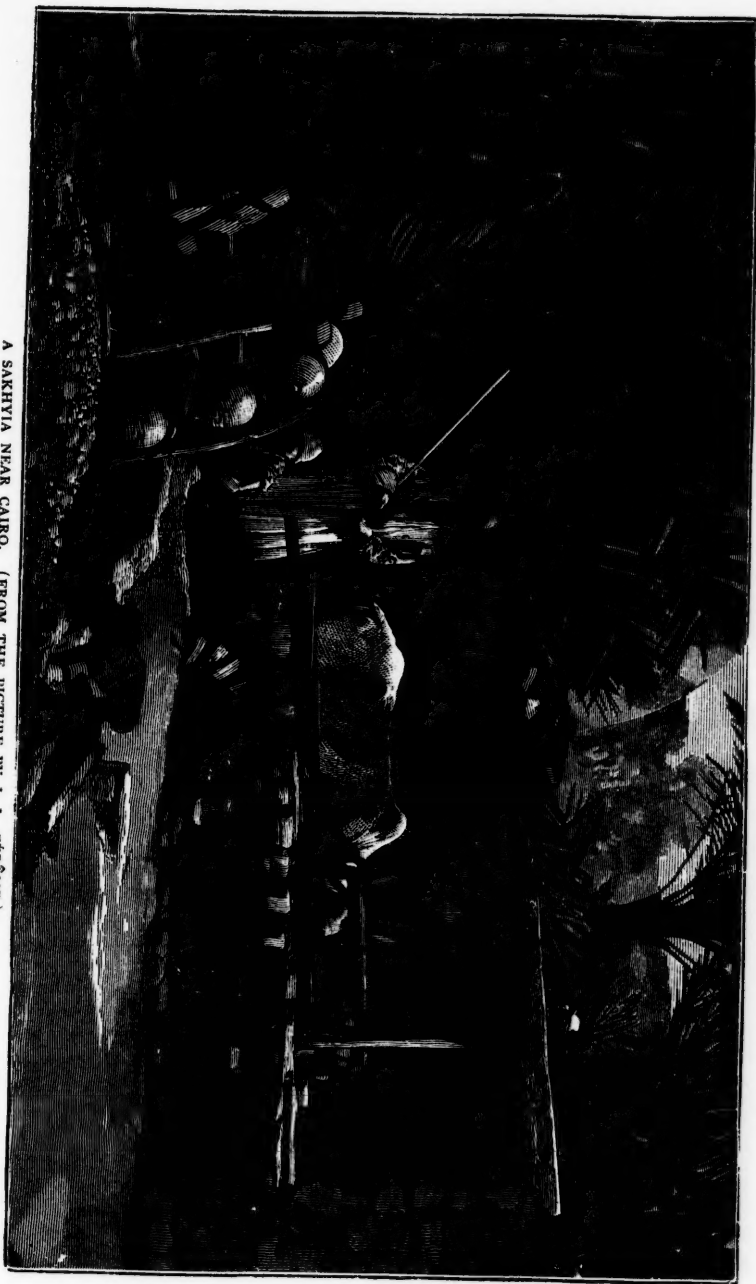
In the case of the great mosque of the Mameluke sultan Hassan, the party, after going through an immense gallery which contained a station of armed sentries, were conducted by a sheikh to a diminutive door concealed in draperies, which gave access to the tomb-chamber of the dead sultan. This chamber is in fact the interior of the great dome—a dome which soars over all the edifices of Cairo like the head of a colossus. Within, there is a fearful majesty about this gigantic cover of a sepulchre: looking up into the air, the eye is dizzied with the prodigious distance of the vault, which is decked with enormous pendentives and stalactites of sculpture, now in a state of dilapidation. Every day some massive fragment of the decoration falls splintering upon the floor, like a thunderbolt from the highest zenith. Far

from taking measures against the danger, the Arabs accept as a favor these celestial aërolites, which have the property of sending straight to Paradise those of the faithful who have the good fortune to be under them. But the Frankish intruders, who would receive no such benefit from a fortuitous pulverizing, were hurried out by the sheikh after a visit as brief as it was rare.

The El-Hakem mosque, the most ancient in Cairo, and now a ruin, the El-Azhar, called the Magnificent, and at once mosque, college and hospital, were successively visited; but there are more than four hundred of the sacred edifices in Cairo, and the most enterprising traveler can hardly hope to see them all. What struck the infidel visitors was the perfect equality with which nobles and beggars worshiped together, and the animated attention with which they listened to the dull, endless reading of the Koran from the *menber* or pulpit. The corpulent millionaires of Cairo do not snore in church, and the young men do not nod: Saint Paul would here have lost the occasion for one of his finest miracles.

The least considerable of these mosques is a triumph of Saracenic grace. The mosque of Amru is not only as old as the year A. D. 640, and the cradle of Islamism in Egypt, but is furnished with a Fat Man's Misery, or unnaturally contracted passage. A pair of small columns near the entrance, cut out of a single bit of marble, and running together at the capitals and bases, are credited from time immemorial by pious Arabs with various engaging qualities, among others that of prolonging the lives of those who are able to pass between them without breaking the ribs. The excursionists in a body took an early opportunity of submitting themselves to the test. Most of them, thanks to their youth and genteel slimmness, slipped through like letters at the post, but there was one hero in the number whose powerful bulk threatened to uproot the columns at each of his vigorous efforts. "He will pass!"—"He will not pass!"—"He will!" At each conjecture of his solicitous friends the Samson re-

A SAKHYIA NEAR CAIRO. (FROM THE PICTURE BY J. L. GÉRÔME.)



doubled his energy. He passed, but at a terrible ransom.

In another part of the same mosque the faithful are promised eternal felicity in case they can touch, after marching blindfold for some distance along a wall, a certain black square imbedded in it. The Franks had such uniform success in laying hand on the lucky stone that the sheikh in charge appeared to imbibe some doubt of their good faith—a doubt possibly not without foundation. Strange, juvenile people, which runs toward its eternal salvation in sack-races and games of hoodman-blind!

In leaving El-Barbouk, El-Achraf and their neighbor mosques it was impossible not to pause for a comprehensive survey of the whole group of edifices, a suburban settlement usually called the Valley of Tombs, but more properly the City of the Caliphs. The group of oval domes floating one above the other, the threaded minarets whose every stage is a marvel of sculpture, the golden Turkish emblems forming a constellation of moons above the whole, the faultless Saracen grace of the general architecture—to which, here and there, cling the remains of old iridescent tile-work—all make up a composition surpassing the most elaborate effect of the most sumptuous theatre. The Valley of Tombs is decidedly one of the most pictorial scenes in the whole East.

Our *dilettanti* regretfully quitted this beautiful dream of the Orient of Saladin and Haroun. Returning into the city, they passed the Tombs of the Mamelukes, a collection of funereal monuments forming a succession to the Caliphs' Valley, and diminishing, without doing violence to, the *suite* of fair Eastern forms which constitutes that radiant picture. The mausoleums, placed close together, and relieved against the mountain of Mokattam, present an aspect as picturesque in their kind as the bouquet of mosques. They are sheltered under catfalques of stone and sculptured wood-work, which struck some of the party as nearly analogous to Persian decorative styles. Might artists from Persia have executed these monuments, or at least

been charged with their ornamentation? It is possible enough. On the coverings of these tombs are small decorative cupolas remarkably like the peculiar tapering ogive of the Persian dome, which generally makes the outline of a mere triangle with rounded corners. These elegant sepulchres are thickly planted, and form a little special necropolis where one perceives a very select efflorescence of the best modern Orientalism. Those cruel Mamelukes must have been at bottom persons of great distinction to be followed by sculptors so candidly effeminate, so amateurish of whatever was most aristocratic and fine in Arab art. Our fastidious Frenchmen sniffed in the tombs of the Mamelukes a vague odor, as of primeval Jockey Club: these fine mousquetaires of Islam, said they, must have been in their time collectors of pictures and connoisseurs of Japanese porcelain, like us!

They re-entered the city by the gate El-Karafah, having gone out by the Bab-el-Nasr, the Gate of Victory. Everywhere was a new group, a new incident—combinations of figures, costumes, picture-motives, which stung with the highest ardor these enthusiastic young pencils, as yet unfleshed in the Orient. The Gate of Victory, with its two lofty square towers, had been the first study which Gérôme had made on his earliest journey to Egypt: the junior painter of the band felt it only a piece of faithful discipleship to sacrifice there a piece of clean canvas. A rival attraction, however, was the sacred bath and protecting palm tree of the mosque of Amru—the church of the more or less impassable pillars; and the eager youths, defying the stings of the enemy, leaped outside their mosquito-nets in the French cook's house to pass a good part of the night in the lightest of costumes among their preparatives—their brushes, their canvas-stretchers, their boxes and the little armory of colors contained in those shining cartouches of sheet tin.

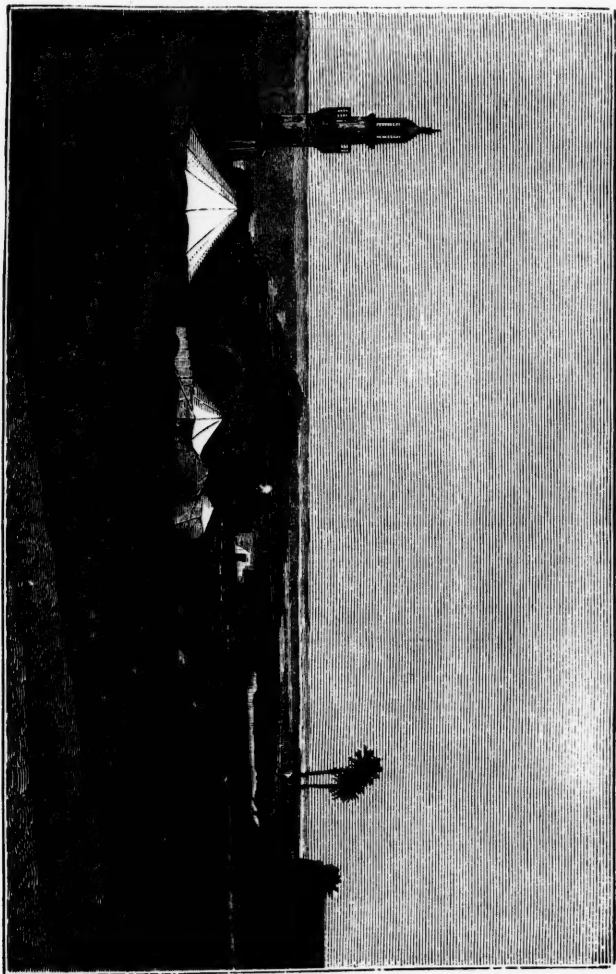
These explorings and sketches were not all done at once: the photographer of the party was the only one who could pretend to get "instantaneous" impres-



sions. The great day of the official visit to the mosques was finished up by About and his invited companions with a presentation to the ambassador from Persia, the economical notion having occurred

to them that it would be well enough to go somewhere with their embroidered guard of *carwas* where it would be worth the display. Nothing is more comical than the ceremonious turn given to after-

VIEW OF TAMIEH. (FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.)



noon calls in the East. The strangers passed the allotted time in receiving from a person they did not know a succession of compliments on the honor they conferred by using his house and consuming his provisions. They were stuffed with

candies and inundated with coffee, none of which might be refused, and they pushed etiquette so far as to imitate those involuntary guttural noises which indicate repletion, and which in Oriental lands are accepted by your host as the most

delicate flattery. The Persian ministry was a dream of luxury, an edifice lined with porphyry and gold; yet the most incongruous Westernisms intruded everywhere to spoil the effect: vulgar mahogany chairs were offered the visitors as an attention sure to please, and lithographs of Victoria and the shah in yellow-painted frames were hung amongst pictures studded with pearl and precious metals. The Frenchmen accepted everything with bland admiration, and gave affable salutes to the ambassador's sons, young men more Parisian than Persian, clothed by Dusautoy, and having nothing national about them but the points of their tapering hats. Delighted with their own good manners, they were passing out, congratulating themselves on the effect they had made, when the darkness of a corridor caused them to rush ruinously into the stomach of a black giant who was guarding the harem. The watch-chains and jewels with which this living canopy was hung, the rings, necklaces and pendants which gave him the jingling effect of a Spanish mule, and the sabre as long as himself which he dragged at his side, all crashed in a dreadful manner at the shock; but he salaamed politely, and the visitors receded with all haste from the forbidden ground.

We are indebted entirely to lady travelers for accounts of the interior of harems. Yet the imprisonment in them of the native women is a condition greatly exaggerated in our impressions. If no man is allowed to enter, the ladies at least can go out at discretion, whether for a visit or for the bath, and they avail themselves largely of the liberty.

It is unhappily evident that the most beautiful women in the East are those whom you do not see: those whom you do see are more singular than fair; and those whom you are sorry to have seen are invariably the most free in proposing themselves for admiration. The orange-girls are as liberal of their charms as they were in England under the Merry Monarch, and certain quarters of Cairo are a perfect population of Nell Gwynns. The native names of these women are not very various.

"Fatma! Fatma!" you may call at hazard in a street, and twenty Fatmas will start to life at the apertures of the carved windows, like the automata of so many cuckoo-clocks. In the whole collection some few may be worth the trouble of the rude trick. It was a Fatma whom the Co-lo-nel and his pupils decided to summon for an artistic sitting; and it is Fatma whom the reader sees reproduced among these pages, with her strange and stony sphinx head. It has been very accurately copied on the wood, as well as the other sketches and photographs, by another disciple of the atelier Gêrôme, the good-natured and chirpy little Saint-Elme, the same whom his fellows of the studio, never at a loss for a graphic nickname, called invariably the "Poulet."

Educated only as pieces of display, like rare birds or parlor dogs, the Fatmas of the East exhibit the most innocent gluttony and childishness. To dance well, sing well, drink well, smoke well and sleep well are the lessons of their school. The particular Fatma of Gêrôme, tall, young, majestic, dreamy, and of the purest Egyptian type, had the surplus qualities of drinking araki like a camel-driver and smoking like a foot-soldier. Two days in succession she brought her fine profile and her military accomplishments to the mansion of the ex-cook. She found herself not badly off, it was evident, for the artists had difficulty in convincing her that affairs of the greatest importance compelled them to renounce the pleasure of her society. She departed finally with a stock of Paris baubles and a collection of backshish sufficient to eternalize in her heart the memory of the infidel painting-travelers.

After a time, it must be confessed, even Cairo began to pall. The eternal rattle and fuss—the constant clattering turn of the kaleidoscope—the fine pictorial effect immediately covered or effaced by a new combination or a prosaic interference,—all this fatigued the artistic sense. The painters longed for scenes more penetrated with Egyptian repose. A day came finally when Lenoir was tired of sketching slippers at mosque doors, and even of painting—supreme

MEDINET. (FROM THE ORIGINAL PAINTING BY J. L. GÉRÔME.)



luxury!--in the reposing-room of the Turkish bath: it was somewhat exhausting, too, to assist day by day in making the fortune of those irresistible merchants of the bazaars; and he had his Persian carpets and Janizary armor made up into bales for transportation to Paris.

The grand preliminary for a journey to the Desert and the Nile was the choice of some good honest thief to keep off the banditti of the plains. At the first summons the garden of the ex-cook's house was filled with most abandoned-looking reprobates, who severally invited the travelers to confide to them, as dragomans, their lives, liberty and fortunes. All shrieking at once, these estimable brigands offered the certificates of character they had torn from former victims, and prayed to be engaged. With the assistance of friends and advisers the party succeeded in making a choice not too infelicitous: the gentlemanly tyrant whom they secured for donkey-master was named Hassahuee. They devoted a day to testing their animals and examining their tents, set up for show under the sycamores of the Esbekiah: Lenoir, incorrigible sketcher, managed to snatch a journey and an étude among the Tombs of the Caliphs. The camel-drivers who took charge of the baggage in the expedition up the Nile, and afterward in Arabia Petrea, were under the government of a very intelligent Syrian named Yusef Mussali. To do these dragomans justice, their conduct proved that they had nothing very brigandish about them but their looks. They were simply types, vivacious and various, of an artless and docile Arab people. Only that horrible marplot, the incorrigible English tourist, could succeed, in the opinion of the Frenchmen, in twisting awry those gentle creatures by a systematic course of injustice, inconsiderateness and brutality.

Crossing the river by the lively ferry at the island of Rudah, the caravan was quickly got in order by the impartial justice of Yusef Mussali, which expressed itself in energetic blows administered impartially to the beasts and beast-drivers. The party contemplated the

activity of that vigorous arm, cleared for action by sleeves turned up to the shoulder, and felt that they could repose in the authority of a member so prompt, so far-reaching and so decisive. Gizeh was soon reached, a village offering nothing remarkable but its ovens for chicken-hatching and its strategic position as the key of the Grand Pyramids. The valley of the Nile here offered a scene of artificial culture quite creditable to the national industry, but not so satisfactory to the fastidious artistic eye, which very quickly tires of the raw, uniform, metal-plated, unyielding green of agricultural improvement.

One tableau, however, was afforded by these regions of immemorial husbandry. The irrigation of the country, in some localities where the banks were steeper and more cliff-like, was effected by that most poetical of watering-machines, the sakhya. Remnant of the antique Egypt, the sakhya is a primitive revolving pump, turned by a camel, an ass or an outlandish-looking buffalo, who wears his horns in the fashion prescribed by the paintings in the ancient tombs. Two huge wheels, which form the water-works, keep lowering and lifting a succession of buckets, an ever-turning rosary of russet-colored urns. The location of a sakhya usually affords a combination of all that is Orientally picturesque in shapes and colors: there the artist may constantly find a foreground with broken banks, water, tufts of palm, animals and drivers, as well as infants and women who come with their jars in preference to dipping in the Nile itself.

The great sycamore near the Pyramids, habitual resting-place for traveling encampments, was leased by the caravan for three days, with right and privilege of tent-pitching. Here, under the superintendence of the cook, they lived on potted meats dressed with desert sand, sanded bread, poultry *au sable*, and wine improved with a fine crusty flavor from the same condiment. Several watches among the party, visited by the penetrating element, stopped as if by an enchantment. The Pyramids of course were made a conquest.

"Monsieur the count—*Cawaga*—forty centuries—Bonaparte—look down upon you—monsieur the baron—*Bono Franzauoi*:" then with a personal application, "Good Arab—good backshish." It was a chorus to deafen the Sphinx. They visited the interior as well as the surface, and were touched by the dismantled state of the "Queen's Chamber," a boudoir bare of furniture or even wall-paper, and resembling nothing so much as a room of the Quartier Breda when one of the volatile inmates has lost her "things" by the cruel swoop of a sheriff's attachment. Poor queen! said the Paris callers: her bedroom is not chargeable with much Benoiton extravagance.

There is but little forage for the artist in the Pyramids when close at hand: their pictorial value is when seen in a silhouette, as from Gizeh. Then the mathematical relation of their lines and angles, suggestive as it is to science, is found to be also particularly satisfactory to the æsthetic eye. As for the Sphinx, it is the exemplar and gnomon of a passed art, whose perfection and self-sufficing attainment may not be ignored by the most frivolous observer. It is not the magnificent vastness which alone causes this imperious effect: the face wears an expression entirely definite and voluntary—the look of beatitude, pointed with the sense of superiority and irony.

The appetites which the tourists brought back from their climb ought to have been satisfactory to the forty centuries which have the office of surveying Frenchmen who encamp beneath the Pyramids. The same evening was enlivened and made almost archæological by the presence of an asp, which one of the camel-drivers had neatly intercepted. This astute-looking little reptile, the true *coluber* or asp of Cleopatra, and perhaps the lawful descendant of that which drank from the queen's unsceptred arm, was not very frightful in appearance. The fang of the asp, however, is more venomous than that of some more hideous serpents, and its two horns, resembling the antennæ of a beetle, give it a look of alertness and curiosity not at all calming to the nerves. The first night in the desert was

further marked by the production of a wolf-trap, with which one of the younger pilgrims had encumbered his trunk, in the hope of seducing a jackal, or possibly the jackal's master. The trap was set with a savory luncheon, but the jackals were modest and did not call.

The village of Sakkara, attained the day after leaving Gizeh, allowed the travelers a hunt after a quieter sort of game. They were there among the ruins of Memphis, and soon found themselves picking the bones of old burghers of that vanished city. The ghoul-like G—— took possession of two skulls, horribly decayed, which form to-day in his opinion the loveliest ornament in his museum at Chatou; and Lenoir, with the instinct of a pearl-diver, detached from a female skull a row of beautiful teeth, almost as perfect and primitive as those which Eve set in the apple of Paradise.

The same enterprising youth at Dachur had a success of gallantry by painting the fingers of the water-bearing maids with blue and yellow from his color-box. The mysterious sketches which he drew on their earthen jars were also viewed with the greatest favor. Tamieh, whose graceful oasis and buildings form the subject of one of our engravings, was distinguished by a stroke of sportsmanship on the part of Gérôme, as lucky in its way as the finest stroke of his pencil. The bowers around the village have been selected for a residence by droves of wild boars, who form there a noisy and pestiferous republic. Gérôme, whose present visit was not his first, can attach to Tamieh the most flattering recollections of the chase, for he drew upon these outlaws the finest bead that the villagers had ever seen, and contributed partially to relieve them of the pests that ravaged their kitchen-gardens. Attended by the son of the sheikh of Tamieh, an uncouth fantoccini gamboling in a brown night-shirt, he gave chase to a huge beast that had approached the encampment. Three bullets in the shoulder and leg sent him rolling into the river to drown, whence he was fished up by the Arabs, streaming blood and Nile water.

The sheikh's son startled the village with his cries of "*Alouf! Alouf! Kalas! Cawaga GÉRÔME kebir!*" as he danced into the town at the head of the hunters, preceding the prey, which formed a heavy camel-load and weighed three hundred pounds.

At Fidemine the young sheikh of the place visited the artists' encampment. He brought the ceremonial present, a plate of steaming rice seasoned with saffron and perforated with a few withered drumsticks of poultry.

"How long since," said GÉRÔME to the youthful governor, "have you been visited by Europeans? Not many foreigners pass by here, to judge from appearances. Your town will not be improved with gas and English railroads until they have spread over all the world."

The sheikh took the question seriously, as if Mohammed himself were catechising him. Consulting his own thoughts a minute, he answered studiously, "Five years since they came: my father was the sheikh of Fidemine then. I was younger than at present, but I have faithfully kept the recollection."

On calculating the date by certain details, with the season of the year and the day of the month illumined by the passage of the well-remembered travelers, it was found that the sheikh was alluding, without knowing it, to the second Egyptian tour of GÉRÔME himself.

After a pause of several minutes the Arab added: "My father described to me how, just five years before that again, strangers had come to our village and gone a-hunting. Some of those Europeans installed themselves opposite our houses, sitting down in front of small boxes, and seemed to forget everything in a kind of labor which was unknown to us."

That uncomprehended craft was the art of oil-painting. The pilgrim absorbed before a box which he held on his knees beneath a broad umbrella was GÉRÔME again, on his first journey, a periodical comet due every five years.

The province through which the artists were now passing was Faïum, one of the most patriarchal and primitive in the

Nile valley. Its most important focus is the lake of Mœris and the town of Medinet. The simple arrangement of the edifices, the fine sculptural forms of the land, and the unworldly simplicity of the manners make Medinet an artist's jewel. GÉRÔME owes to Medinet-el-Faïum one of his conceptions of greatest beauty, a picture stamped with the very seal of the East, and perfectly adapted to the monumental nobility of his taste. Of this picture, which has been in America, we are able to present an elaborate and sufficing wood-cut, one of Saint-Elme's most careful reproductions.

Medinet was likewise the theatre of Lenoir's remarkable adventure in spoiling the Egyptians. Struck with the long, bridle-like ear-ornaments of a young village girl, the young amateur undertook to track her as she walked along balancing her water-jar. The damsel, conscious of being followed, suspiciously hastened her pace. Lenoir ambled on more vigorously. Sure now that the evil eye was bent on her, the maiden fled into the thickest of the bazaar of Medinet, the pitcher on her head rocking like a tower in an earthquake. Lenoir galloped, and Atalanta fled still faster. Nothing would have arrested her but what really did occur for that purpose—the loss of one of her slippers. Lenoir, picking up the sandal, offered it like a bouquet, his hand on his heart. The graces of Paris, always irresistible, made a hasty conquest of this primitive gazelle, and she ultimately gave him her ear, then her ear-drops, and finally the slippers whose treachery had led to her conquest. Pressing the enormous galoches to his heart again, the artist suffered her to vanish with his backshish, retaining for his share the memory of a fleeting Grace and the slipper of a fleeting Cinderella.

Faïum charmed our painters by its character, essentially gentle and patriarchal, its inhabitants, almost biblical, and the wild growths of its oasis, partially uncultivated. It was the realization of a Paradise inhabited by the *personæ* of a pastoral.



## MALCOLM.

BY GEORGE MACDONALD, AUTHOR OF "ANNALS OF A QUIET NEIGHBORHOOD,"  
"ROBERT FALCONER," ETC.

## CHAPTER VII.

ALEXANDER GRAHAM.

AS soon as his grandfather left the house, Malcolm went out also, closing the door behind him, and turning the key, but leaving it in the lock. He ascended to the upper town—only, however, to pass through its main street, at the top of which he turned and looked back for a few moments, apparently in contemplation. The descent to the shore was so sudden that he could see nothing of the harbor or of the village he had left—nothing but the blue bay and the filmy mountains of Sutherlandshire, molten by distance into cloudy questions, and looking betwixt blue sea and blue sky, less substantial than either. After gazing for a moment, he turned again, and held on his way, through fields which no fence parted from the road. The morning was still glorious, the larks right jubilant, and the air filled with the sweet scents of cottage flowers. Across the fields came the occasional low of an ox, and the distant sounds of children at play. But Malcolm saw without noting, and heard without heeding, for his mind was full of speculation concerning the lovely girl, whose vision already appeared far off:—who might she be? whence had she come? whither could she have vanished? That she did not belong to the neighborhood was certain, he thought; but there was a farmhouse near the sea-town where they let lodgings; and, although it was early in the season, she might belong to some family which had come to spend a few of the summer weeks there: possibly his appearance had prevented her from having her bath that morning. If he should have the good fortune to see her again, he would show her a place far fitter for the purpose—a perfect arbor of rocks, utterly secluded, with a floor of deep sand, and without a hole for crab or lobster.

His road led him in the direction of a few cottages lying in a hollow. Beside them rose a vision of trees, bordered by an ivy-grown wall, from amidst whose summits shot the spire of a church; and from beyond the spire, through the trees, came golden glimmers as of vane and crescent and pinnacled ball, that hinted at some shadowy abode of enchantment within; but as he descended the slope toward the cottages the trees gradually rose and shut in everything.

These cottages were far more ancient than the houses of the town, were covered with green thatch, were buried in ivy, and would soon be radiant with roses and honeysuckles. They were gathered irregularly about a gate of curious old iron-work, opening on the churchyard, but more like an entrance to the grounds behind the church, for it told of ancient state, bearing on each of its pillars a great stone heron with a fish in its beak.

This was the quarter whence had come the noises of children, but they had now ceased, or rather sunk into a gentle murmur, which oozed, like the sound of bees from a straw-covered beehive, out of a cottage rather larger than the rest, which stood close by the churchyard gate. It was the parish school, and these cottages were all that remained of the old town of Portlossie, which had at one time stretched in a long irregular street almost to the shore. The town cross yet stood, but away solitary on a green hill that overlooked the sands.

During the summer the long walk from the new town to the school and to the church was anything but a hardship: in winter it was otherwise, for then there were days in which few would venture the single mile that separated them.

The door of the school, bisected longitudinally, had one of its halves open, and by it outflowed the gentle hum of

the honey-bees of learning. Malcolm walked in, and had the whole of the busy scene at once before him. The place was like a barn, open from wall to wall, and from floor to rafters and thatch, browned with the peat smoke of vanished winters. Two-thirds of the space were filled with long desks and forms; the other had only the master's desk, and thus afforded room for standing classes. At the present moment it was vacant, for the prayer was but just over, and the Bible-class had not been called up: there Alexander Graham, the school-master, descending from his desk, met and welcomed Malcolm with a kind shake of the hand. He was a man of middle height, but very thin; and about five and forty years of age, but looked older, because of his thin gray hair and a stoop in the shoulders. He was dressed in a shabby black tail-coat and clean white neck-cloth: the rest of his clothes were of parson gray, noticeably shabby also. The quiet sweetness of his smile and a composed look of submission were suggestive of the purification of sorrow, but were attributed by the townsfolk to disappointment; for he was still but a school-master, whose aim they thought must be a pulpit and a parish. But Mr. Graham had been early released from such an ambition, if it had ever possessed him, and had for many years been more than content to give himself to the hopefuller work of training children for the true ends of life: he lived the quietest of studious lives, with an old housekeeper.

Malcolm had been a favorite pupil, and the relation of master and scholar did not cease when the latter saw that he ought to do something to lighten the burden of his grandfather, and so left the school and betook himself to the life of a fisherman—with the slow leave of Duncan, who had set his heart on making a scholar of him, and would never, indeed, had Gaelic been amongst his studies, have been won by the most laborious petition. He asserted himself perfectly able to provide for both for ten years to come at least, in proof of which he roused the inhabitants of Portlossie, during the space of a whole month,

a full hour earlier than usual, with the most terrific blasts of the bagpipes, and this notwithstanding complaint and expostulation on all sides, so that at length the provost had to interfere; after which outburst of defiance to time, however, his energy had begun to decay so visibly that Malcolm gave himself to the pipes in secret, that he might be ready, in case of sudden emergency, to take his grandfather's place; for Duncan lived in constant dread of the hour when his office might be taken from him and conferred on a mere drummer, or, still worse, on a certain ne'er-do-weel cousin of the provost, so devoid of music as to be capable only of ringing a bell.

"I've had an invitation to Miss Campbell's funeral—Miss Horn's cousin, you know," said Mr. Graham, in a hesitating and subdued voice: "could you manage to take the school for me, Malcolm?"

"Yes, sir. There's naething to hinner me. What day is 't upo'?"

"Saturday."

"Vera weel, sir. I s' be here in guid time."

This matter settled, the business of the school, in which, as he did often, Malcolm had come to assist, began. Only a pupil of his own could have worked with Mr. Graham, for his mode was very peculiar. But the strangest fact in it would have been the last to reveal itself to an ordinary observer. This was, that he rarely contradicted anything: he would call up the opposing truth, set it face to face with the error, and leave the two to fight it out. The human mind and conscience were, he said, the plains of Armageddon, where the battle of good and evil was for ever raging; and the one business of a teacher was to rouse and urge this battle by leading fresh forces of the truth into the field—forces composed as little as might be of the hireling troops of the intellect, and as much as possible of the native energies of the heart, imagination and conscience. In a word, he would oppose error only by teaching the truth.

In early life he had come under the influence of the writings of William Law, which he read as one who pondered every

doctrine in that light which only obedience to the truth can open upon it. With a keen eye for the discovery of universal law in the individual fact, he read even the marvels of the New Testament practically. Hence, in training his soldiers, every lesson he gave them was a missile; every admonishment of youth or maiden was as the mounting of an armed champion, and the launching of him with a *God-speed* into the thick of the fight.

He now called up the Bible-class, and Malcolm sat beside and listened. That morning they had to read one of the chapters in the history of Jacob.

"Was Jacob a good man?" he asked, as soon as the reading, each of the scholars in turn taking a verse, was over.

An apparently universal expression of assent followed; halting in its wake, however, came the voice of a boy near the bottom of the class:

"Wasna he some dooble, sir?"

"You are right, Sheltie," said the master; "he was double. I must, I find, put the question in another shape: Was Jacob a bad man?"

Again came such a burst of yesses that it might have been taken for a general hiss. But limping in the rear came again the half-dissentient voice of Jamie Joss, whom the master had just addressed as Sheltie:

"Pairtly, sir."

"You think, then, Sheltie, that a man may be both bad and good?"

"I dinna ken, sir. I think he may be whiles ane an' whiles the ither, an' whiles maybe it wad be ill to say whilk. Oor collie's whiles in twa min's whether he'll du what he's telled or no."

"That's the battle of Armageddon, Sheltie, my man. It's aye ragin', ohn gun roared or bagonet clashed. Ye maun up an' do yer best in't, my man. Gien ye dee fechtin' like a man, ye'll flee up wi' a quaiet face an' wi' wide open een; an' there's a great Ane 'at 'll say to ye, 'Weel dune, laddie!' But gien ye gie in to the enemy, he'll turn ye intill a creepin' thing 'at eats dirt; an' there 'll no be a hole in a' the crystal wa' o' the New Jerusalem near enouch to the grun' to lat ye creep throu'."

As soon as ever Alexander Graham, the polished thinker and sweet-mannered gentleman, opened his mouth concerning the things he loved best, that moment the most poetic forms came pouring out in the most rugged speech.

"I reckon, sir," said Sheltie, "Jacob hadna fouchten oot his battle."

"That's jist it, my boy. And because he wouldna get up and fecht manfully, God had to tak him in han'. Ye've heard tell o' generals, whan their troops war rinnin' awa', haein' to cut this man doon, shute that ane, and lick anither, till he turned them a' richt face aboot and drave them on to the foe like a spate! And the trouble God took wi' Jacob was na lost upon him at last."

"An' what cam o' Esau, sir?" asked a pale-faced maiden with blue eyes. "He wasna an ill kin' o' a chield—was he, sir?"

"No, Mappy," answered the master; "he was a fine chield, as you say; but he nott (*needed*) mair time and gentler treatment to mak onything o' him. Ye see he had a guid hert, but was a duller kin' o' cratur a'thegither, and cared for naething he could na see or hanle. He never thought muckle about God at a'. Jacob was anither sort—a poet kin' o' a man, but a sneck-drawin' cratur for a' that. It was easier, hooever, to get the slyness oot o' Jacob, than the dullness oot o' Esau. Punishment tellt upo' Jacob like upon a thin-skinned horse, whauras Esau was mair like the minister's powny, that can hardly be made to unnerstan' that ye want him to gang on. But o' the ither han', dullness is a thing than can be borne wi': there's na hurry aboot that; but the deceitfu' tricks o' Jacob war na to be endured, and sae the tawse (*leather strap*) cam doon upo' him."

"An' what for didna God mak Esau as clever as Jacob?" asked a wizened-faced boy near the top of the class.

"Ah, my Peery!" said Mr. Graham, "I canna tell ye that. A' that I can tell is, that God hadna dune makin' at him, an' some kin' o' fowk tak langer to mak oot than ither. An' ye canna tell what they're to be till they're made oot. But whether what I tell ye be richt or no,

God maun hae the verra best o' rizzons for 't, ower-guid maybe for us to unnerstan'—the best o' rizzons for Esau himsel', I mean, for the Creator luiks efter his cratur first ava' (*of all*).—Ard now," concluded Mr. Graham, resuming his English, "go to your lessons; and be diligent, that God may think it worth while to get on faster with the making of you."

In a moment the class was dispersed and all were seated. In another, the sound of scuffling arose, and fists were seen storming across a desk.

"Andrew Jamieson and Poochy, come up here," said the master in a loud voice.

"He hittit me first," cried Andrew, the moment they were within a respectful distance of the master, whereupon Mr. Graham turned to the other with inquiry in his eyes.

"He had nae business to ca' me Poochy."

"No more he had; but you had just as little right to punish him for it. The offence was against me: he had no right to use my name for you, and the quarrel was mine. For the present you are Poochy no more: go to your place, William Wilson."

The boy burst out sobbing, and crept back to his seat with his knuckles in his eyes.

"Andrew Jamieson," the master went on, "I had almost got a name for you, but you have sent it away. You are not ready for it yet, I see. Go to your place."

With downcast looks Andrew followed William, and the watchful eyes of the master saw that, instead of quarreling any more during the day, they seemed to catch at every opportunity of showing each other a kindness.

Mr. Graham never used bodily punishment: he ruled chiefly by the aid of a system of individual titles, of the mingled characters of pet-name and nickname. As soon as the individuality of a boy had attained to signs of blossoming—that is, had become such that he could predict not only an upright but a characteristic behavior in given circumstances, he would take him aside and whisper in his ear that henceforth, so

long as he deserved it, he would call him by a certain name—one generally derived from some object in the animal or vegetable world, and pointing to a resemblance which was not often patent to any eye but the master's own. He had given the name of *Poochy*, for instance, to William Wilson, because, like the kangaroo, he sought his object in a succession of awkward, yet not the less availing leaps—gulping his knowledge and pocketing his conquered marble after a like fashion. *Mappy*, the name which thus belonged to a certain flaxen-haired, soft-eyed girl, corresponds to the English *bunny*. *Sheltie* is the small Scotch mountain-pony, active and strong. *Peery* means *pegtop*. But not above a quarter of the children had pet-names. To gain one was to reach the highest honor of the school; the withdrawal of it was the severest of punishments, and the restoring of it the sign of perfect reconciliation. The master permitted no one else to use it, and was seldom known to forget himself so far as to utter it while its owner was in disgrace. The hope of gaining such a name, or the fear of losing it, was in the pupil the strongest ally of the master, the most powerful enforcement of his influences. It was a scheme of government by aspiration. But it owed all its operative power to the character of the man who had adopted rather than invented it—for the scheme had been suggested by a certain passage in the book of the Revelation.

Without having read a word of Swedenborg, he was a believer in the absolute correspondence of the inward and outward; and, thus long before the younger Darwin arose, had suspected a close relationship—remote identity, indeed, in nature and history—between the animal and human worlds. But photographs from a good many different points would be necessary to afford anything like a complete notion of the character of this country schoolmaster.

Toward noon, while he was busy with an astronomical class, explaining, by means partly of the blackboard, partly of two boys representing the relation of the earth and the moon, how it comes

that we see but one half of the latter, the door gently opened and the troubled face of the mad laird peeped slowly in. His body followed as gently, and at last—sad symbol of his weight of care—his hump appeared, with a slow half-revolution as he turned to shut the door behind him. Taking off his hat, he walked up to Mr. Graham, who, busy with his astronomy, had not perceived his entrance, touched him on the arm, and, standing on tip-toe, whispered softly in his ear, as if it were a painful secret that must be respected—

"I dinna ken whaur I cam frae. I want to come to the school."

Mr. Graham turned and shook hands with him, respectfully addressing him as Mr. Stewart, and got down for him the arm-chair which stood behind his desk. But, with the politest bow, the laird declined it, and mournfully repeating the words, "I dinna ken whaur I cam frae," took a place readily yielded him in the astronomical circle surrounding the symbolic boys.

This was not by any means his first appearance there; for every now and then he was seized with a desire to go to school, plainly with the object of finding out where he came from. This always fell in his quieter times, and for days together he would attend regularly; in one instance he was not absent an hour for a whole month. He spoke so little, however, that it was impossible to tell how much he understood, although he seemed to enjoy all that went on. He was so quiet, so sadly gentle, that he gave no trouble of any sort, and after the first few minutes of a fresh appearance, the attention of the scholars was rarely distracted by his presence.

The way in which the master treated him awoke like respect in his pupils. Boys and girls were equally ready to make room for him on their forms, and any one of the latter who had by some kind attention awaked the watery glint of a smile on the melancholy features of the troubled man, would boast of her success. Hence it came that the neighborhood of Portlossie was the one spot in the county where a person of weak

intellect or peculiar appearance might go about free of insult.

The peculiar sentence the laird so often uttered was the only one he invariably spoke with definite clearness. In every other attempt at speech he was liable to be assailed by an often recurring impediment, during the continuance of which he could compass but a word here and there, often betaking himself, in the agony of suppressed utterance, to the most extravagant gestures, with which he would sometimes succeed in so supplementing his words as to render his meaning intelligible.

The two boys representing the earth and the moon had returned to their places in the class, and Mr. Graham had gone on to give a description of the moon, in which he had necessarily mentioned the enormous height of her mountains as compared with those of the earth. But in the course of asking some questions, he found a need of further explanation, and therefore once more required the services of the boy-sun and boy-moon. The moment the latter, however, began to describe his circle around the former, Mr. Stewart stepped gravely up to him, and, laying hold of his hand, led him back to his station in the class; then, turning first one shoulder, then the other to the company, so as to attract attention to his hump, uttered the single word *Mountain*, and took on himself the part of the moon, proceeding to revolve in the circle which represented her orbit. Several of the boys and girls smiled, but no one laughed, for Mr. Graham's gravity maintained theirs. Without remark, he used the mad laird for a moon to the end of his explanation.

Mr. Stewart remained in the school all the morning, stood up with every class Mr. Graham taught, and in the intervals sat, with book or slate before him, still as a Brahman on the fancied verge of his re-absorption, save that he murmured to himself now and then—

"I dinna ken whaur I cam frae."

When his pupils dispersed for dinner, Mr. Graham invited him to go to his house and share his homely meal, but with polished gesture and broken speech,



Mr. Stewart declined, walked away toward the town, and was seen no more that afternoon.

#### CHAPTER VIII.

##### THE SWIVEL.

MRS. COURTHOPE, the housekeeper at Lossie House, was a good woman, who did not stand upon her dignities, as small rulers are apt to do, but cultivated friendly relations with the people of the Sea Town. Some of the rougher of the women despised the sweet outlandish speech she had brought with her from her native England, and accused her of *mim-mou'dness*, or an affected modesty in the use of words; but not the less was she in their eyes a great lady—whence indeed came the special pleasure in finding flaws in her—for to them she was the representative of the noble family on whose skirts they and their ancestors had been settled for ages, the last marquis not having visited the place for many years, and the present having but lately succeeded.

Duncan MacPhail was a favorite with her; for the English woman will generally prefer the highland to the lowland Scotsman; and she seldom visited the Seaton without looking in upon him; so that when Malcolm returned from the Alton, or Old Town, where the school was, it did not in the least surprise him to find her seated with his grandfather. Apparently, however, there had been some dissension between them, for the old man sat in his corner strangely wrathful, his face in a glow, his head thrown back, his nostrils distended, and his eyelids working, as if his eyes were "poor dumb mouths," like Cæsar's wounds, trying to speak.

"We are told in the New Testament to forgive our enemies, you know," said Mrs. Courthope, heedless of his entrance, but in a voice that seemed rather to plead than oppose.

"Intee she will not be false to her shief and her clan," retorted Duncan persistently. "She will *not* forgive Cawmil of Glenlyon."

"But he's dead long since, and we

may at least hope he repented and was forgiven."

"She'll be hoping nothing of the kind, Mistress Kertope," replied Duncan. "But if, as you say, God will be forgiving him—which I do not believe—let that be enough for ta greedy blackguard. Sure, it matters but small whether poor Duncan MacPhail will be forgiving him or not. Anyhow, he must do without it, for he shall not haf it. He is a tamn fillain and scounrel, and so she says, with her respects to *you*, Mistress Kertope."

His sightless eyes flashed with indignation; and perceiving it was time to change the subject, the housekeeper turned to Malcolm.

"Could you bring me a nice mackerel or whiting for my lord's breakfast to-morrow morning, Malcolm?" she said.

"Certainly, mem. I s' be wi' ye in guid time wi' the best the sea 'll gie me," he answered.

"If I have the fish by nine o'clock, that will be early enough," she returned.

"I wad na like to wait sae lang for *my* brakfast," remarked Malcolm.

"You wouldn't mind it much, if you waited asleep," said Mrs. Courthope.

"Can onybody sleep till sic a time o' day as that?" exclaimed the youth.

"You must remember my lord doesn't go to bed for hours after you, Malcolm."

"An' what can keep him up a' that time? It's no as gien he war efter the herrin', an' had the win' an' the watter an' the netfu's o' waumlin' craturs to haud him waukin'."

"Oh! he reads and writes, and sometimes goes walking about the grounds after everybody else is in bed," said Mrs. Courthope—"he and his dog."

"Weel, I wad rather be up ear'," said Malcolm—"a heap raither. I like fine to be oot i' the quiet o' the mornin' afore the sun's up to set the din gaun; whan it's a' clear but no bricht—like the back o' a bonny sawmon; an' air an' watter an' a' luiks as gien they war waitin' for something—quiet, verra quiet, but no content."

Malcolm uttered this long speech, and went on with more like it, in the hope of affording time for the stormy waters of



Duncan's spirit to assuage. Nor was he disappointed; for, if there was a sound on the earth Duncan loved to hear, it was the voice of his boy; and by degrees the tempest sank to repose, the gathered glooms melted from his countenance, and the sunlight of a smile broke out.

"Hear to him!" he cried. "Her poy will pe a creat pard som tay, and sing pefore ta Stuart kings, when they come pack to Holyrood!"

Mrs. Courthope had enough of poetry in her to be pleased with Malcolm's quiet enthusiasm, and spoke a kind word of sympathy with the old man's delight as she rose to take her leave. Duncan rose also, and followed her to the door, making her a courtly bow, and that just as she turned away.

"It 'll pe a coot 'oman, Mistress Kertope," he said as he came back; "and it 'll not pe to plame her for forgifing Glenlyon, for he did not kill *her* creat-crandlemother. Put it'll pe fery paad preeding to request her nainsel, Tuncan MacPhail, to be forgifing ta rascal. Only she'll pe put a voman, and it'll not pe knowing no petter to her.—You'll be minding you'll be firing ta cun at six o'clock exactly, Malcolm, for all she says; for my lord, peing put shust come home to his property, it might pe a fex to him if tere was any mistake so soon. Put inteed, I vonder he hasn't been sending for old Tuncan to be gifing him a song or two on ta peeps; for he'll pe hafing ta oceans of fery coot highland plood in his own feins; and his friend, ta Prince of Wales, who has no more rights to it than a maackerel fish, will pe wearing ta kilts at Holyrood. So mind you pe firing ta cun at six, my son."

For some years, young as he was, Malcolm had hired himself to one or other of the boat-proprietors of the Seaton or of Scaurnose, for the herring-fishing—only, however, in the immediate neighborhood, refusing to go to the western islands, or any station whence he could not return to sleep at his grandfather's cottage. He had thus on every occasion earned enough to provide for the following winter, so that his grand-

father's little income as piper, and other small returns, were accumulating in various concealments about the cottage; for, in his care for the future, Duncan dreaded lest Malcolm should buy things for him without which, in his own sightless judgment, he could do well enough.

Until the herring-season should arrive, however, Malcolm made a little money by line-fishing; for he had bargained, the year before, with the captain of a schooner for an old ship's-boat, and had patched and caulked it into a sufficiently serviceable condition. He sold his fish in the town and immediate neighborhood, where a good many housekeepers favored the handsome and cheery young fisherman.

He would now be often out in the bay long before it was time to call his grandfather, in his turn to rouse the sleepers of Portlossie. But the old man had as yet always waked about the right time, and the inhabitants had never had any ground of complaint—a few minutes one way or the other being of little consequence. He was the cock which woke the whole yard: morning after morning his pipes went crowing through the streets of the upper region, his music ending always with his round. But after the institution of the gun-signal, his custom was to go on playing where he stood until he heard it, or to stop short in the midst of his round and his liveliest *réveillé* the moment it reached his ear. Loath as he might be to give over, that sense of good manners which was supreme in every highlander of the old time, interdicted the fingering of a note after the *marquis's* gun had called aloud.

When Malcolm meant to go fishing, he always loaded the swivel the night before, and about sunset the same evening he set out for that purpose. Not a creature was visible on the border of the curving bay except a few boys far off on the gleaming sands whence the tide had just receded: they were digging for sand-eels—lovely little silvery fishes—which, as every now and then the spade turned one or two up, they threw into a tin pail for bait. But on the summit of

the long sandhill, the lonely figure of a man was walking to and fro in the level light of the rosy west; and as Malcolm climbed the near end of the dune, it was turning far off at the other: half-way between them was the embrasure with the brass swivel, and there they met.

Although he had never seen him before, Malcolm perceived at once it must be Lord Lossie, and lifted his bonnet. The marquis nodded and passed on, but the next moment, hearing the noise of Malcolm's proceedings with the swivel, turned and said—

"What are you about there with that gun, my lad?"

"I'm jist ga'in' to dicht her oot an' lod her, my lord," answered Malcolm.

"And what next? You're not going to fire the thing?"

"Ay—the morn's mornin', my lord."

"What will that be for?"

"Ow, jist to wauk yer lordship."

"Hm!" said his lordship, with more expression than articulation.

"Will I no lod her?" asked Malcolm, throwing down the ramrod, and approaching the swivel, as if to turn the muzzle of it again into the embrasure.

"Oh, yes! load her by all means. I don't want to interfere with any of your customs. But if that is your object, the means, I fear, are inadequate."

"It's a comfort to hear that, my lord; for I canna aye be sure o' my auld watch, an' may weel be oot a five minutes or twa whiles. Sae, in future, seein' it's o' sic sma' consequence to yer lordship, I s' jist lat her aff when it's convenient. A few minutes winna maitter muckle to the baillie-bodies."

There was something in Malcolm's address that pleased Lord Lossie—the mingling of respect and humor, probably—the frankness and composure, perhaps. He was not self-conscious enough to be shy, and was so free from design of any sort that he doubted the good will of no one.

"What's your name?" asked the marquis abruptly.

"Malcolm MacPhail, my lord."

"MacPhail? I heard the name this very day! Let me see."

"My gran'father's the blin' piper, my lord."

"Yes, yes. Tell him I shall want him at the House. I left my own piper at Ceanglas."

"I'll fess him wi' me the morn, gien ye like, my lord, for I'll be ower wi' some fine troot or ither, gien I haena the waur luck, the morn's mornin': Mistress Court-hope says she'll be aye ready for ane to fry to yer lordship's brakfast. But I'm thinkin' that'll be ower ear' for ye to see him."

"I'll send for him when I want him. Go on with your brazen serpent there, only mind you don't give her too much supper."

"Jist luik at her ribs, my lord! *she* winna rive!" was the youth's response; and the marquis was moving off with a smile, when Malcolm called after him.

"Gien yer lordship likes to see yer ain ferlies, I ken whaur some o' them lie," he said.

"What do you mean by *ferlies*?" asked the marquis.

"Ow! keeriesities, ye ken. For enstance, there's some queer caves along the coast—two or three o' them afore ye come to the Scaurnose. They say the water bude till ha' howkit them ance upon a time, and they maun hae been fu' o' partans, an' lobsters, an' their frien's an' neebors; but they're heigh an' dreigh noo, as the fule said o' his minister, an' naething intill them but founmarts, an' otters, an' sic like."

"Well, well, my lad, we'll see," said his lordship kindly; and turning once more, he resumed his walk.

"At yer lordship's will," answered Malcolm in a low voice, as he lifted his bonnet and again bent to the swivel.

The next morning, he was rowing slowly along in the bay, when he was startled by the sound of his grandfather's pipes, wafted clear and shrill on a breath of southern wind, from the top of the town. He looked at his watch: it was not yet five o'clock. The expectation of a summons to play at Lossie House, had so excited the old man's brain that he had waked long before his usual time, and Portlossie must wake also. The

worst of it was, that he had already, as Malcolm knew from the direction of the sound, almost reached the end of his beat, and must even now be expecting the report of the swivel, until he heard which he would not cease playing, so long as there was a breath in his body. Pulling, therefore, with all his might, Malcolm soon ran his boat ashore, and in another instant the sharp yell of the swivel rang among the rocks of the promontory. He was still standing, lapped in a slight reverie as he watched the smoke flying seaward, when a voice, already well known to him, said, close at his side:

"What *are* you about with that horrid cannon?"

Malcolm started.

"Ye garred me loup, my leddy!" he returned with a smile and an obeisance.

"You told me," the girl went on emphatically, and as she spoke she disengaged her watch from her girdle, "that you fired it at six o'clock. It is not nearly six."

"Didna ye hear the pipes, my leddy?" he rejoined.

"Yes, well enough; but a whole regiment of pipes can't make it six o'clock when my watch says ten minutes past five."

"Eh, sic a braw watch!" exclaimed Malcolm. "What's a' thae bonny white k-nots about the face o' 't?"

"Pearls," she answered, in a tone that implied pity of his ignorance.

"Jist look at it aside mine!" he exclaimed in admiration, pulling out his great old turnip.

"There!" cried the girl; "your own watch says only a quarter past five."

"Ow, ay! my leddy; I set it by the toon clock 'at hings i' the window o' the Lossie Airmis last night. But I maun awa' an' luik efter my lines, or atween the deil an' the dogfish, my lord 'll fare ill."

"You haven't told me why you fired the gun," she persisted.

Thus compelled, Malcolm had to explain that the motive lay in his anxiety lest his grandfather should over-exert himself, seeing he was subject to severe attacks of asthma.

"He could stop when he was tired," she objected.

"Ay, gien his pride wad lat him," answered Malcolm, and turned away again, eager to draw his line.

"Have you a boat of your own?" asked the lady.

"Ay; yon's her, doon on the shore yonner. Wad ye like a row? She's fine an' quaiet."

"Who? The boat?"

"The sea, my leddy."

"Is your boat clean?"

"O' a'thing but fish. But na, it's no fit for sic a bonny goon as that. I winna lat ye gang the day, my leddy; but gien ye like to be here the morn's mornin', I s' be here at this same hoor, an' hae my boat as clean's a Sunday sark."

"You think more of my gown than of myself," she returned.

"There's no fear o' yersel', my leddy. Ye're ower weel made to blaud (*spoil*). But wae's me for the goon or (*before*) it had been an hoor i' the boat the day!—no to mention the fish comin' wallop in' ower the gunnel ane efter the ither. But 'deed I *maun* say good-mornin', mem!"

"By all means. I don't want to keep you a moment from your precious fish."

Feeling rebuked, without well knowing why, Malcolm accepted the dismissal, and ran to his boat. By the time he had taken his oars, the girl had vanished.

His line was a short one; but twice the number of fish he wanted were already hanging from the hooks. It was still very early when he reached the harbor. At home he found his grandfather waiting for him, and his breakfast ready.

It was hard to convince Duncan that he had waked the royal burgh a whole hour too soon. He insisted that, as he had never made such a blunder before, he could not have made it now.

"It's ta watch 'at 'll pe telling ta lies, Malcolm, my poy," he said thoughtfully. "She was once pefore."

"But the sun says the same 's the watch, daddy," persisted Malcolm.

Duncan understood the position of the sun and what it signified, as well as the clearest-eyed man in Port Lossie, but he could not afford to yield.

"It was peing some conspeeracy of ta cursit Cawmills, to make her loss her poor pension," he said. "Put never you mind, Malcolm; I'll pe making up for ta plunder ta morrow mornin'. Ta coot peoples shall haf teir sleeps a whole hour after tey ought to be at teir works."

## CHAPTER IX.

## THE SALMON-TROUT.

MALCOLM walked up through the town with his fish, hoping to part with some of the less desirable of them, and so lighten his basket before entering the grounds of Lossie House. But he had met with little success, and was now approaching the town-gate, as they called it, which closed a short street at right angles to the principal one, when he came upon Mrs. Catanach — on her knees, cleaning her doorstep.

"Weel, Ma'colm, what fish hae ye?" she said, without looking up.

"Hoo kent ye it was me, Mistress Catanach?" asked the lad.

"Kent it was you?" she repeated. "Gien there be but twa feet at ance in ony street o' Portlossie, I'll tell ye whase heid's abune them, an' my een steekit (*closed*)."

"Hoot! ye're a witch, Mistress Catanach!" said Malcolm merrily.

"That's as may be," she returned, rising, and nodding mysteriously; "I hae tauld ye nae mair nor the trowth. But what garred ye whup's a' oot o' oor nakit beds by five o'clock i' the mornin', this mornin', man? That's no what ye're paid for."

"Deed, mem, it was jist a mistak' o' my puir daddy's. He had been feart o' sleepin' ower lang, ye see, an' sae had waukit ower sune. I was oot efter the fish, mysel'."

"But ye fired the gun 'gen the chap (*before the stroke*) o' five."

"Ow, ay! I fired the gun. The puir man had hae bursten himsel' gien I hadna."

"Deil gien he *hed* bursten himsel'—the auld heelan' sholt!" exclaimed Mrs. Catanach spitefully.

"Ye sanna even sic words to my gran'-father, Mrs. Catanach," said Malcolm with rebuke.

She laughed a strange laugh.

"Sanna!" she repeated contemptuously. "An' wha 's *your* gran'-father, that I sud tak tent (*heed*) hoo I wag my tongue ower *his* richteousness?"

Then, with a sudden change of her tone to one of would-be friendliness—

"But what'll ye be seekin' for that bit sawmon trooty, man?" she said.

As she spoke she approached his basket, and would have taken the fish in her hands, but Malcolm involuntarily drew back.

"It's gauin' to the Hoose to my lord's brakfast," he said.

"Hoots! ye'll jist lea' the troot wi' me.—Ye'll be seekin' a saxpence for 't, I reckon," she persisted, again approaching the basket.

"I tell ye, Mistress Catanach," said Malcolm, drawing back now in the fear that if she once had it she would not yield it again, "it's gauin' up to the Hoose!"

"Toots! there's naeboddy there seen 't yet. It's new oot o' the watter."

"But Mistress Courthope was doon last nicht, an' wantit the best I could heuk."

"Mistress Courthope! Wha cares for her? A mim, cantin' auld body! Gie *me* the trootie, Ma'colm. Ye're a bonny laad, an' it s' be the better for ye."

"Deed I cudna du 't, Mistress Catanach—though I'm sorry to disobleeg ye. It's bespoken, ye see. But there's a fine haddie, an' a bonny sma' coddie, an' a goukmey (*gray gurnard*)."

"Gae 'wa' wi' yer haddies, an' yer goukmey! Ye sanna gowk *me* wi' them."

"Weel, I wadna wonner," said Malcolm, "gien Mrs. Courthope wad like the haddie tu, an' maybe the lave o' them as weel. Hers is a muckle faimly to haud eatin'. I'll jist gang to the Hoose first afore I mak ony mair offers frae my creel."

"Ye'll lea' the troot wi' *me*," said Mrs. Catanach imperiously.

"Na; I canna du that. Ye maun see yersel' 'at I canna!"

The woman's face grew dark with anger.

"It s' be the *waur* for ye," she cried.

"I'm no gaun' to be fleyt (*frightened*) at ye. Ye're no sic a witch as that comes till, though ye *div* ken a body's fit up' the flags! My blin' luckie-deddy can du mair nor that!" said Malcolm, irritated by her persistency, threats and evil looks.

"Daur ye *me*?" she returned, her pasty cheeks now red as fire, and her wicked eyes flashing as she shook her clenched fist at him.

"What for no?" he answered coolly, turning his head back over his shoulder, for he was already on his way to the gate.

"Ye s' ken that, ye misbegotten funlin'!" shrieked the woman, and waddled hastily into the house.

"What ails her?" said Malcolm to himself. "She might ha' seen' at I bude to gie Mrs. Courthope the first offer."

By a winding carriage-drive, through trees whose growth was stunted by the sea-winds, which had cut off their tops as with a keen razor, Malcolm made a slow descent, yet was soon shadowed by timber of a more prosperous growth, rising as from a lake of the loveliest green, spangled with starry daisies. The air was full of sweet odors uplifted with the ascending dew, and trembled with a hundred songs at once, for here was a very paradise for birds. At length he came in sight of a long low wing of the House, and went to the door that led to the kitchen. There a maid informed him that Mrs. Courthope was in the hall, and he had better take his basket there, for she wanted to see him. He obeyed, and sought the main entrance.

The house was an ancient pile, mainly of two sides at right angles, but with many gables, mostly having corbel-steps—a genuine old Scottish dwelling, small-windowed and gray, with steep slated roofs, and many turrets, each with a conical top. Some of these turrets rose from the ground, encasing spiral stone stairs; others were but bartizans, their interiors forming recesses in rooms. They gave the house something of the air of

a French château, only it looked stronger and far grimmer. Carved around some of the windows, in ancient characters, were Scripture texts and antique proverbs. Two time-worn specimens of heraldic zoology, in a state of fearful and everlasting excitement, stood rampant and gaping, one on each side of the hall-door, contrasting strangely with the repose of the ancient house, which looked very like what the oldest part of it was said to have been—a monastery. It had at the same time, however, a somewhat warlike expression, wherein consisting it would have been difficult to say; nor could it ever have been capable of much defence, although its position in that regard was splendid. In front was a great gravel-space, in the centre of which lay a huge block of serpentine, from a quarry on the estate, filling the office of goal, being the pivot, as it were, around which all carriages turned.

On one side of the house was a great stone bridge, of lofty span, stretching across a little glen, in which ran a brown stream spotted with foam—the same that entered the frith beside the Seaton; not muddy, however, for though dark it was clear—its brown being a rich transparent hue, almost red, gathered from the peat-bogs of the great moorland hill behind. Only a very narrow terrace-walk, with battlemented parapet, lay between the back of the house and a precipitous descent of a hundred feet to this rivulet. Up its banks, lovely with flowers and rich with shrubs and trees below, you might ascend until by slow gradations you left the woods and all culture behind, and found yourself, though still within the precincts of Lossie House, on the lonely side of the waste hill, a thousand feet above the sea.

The hall-door stood open, and just within hovered Mrs. Courthope, dusting certain precious things not to be handled by a housemaid. This portion of the building was so narrow that the hall occupied its entire width, and on the opposite side of it another door, standing also open, gave a glimpse of the glen.

"Good-morning, Malcolm," said Mrs. Courthope, when she turned and saw

whose shadow fell on the marble floor. "What have you brought me?"

"A fine salmon-troot, mem. But gien ye had hard hoo Mistress Catanach flytit (*scolded*) at me 'cause I wadna gie 't to her! You wad hae thocht, mem, she was something no canny—the w'y 'at she first beggit, an' syne fleecht (*flattered*), an' syne a' but banned an' swore."

"She's a peculiar person, that, Malcolm. Those are nice whittings. I don't care about the trout. Just take it to her as you go back."

"I doobt gien she'll take it, mem. She's an awfu' vengefu' cratur, fowk says."

"You remind me, Malcolm," returned Mrs. Courthope, "that I am not at ease about your grandfather. He is not in a Christian frame of mind at all—and he is an old man too. If we don't forgive our enemies, you know, the Bible plainly tells us we shall not be forgiven ourselves."

"I'm thinkin' it was a greater nor the Bible said that, mem," returned Malcolm, who was an apt pupil of Mr. Graham. "But ye'll be meaning Cammill o' Glenlyon," he went on with a smile. "It canna maitter muckle to him whether my gran'father forgie him or no, seein' he's been deid this hunner year."

"It's not Campbell of Glenlyon, it's your grandfather I am anxious about," said Mrs. Courthope. "Nor is it only Campbell of Glenlyon he's so fierce against, but all his posterity as well."

"They dinna exist, mem. There's no sic a bein' o' the face o' the yearth, as a descendant o' *that* Glenlyon."

"It makes little difference, I fear," said Mrs. Courthope, who was no bad logician. "The question isn't whether or not there's anybody to forgive, but whether Duncan MacPhail is willing to forgive."

"That I do believe he is, mem; though he wad be as sair astonished to hear 't as ye are yersel'."

"I don't know what you mean by that, Malcolm."

"I mean, mem, 'at a blin' man, like my gran'father, canna ken himsel' richt, seein' he canna ken ither fowk richt.

It's by kennin' ither fowk 'at ye come to ken yersel', mem—isna 't noo?"

"Blindness surely doesn't prevent a man from knowing other people. He hears them, and he feels them, and indeed has generally more kindness from them because of his affliction."

"Frae some o' them, mem; but it's little kin'ness my gran'father has expairienced frae Cammill o' Glenlyon, mem."

"And just as little injury, I should suppose," said Mrs. Courthope.

"Ye're wrang there, mem: a murdered mither maun be an unco skaith to oye's oye (*grandson's grandson*). But supposin' ye to be richt, what I say 's to the pint for a' that. I maun jist explain a wee.—When I was a laddie at the schule, I was ance tell't that ane o' the loons was i' the wye o' mockin' my gran'father. When I hard it, I thoct I cud just rive the hert oot o' 'm, an' set my teeth in 't, as the Dutch sodger did to the Spaniard. But whan I got a grip o' 'im, an' the rascal turned up a frichtit kin' o' a dog-like face to me, I jist could *not* drive my steiket neive (*clenched fist*) intil't. Mem, a face is an awfu' thing! There's aye something luikin' oot o' 't 'at ye canna do as ye like wi'. But my gran'father never saw a face in 's life—lat alane Glenlyon's 'at's been dirt for sae mony a year. Gien he war luikin' intil the face o' that Glenlyon even, I do believe he would no more drive his durk intill him—"

"Drive his dirk into him!" echoed Mrs. Courthope, in horror at the very disclaimer.

"No, I'm sure he wad *not*," persisted Malcolm, innocently. "He micht *not* tak him oot o' a pot (*hole in a river-bed*), but he wad neither durk him nor fling him in. I'm no that sure he wadna even rax (*reach*) him a han'. Ae thing I *am* certain o'—that by the time he meets Glenlyon in haven, he'll be no that far frae lattin' by-ganes be by-ganes."

"Meets Glenlyon in heaven!" again echoed Mrs. Courthope, who knew enough of the story to be startled at the taken-for-granted way in which Malcolm spoke. "Is it probable that a



wretch such as your legends describe him should ever get there?"

"Ye dinna think God's forgien him, than, mem?"

"I have no right to judge Glenlyon, or any other man; but as you ask me, I must say I see no likelihood of it."

"Hoo can ye compleen o' my puir blin' grandfather for no forgiein' him, than?—I hae ye there, mem!"

"He *may* have repented, you know," said Mrs. Courthope feebly, finding herself in less room than was comfortable.

"In sic case," returned Malcolm, "the auld man 'll hear a' aboot it the meenit he wins there; an' I mak nae doobt he'll du his best to perswaud himsel'."

"But what if he shouldn't get there?" persisted Mrs. Courthope, in pure benevolence.

"Hoot toot, mem! I wonner to hear ye! A Cammill latten in, and my gran'-father hauden oot! That wad be jist yallow-faced Willie ower again!\* Na, na; things gang anither gait up there. My gran'father's a rale guid man, for a' 'at he has a wye o' luikin' at things 'at's mair efter the law nor the gospel."

Apparently, Mrs. Courthope had come at length to the conclusion that Malcolm was as much of a heathen as his grandfather, for in silence she chose her fish, in silence paid him his price, and then with only a sad *Good-day*, turned and left him.

He would have gone back by the river-side to the sea-gate, but Mrs. Courthope having waived her right to the fish in favor of Mrs. Catanach, he felt bound to give her another chance, and so returned the way he had come.

"Here's yer troot, Mistress Cat'nach," he called aloud at her door, which generally stood a little ajar. "Ye s' hae 't for the saxpence—an' a guid bargain tu, for ane o' sic dimensions!"

As he spoke, he held the fish in at the door, but his eyes were turned to the main street, whence the factor's gig was at the moment rounding the corner into that in which he stood; when suddenly the salmon-trout was snatched from his

hand, and flung so violently in his face, that he staggered back into the road: the factor had to pull sharply up to avoid driving over him. His rout rather than retreat was followed by a burst of insulting laughter, and at the same moment, out of the house rushed a large vile-looking mongrel, with hair like an ill-used door-mat and an abbreviated nose, fresh from the ashpit, caught up the trout, and rushed with it toward the gate.

"That's richt, my bairn!" shouted Mrs. Catanach to the brute as he ran: "tak it to Mrs. Courthope. Tak it back wi' my compliments."

Amidst a burst of malign laughter she slammed her door, and from a window sideways watched the young fisherman.

As he stood looking after the dog in wrath and bewilderment, the factor having recovered from the fit of merriment into which the sudden explosion of events had cast him, and succeeded in quieting his scared horse, said, slackening his reins to move on,

"You sell your fish too cheap, Malcolm."

"The deil's i' the tyke," rejoined Malcolm, and, seized at last by a sense of the ludicrousness of the whole affair, burst out laughing, and turned for the High street.

"Na, na, laddie; the deil's no awa' in sic a hurry: he bed (*remained*)," said a voice behind him.

Malcolm turned again and lifted his bonnet. It was Miss Horn, who had come up from the Seaton.

"Did ye see yon, mem?" he asked.

"Ay, weel that, as I cam up the brae. Dinna stan' there, laddie. The jaud 'll be watchin' ye like a cat watchin' a moose. I ken her! She's a cat-wuman, an' I canna bide her. She's no mowse (*safe to touch*). She's in secrets mair nor guid, I s' wad (*wager*). Come awa' wi' me; I want a bit fish. I can ill eat an' her lyin' deid i' the hoose—it winna gang ower; but I maun get some strength pitten intill me afore the beerial. It's a God's-mercy I wasna made wi' feelin's, or what wad hae come o' me! Whaur's the gude o' greitin'? It's no worth the

\* Lord Stair, the prime mover in the massacre of Glencoe.

saut i' the watter o' 't, Ma'colm. It's an ill wardle, an' micht be a bonny ane—gien't warna for ill men."

"Dod, mem! I'm thinkin' mair aboot ill women, at this present," said Malcolm. "Maybe there's no sic a thing, but yon's unco like ane. As bonny a sawmon-troot 's ever ye saw, mem! It's a' I'm cawpable o' to haud ohn cursed that foul tyke o' hers."

"Hoot, laddie! haud yer tongue."

"Ay will I. I'm no gaun to du 't, ye ken. But sic a fine troot 's that—the verra ane ye wad hae likit, mem!"

"Never ye min' the troot. There's mair whaur that cam frae. What anger't her at ye?"

"Naething mair nor that I bude to gie Mistress Courthope the first wale (*choice*) o' my fish."

"The wuman's no worth yer notice, 'cep to haud oot o' her gait, laddie; an' that ye had better luik till, for she's no canny. Dinna ye anger her again gien ye can help it. She has an ill luik, an' I canna bide her.—Hae, there's yer siller. Jean, tak in this fish."

During the latter part of the conversation they had been standing at the door, while Miss Horn ferreted the needful pence from a pocket under her gown. She now entered, but as Malcolm waited for Jean to take the fish, she turned on the threshold, and said—

"Wad ye no like to see her, Ma'colm?—A guid frien' she was to you, sae lang 's she was here," she added after a short pause.

The youth hesitated.

"I never saw a corp i' my life, mem, an' I'm jist some feared," he said, after another brief silence.

"Hoot, laddie!" returned Miss Horn, in a somewhat offended tone—"That'll be what comes o' haein' feelin's. A bonny corp 's the bonniest thing in creation—an' that quaiet!—Eh! sic a heap o' them as there *has* been sin' Awbel," she went on—"an ilk ane o' them luikin' as gien there never had been anither but itsel'! Ye *ought* to see a corp, Ma'colm. Ye'll hae't to du afore ye're ane yersel', an' ye'll never see a bonnier nor my Grizel."

"Be 't to yer wull, mem," said Malcolm resignedly.

At once she led the way, and he followed her in silence up the stair and into the dead-chamber.

There on the white bed lay the long, black, misshapen thing she had called "the bit boxie;" and with a strange sinking at the heart, Malcolm approached it.

Miss Horn's hand came from behind him, and withdrew a covering: there lay a vision lovely indeed to behold!—a fixed evanescence—a listening stillness—awful, yet with a look of entreaty, at once resigned and unyielding, that strangely drew the heart of Malcolm. He saw a low white forehead, large eyeballs upheaving closed lids, finely-modeled features of which the tightened skin showed all the delicacy, and a mouth of suffering whereon the vanishing Psyche had left the shadow of the smile with which she awoke. The tears gathered in his eyes, and Miss Horn saw them.

"Ye maun lay yer han' upo' her, Ma'colm," she said. "Ye sud aye touch the deid, to haud ye ohn dreamed aboot them."

"I wad be laith," answered Malcolm; "she wad be ower bonny a dream to miss.—Are they a' like that?" he added, speaking under his breath.

"Na, 'deed no!" replied Miss Horn, with mild indignation. "Wad ye expect Bawby Cat'nach to luik like that, no?—I beg yer pardon for mentionin' the wuman, my dear," she added with sudden divergence, bending toward the still face, and speaking in a tenderly apologetic tone; "I ken weel ye canna bide the verra name o' her; but it s' be the last time ye s' hear 't to a' eternity, my doo." Then turning again to Malcolm—"Lay yer han' upon her broo, I tell ye," she said.

"I daurna," replied the youth, still under his breath; "my han's are no clean. I wadna for the warl' touch her wi' fishy han's."

The same moment, moved by a sudden impulse, whose irresistibleness was veiled in his unconsciousness, he bent down, and put his lips to the forehead.

As suddenly he started back erect, with dismay on every feature.

"Eh, mem!" he cried in an agonized whisper, "she's dooms cauld!"

"What sud she be?" retorted Miss Horn. "Wad ye hae her beeried warm?"

He followed her from the room in silence, with the sense of a faint sting on his lips. She led him into her parlor, and gave him a glass of wine.

"Ye'll come to the beerial upo' Setter-day?" she asked, half inviting, half inquiring.

"I'm sorry to say, mem, 'at I canna," he answered. "I promised Maister Graham to tak the schule for him, an' lat *him* gang."

"Weel, weel! Mr. Graham's obleeged to ye, nae doobt, an' we canna help it. Gie my compliments to yer gran'father," she said.

"I'll du that, mem. He'll be sair pleased, for he's unco gratefu' for ony sic attention," said Malcolm, and with the words took his leave.

#### CHAPTER X.

##### THE FUNERAL.

THAT night the weather changed, and grew cloudy and cold. Saturday morning broke drizzly and dismal. A north-east wind tore off the tops of the drearily tossing billows. All was gray—enduring, hopeless gray. Along the coast the waves kept roaring on the sands, persistent and fateful; the Scaurnose was one mass of foaming white; and in the caves still haunted by the tide, the bellowing was like that of thunder.

Through the drizzle-shot wind and the fog blown in shreds from the sea, a large number of the most respectable of the male population of the burgh, clothed in Sunday gloom deepened by the crape on their hats, made their way to Miss Horn's, for, despite her rough manners, she was held in high repute. It was only such as had reason to dread the secret communication between closet and house-top, that feared her tongue; if she spoke loud, she never spoke false, or backbit in the dark. What chiefly conduced, however, to the respect in which she was held, was that she was one of their own

people, her father having died minister of the parish some twenty years before. Comparatively little was known of her deceased cousin, who had been much of an invalid, and had mostly kept to the house, but all had understood that Miss Horn was greatly attached to her; and it was for the sake of the living mainly that the dead was thus honored.

As the prayer drew to a close, the sounds of trampling and scuffling feet bore witness that Watty Witherspail and his assistants were carrying the coffin down the stair. Soon the company rose to follow it, and trooping out, arranged themselves behind the hearse, which, horrid with nodding plumes and gold and black paneling, drew away from the door to make room for them.

Just as they were about to move off, to the amazement of the company and the few onlookers who, notwithstanding the weather, stood around to represent the commonalty, Miss Horn herself, solitary, in a long black cloak and somewhat awful bonnet, issued, and made her way through the mourners until she stood immediately behind the hearse, by the side of Mr. Cairns the parish minister. The next moment, Watty Witherspail, who had his station at the farther side of the hearse, arriving somehow at a knowledge of the apparition, came round by the horses' heads, and with a look of positive alarm at the glaring infringement of time-honored customs, addressed her in half-whispered tones expostulatory.

"Ye'll never be thinkin' o' gauin' yer-self, mem!" he said.

"What for no, Watty, I wad like to ken?" growled Miss Horn from the vaulted depths of her bonnet.

"The like was never hard tell o'!" returned Watty, with the dismay of an orthodox undertaker, righteously jealous of all innovation.

"It 'll *de* to tell o' hencefurth," rejoined Miss Horn, who in her risen anger spoke aloud, caring nothing who heard her. "Daur ye preshume, Watty Witherspail," she went on, "for no rizzon but that I ga'e you the job, an' unnertook to pay ye for't—an' that far abune its mar-

ket value—daur ye preshume, I say, to dictate to *me* what I'm to du an' what I'm no to du anent the maitter in han'? Think ye I hae been a mither to the puir yoong thing for sae mony a year to lat her gang awa' her lane at the last wi' the likes o' *you* for company?"

"Hoot, mem! there's the minister at your elbuck."

"I tell ye, ye're but a wheen ouch men-fowk! There's no a woman amon' ye to haud things decant, 'cep I gang mysel'. I'm no beggin' the minister's pardon aither. *I'll gang. I maun see my puir Grizel till her last bed.*"

"I dread it may be too much for your feelings, Miss Horn," said the minister, who being an ambitious young man of lowly origin, and very shy of the ridiculous, did not in the least wish her company.

"Feelin's!" exclaimed Miss Horn in a tone of indignant repudiation; "I'm gainin' to du what's richt. I's *gang*, and gien ye dinna like my company, Mr. Cairns, ye can gang hame, an' I s' gang withoot ye. Gien she sud happen to be luikin doon, she sanna see me wantin' at the last o' her. But I s' mak' no wark about it. I s' no putt mysel' ower forret."

And ere the minister could utter another syllable, she had left her place to go to the rear. The same instant the procession began to move, corpse-marshaled, toward the grave; and stepping aside, she stood erect, sternly eyeing the irregular ranks of two and three and four as they passed her, intending to bring up the rear alone. But already there was one in that solitary position: with bowed head, Alexander Graham walked last and single. The moment he caught sight of Miss Horn, he perceived her design, and, lifting his hat, offered his arm. She took it almost eagerly, and together they followed in silence, through the gusty wind and monotonous drizzle.

The school-house was close to the churchyard. An instant hush fell upon the scholars when the hearse darkened the windows, lasting while the horrible thing slowly turned to enter the iron

gates—a deep hush, as if a wave of the eternal silence which rounds all our noises, had broken across its barriers. The mad laird who had been present all the morning, trembled from head to foot; yet rose and went to the door with a look of strange, subdued eagerness. When Miss Horn and Mr. Graham had passed into the churchyard, he followed.

With the bending of uncovered heads, in a final gaze of leave-taking, over the coffin at rest in the bottom of the grave, all that belonged to the ceremony of burial was fulfilled; but the two facts that no one left the churchyard, although the wind blew and the rain fell, until the mound of sheltering earth was heaped high over the dead, and that the hands of many friends assisted with spade and shovel, did much to compensate for the lack of a service.

As soon as this labor was ended, Mr. Graham again offered his arm to Miss Horn, who had stood in perfect calmness watching the whole with her eagle's-eyes. But although she accepted his offer, instead of moving toward the gate she kept her position in the attitude of a hostess who will follow her friends. They were the last to go from the churchyard. When they reached the schoolhouse she would have had Mr. Graham leave her, but he insisted on seeing her home. Contrary to her habit she yielded and they slowly followed the retiring company.

"Safe at last!" half-sighed Miss Horn, as they entered the town—her sole remark on the way.

Rounding a corner, they came upon Mrs. Catanach standing at a neighbor's door, gazing out upon nothing, as was her wont at times, but talking to some one in the house behind her. Miss Horn turned her head aside as she passed. A look of low, malicious, half-triumphant cunning lightened across the puffy face of the *howdy*. She cocked one bushy eyebrow, setting one eye wide open, drew down the other eyebrow, nearly closing the eye under it, and stood looking after them thus until they were out of sight. Then turning her head over her shoulder, she burst into a laugh, softly husky

with the general flabbiness of her corporeal conditions.

"What ails ye, Mistress Catanach?" cried a voice from within.

"Sic a couple 's yon twasum wad mak!" she replied, again bursting into gelatinous laughter.

"Wha, than? I canna lea' my milk-parritch to come an' luik."

"Ow! jist Meg Horn; the auld kail-runt, an' Sanny Graham, the stickit minister. I wad like weel to be at the beddin' o' them. Eh! the twa heids o' them upon ae bowster!"

And chuckling a low chuckle, Mrs. Catanach moved for her own door.

As soon as the churchyard was clear of the funeral train, the mad laird peeped from behind a tall stone, gazed cautiously around him, and then with slow steps came and stood over the new-made grave, where the sexton was now laying the turf, "to mak a' snod (*trim*) for the Sawbath."

"Whaur is she gan till?" he murmured to himself.—He could generally speak better when merely uttering his thoughts without attempt at communication.—"I dinna ken whaur I cam frae, an' I dinna ken whaur she's gane till; but whan I gang mysel', maybe I'll ken baith.—I dinna ken, I dinna ken, I dinna ken whaur I cam frae."

Thus muttering, so lost in the thoughts that originated them that he spoke the words mechanically, he left the churchyard, and returned to the school, where, under the superintendence of Malcolm, everything had been going on in the usual Saturday fashion—the work of the day which closed the week's labors being to repeat a certain number of *questions* of the Shorter Catechism (which term, alas! included the answers), and next to buttress them with a number of suffering caryatids, as it were—texts of Scripture, I mean, first petrified and then dragged into the service. Before Mr. Graham returned, every one had done his part except Sheltie, who, excellent at asking questions for himself, had a very poor memory for the answers to those of other people, and was in consequence often a *keepie-in*. He did not

generally heed it much, however, for the master was not angry with him on such occasions, and they gave him an opportunity of asking in his turn a multitude of questions of his own.

When he entered he found Malcolm reading *The Tempest*, and Sheltie sitting in the middle of the waste schoolroom, with his elbows on the desk before him, and his head and the Shorter Catechism between them; while in the farthest corner sat Mr. Stewart, with his eyes fixed on the ground, murmuring his answer less questions to himself.

"Come up, Sheltie," said Mr. Graham, anxious to let the boy go. "Which of the questions did you break down in to-day?"

"Please, sir, I cudna rest i' my grave till the resurrection," answered Sheltie, with but a dim sense of the humor involved in the reply.

"What benefits do believers receive from Christ at death?" said Mr. Graham, putting the question with a smile.

"The souls of believers are at their death made perfect in holiness, and do immediately pass into glory; and their bodies, being still united to Christ, do rest in their graves till the resurrection," replied Sheltie, now with perfect accuracy; whereupon the master, fearing the outbreak of a torrent of counter-questions, made haste to dismiss him.

"That'll do, Sheltie," he said. "Run home to your dinner."

Sheltie shot from the room like a shell from a mortar.

He had barely vanished when Mr. Stewart rose and came slowly from his corner, his legs appearing to tremble under the weight of his hump, which moved fitfully up and down in his futile attempts to utter the word *resurrection*. As he advanced, he kept heaving one shoulder forward, as if he would fain bring his huge burden to the front, and hold it out in mute appeal to his instructor; but before reaching him he suddenly stopped, lay down on the floor on his back, and commenced rolling from side to side, with moans and complaints. Mr. Graham interpreted the action into

the question—How was such a body as his to rest in its grave till the resurrection—perched thus on its own back in the coffin? All the answer he could think of was to lay hold of his hand, lift him, and point upward. The poor fellow shook his head, glanced over his shoul-

der at his hump, and murmured, "Heavy, heavy!" seeming to imply that it would be hard for him to rise and ascend at the last day.

He had doubtless a dim notion that all his trouble had to do with his hump,

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

## CANNES.

THE Littoral or south-eastern coast of France enjoys a climate of such extreme beauty and mildness that it has been famous for ages as a health-resort during the cold months of the year, especially for persons afflicted with pulmonary diseases. In the days of old Rome invalids were sent to Nice and its environs, not alone from the capital of the world, but from Milan, Genoa, Florence and the many cities of Northern and Central Italy, as also from Paris, Lyons, Nîmes, Montpellier and other important places of ancient Gaul. But on the fall of the Roman empire the barbarians destroyed the great majority of the noble roads which had rendered travel easy and agreeable to the delicate, and the fashion of wintering at Nicæa, Cemenellium and Ægitna (Cannes) fell into disuse. From A. D. 859 to 975 the Saracens occupied the country, and kept up a perpetual warfare with the Christian natives, so that bold indeed would have been the traveler who ventured for mere pleasure's sake on the highways during this period. Then followed the wars and convulsions of the Middle Ages, and it was not until the sixteenth century that this favored part of the world once more attracted the attention of the medical faculty. The winter of 1553 was unusually severe, and Catharine de Medicis, weary of the sight of perpetual snow and ice in Paris, longed for a glimpse of the sunshine of her native Italy. Political events rendered her absence from the kingdom impossible, but Calandrio, her

Florentine doctor, suggested to her that the south-east coast of her son's dominions possessed climates far more favored than those of Tuscany and the Romagna. The queen accordingly set out for Hyères, accompanied by her son Charles IX. and the majority of her court. The journey was performed in little over a week, and her enthusiasm, when she beheld herself in the dead of winter surrounded by semi-tropical vegetation and under a sky even more azure than that of her *cara Firenze*, knew no bounds. She at once determined to build a palace exceeding that of Blois in magnificence at Hyères itself, which is one of the most lovely of the many enchanting spots that bejewel the exquisite line of coast which, stretching from Marseilles to Nice, and thence to Naples, unfolds the most varied, interesting and picturesque panorama in the world. Circumstances prevented the Medicean queen from carrying out her building-plans, but on her return to Paris she spread abroad such glowing reports of all she had seen in the Littoral that it became a fashion amongst the Northern nobility to seek invitations from their friends in the South to visit their châteaux and villas in the gloomy season, and even to send their children to be educated in the convents of genial Provence. From this period to the present the fame of Nice, Cannes and Hyères has increased, until now it is computed that at least forty thousand persons from all parts of the globe visit these places each winter.



Toward the close of the last century, Smollett the novelist "discovered and introduced Nice to the British Lion," and early in the present Elizabeth, last duchess of Gordon, did the same by Cannes. Her Grace, who possessed more brains than cash, had traveled a good deal on the Continent in search of some place "where everybody did not go," and where she could pass the winter quietly, "without being looked in upon by the last person she cared to see." One fine autumn evening her vettura upset about half a mile from Cannes, and was so much damaged as to render her proceeding farther that day impossible. The sun was setting behind the Estrelle Mountains, and threw long lines of ruddy glory on the flower-covered plain between Cannes and Grasse, while floods of crimson light fell on the quaint towers of the old parish church, on the weird trunks of the noble stone-pines which grow so plentiful on all sides, and on the crests of the deep blue waves of the Mediterranean, which, as usual at this time, bore upon them a miniature fleet of picturesque boats setting out for the night's sardine-fishing. The duchess was enchanted with the scene, and also with the cooking of the tumble-down auberge where she passed the night. Instead of continuing her journey, she resolved to stay where she was, and in a few days was comfortably installed in an old but well-built villa in the neighborhood of "her newly-discovered Eden." Her Grace was a corresponding woman—she has left a volume of pretty chit-chat letters behind her—and before many weeks half the *beau monde* of Paris and London were talking about Cannes and its transcendent merits of situation and climate. What duchesses praise common mortals are apt to become enraptured with, and Her Grace of Gordon may be fairly credited with having done for Cannes what Catharine de Medicis did for Hyères and Smollett for Nice—created its fame. But, though she did her best to attract visitors to her favorite resort, the accommodations were so wretched that those persons who did not enjoy the ducal hospitality soon grew

disgusted, and left her in solitary grandeur to admire, like abandoned Calypso, "the enchanting scene all alone." Solitude did not agree with the lively duchess, and after trying to persuade herself that she was perfectly happy "staring all day long at that divinely blue sea, with not a soul to talk to but the peasants, who speak a jargon that no mortal can understand, the doctor who is deaf and the priest who has lost all his teeth," she finally wearied of the place, and one fine morning, to the consternation of its inhabitants, who had begun to look upon her as their tutelary Lady Bountiful, took her departure for Paris. She was a kind-hearted soul, and the Cannes people were not consoled for a long time by the arrival and settlement of any English milor to take her place.

At last, in 1831, Lord Brougham became their special *don de Dieu*, and made their "high fortune." The celebrated chancellor was on his way to Rome when he was turned back at the Italian frontier, about six miles from Cannes, by the custom-house officials, who refused to allow him to pass, because the last place he had visited was Marseilles, at that time infected by cholera. Brougham knew that there were other more powerful reasons which rendered his visit disagreeable to the Italian princes at this time, and returning at once to Cannes he wrote some rather sharp letters home about the treatment he had received. His irritation, however, did not last long, for he soon discovered that Cannes was by far the most beautiful spot he had ever seen, and he determined to remain there. He resolved on building himself a villa with fine gardens, and after making friends with the townsmen set to work, as he used to say, to "create Cannes." First of all, he wrote to all the world and his wife, praising the climate and the beautiful scenery; then he suggested many improvements to the natives, and even gave pecuniary assistance to carry them out. Presently he attracted round him a host of aristocratic tourists, and of these many decided upon following his example and pitching their tents in his vicinity. Lord Lans-

downe, Admiral Pakenham, Sir Robert Holland, Mr. Woodfall and the duke of Valombrosa came to Cannes and built villas of great beauty within a few years after the advent of Lord Brougham; so that, as the town developed under his auspices from a mere overgrown fishing-village to be one of the most elegant watering-places in the world, it is not to be wondered at if the inhabitants, out of gratitude, have erected a monument to his memory and called their finest street by his name.

Like most of the neighboring towns and villages, Cannes is of Phocæan origin. Its ancient name was *Ægitna*, but after its destruction by Quintus Opimius (B.C. 155) the site was known as *Castrum Marcellium*, from a fortress built on it by the people of that city. Round this construction, the remains of which are still visible, a small fishing-town grew up, which took the name of *Caminus*, from the fact that the famous Aurelian Way passed through it. How *Caminus* got corrupted into "Cannes" remains a mystery which M. Négrin, the learned local historian, has not been able to solve. During the Middle Ages the town was subject to the abbots of Lerins, who seem to have protected it from the troubles of the period, and after the departure of the Moors little is heard about the place until 1558, when it became disagreeably notorious as the spot from whence the plague was introduced into Northern Europe. A vessel from the Levant anchored in the spring of this year in the tiny harbor, and on board of it were twelve plague-stricken sailors. In a few days the population of Cannes and its neighborhood was decimated by the fearful scourge, which within a month or so spread through France to Belgium, Holland and England. In 1815, Napoleon I. landed here on his return from Elba, and a tree is still shown on the hills near Grasse beneath which he stood for a long time contemplating the beautiful scenery and the distant outline of the island which had given him birth.

The situation of Cannes, "the gem of the Mediterranean," is in truth exceedingly lovely. It is built on a hilly but

very small peninsula, which is crowned by the ancient parish church and the picturesque remains of the castle. The houses of the old town crowd in curious confusion round the church, and are all of that quaint and varied architecture which lends such a charm to the scenery of the Riviera, displaying odd turrets, archways, terraces and bright-green lattices. The new town surrounds the old, and is built on a gentle elevation, in the centre of which rises a mediæval-looking castle, built by the duke of Valombrosa, which although, like most other imitations, meretricious in style, has nevertheless an imposing appearance. It is embellished with turrets and battlements and a central round tower, whence floats invariably the tricolor of France. A quay of considerable elegance, with about twenty monster hotels, half a dozen new churches and a number of fine shops, lines the shore for over a mile, and ends abruptly at the Grand Hotel, one of the most magnificent buildings of its kind in the world. It stands in the centre of a noble garden, full of tropical plants, palm trees, bananas, and above all splendid stone-pines. Fountains throw their lofty sprays into the air, birds of every hue sing in the trees or in aviaries of gilded wire artistically displayed in the shade of the exotic vegetation, swans swim on the broad basin of the principal water-tank, which is full of lilies, and peacocks strut majestically up and down the chief avenues or sun themselves near the ivy-covered walls. The hotel is built in the Italian style in exquisite taste, with marble colonnades, balconies and charming terraces, so that when first beheld the whole place looks more like a scene in an opera or on the back of a Watteau fan than a mere abode for travelers.

On the heights which surround the town, amidst the beautiful groves of stone-pines, rises an almost endless chain of villas, besides some handsome convents. The most remarkable are the Louise Eléanore, which formerly belonged to Lord Brougham; the Victoria, built by Lord Lansdowne; the Alexandra, by Admiral Pakenham; and the Villa Woodfall, the property of the genial

and hospitable gentleman of that name, who also built the fine Gothic English church and schools not far distant from his residence. The villa Louise Eléanore is an Italian edifice surrounded with gardens, in which is a marble monument to Lord Brougham and his beloved daughter, who gave her two Christian names to his favorite abode. Far behind this range of country-seats—which, by the way, are built in almost every style of architecture, imaginable and unimaginable—extends the broad plain of Laval. This garden, for so it may well be called, is at least ten miles long by twenty broad, and is entirely covered with orange groves and fields of flowers—Araby roses, heliotropes, jasmins, mignonette, tuberoses and Parma violets—cultivated *en gros*, just as turnips and potatoes are in other countries, not for their beauty, but for their utility. They are gathered in enormous baskets at the proper season, and taken to Grasse, where they are distilled and made into essences, scented waters and extracts. The produce of this kind, manufactured rather coarsely at Grasse, is thence forwarded in huge tin casks and glass bottles to the two great perfume-markets of the world, Paris and Cologne. In these cities combinations are made—such, for instance, as a just proportion of the essence of roses, jonquils and tuberoses, mixed with geranium-water, which make up the popular scent called “Frangipanni”—while other extracts, under the skillful hands of Jean Maria Farina’s people, become eau de Cologne. Grasse, a large and beautiful town situated on the slope of the mountains which close in this plain, and at about ten miles distance from Cannes, is almost entirely given up to the manufacture of essential oils and essences, and many of its inhabitants have made large fortunes in the business.

Nothing can be imagined more delightful than the walks in this plain of Laval of a bright spring morning, when the flowers are in full bloom. The air is almost too heavily laden with perfume, and would be unbearably so were it not for the brisk sea-breezes which temper the atmosphere so delightfully in these hap-

py regions. Let the reader picture to himself fields many miles long pink with roses, golden with jonquils, snow-white with jasmins and tuberoses, and fragrant with sweet mignonette; groves of orange trees loaded down with waxy flowers, and shading a carpet, on which you may tread boldly as if it were common sand, made of Parma violets kept ever fresh by innumerable running rills of clear water; the Eden-like plain stretching out its hundreds of acres of flowers until their delicate tints become indistinct and are lost in the slope of a long range of grand rocky mountains, above which peer the snow-covered Alps. If, tired of gazing at this entrancing scene, the spectator turns to the opposite quarter, it is only to behold still greater beauties. Before him is the Mediterranean, blue as a sapphire, but shivering goldenly in the sunlight and fanning with its silver wavelets the beautiful islands of Lerins. To the left lies the infinitely varied outline of the Italian coast, with all its bays and capes, gulfs and peninsulas traced out as in a map, until distance screens them from the dazzled eye. Below lies Cannes with her towers and dark pine groves. To the right the three grand Estrelle Mountains, called popularly the “Three Witches,” on account of their weird outlines, rise abruptly from the sea. These mountains, which are separated from the rest of the Estrelle chain, are of unique appearance, and ascend like cyclopean towers of granite to the height of four thousand feet. The effect they produce at sunset is particularly striking, for they intercept the rays of the sinking luminary and stand out in dark and bold relief against the crimsoned heavens. If the wind is high, this effect becomes still more extraordinary, for then their iron feet are lashed by the waves, which, catching the red glow upon their crests, look as if dyed with blood.

The climate of Cannes is, if anything, more equable than that of any of the other towns of the Littoral. The medium temperature is about half a degree higher than that of Rome, Pisa, Pau and Naples, and the transitions from heat to

cold are much less sudden than in any of the other Southern watering-places. Summer is delightfully cool at Cannes, and the bathing is excellent; indeed, sea-bathing is possible all the year round. Socially speaking, Cannes is perhaps preferable to Nice, as the society, though nothing like so brilliant, is more *recherché*. The population has increased since 1841 from 3000 to 15,000 souls, exclusive of the strangers from the four corners of the earth who make it their winter home year after year.

A little hamlet not far from Cannes on the Nice road is much visited by the curious who wish to see the house where Mademoiselle Rachel spent the last few weeks of her life. The villa, which was placed at her disposal by M. Sardou, is situated in the centre of a lovely garden of palm and olive trees. It is a straggling old house, with many windows and doors, and is very roomy and picturesque, with two or three quaint towers, a terrace and several pretty balconies overgrown with Banksia roses and clematis. The bed-room of Mademoiselle Rachel is a large chamber entirely furnished in white after a classic model. As M. Sardou was at one time very intimate with David (of Angers) the sculptor, the house is full of specimens of his skill, especially this state bed-chamber, which contains a noble frieze after the Greek in white marble, and a statue of Polyhymnia entirely draped, crowned with roses, and having one of its arms outstretched in a graceful but somewhat peculiar attitude. It is this statue which Matthew Arnold mentions in his beautiful sonnet on the dying actress, though his use of it as an artistic type harmonizing with her supposed feelings in her last hours was, as will be presently seen, an example of poetic license having no foundation in fact:

Unto a lonely villa in a dell  
Above the fragrant, warm Provençal shore,  
The dying Rachel in a chair they bore  
Up the steep pine-plumed paths of the Estrelle,  
And laid her in a stately room, where fell  
The shadow of a marble Muse of yore—  
The rose-crowned queen of legendary lore,  
Polyhymnia—full on her death-bed. 'Twas well!  
The fret and misery of our Northern towns  
In this her life's last days, our poor, our pain,

Our jangle of false wits, our climate's frowns,  
Do for this radiant Greek-soul'd artist cease;  
Sole object of her dying eyes remain  
The beauty and the glorious art of Greece.

Most people have heard how a cold caught at the Jewish synagogue of New York in 1855, and neglected at the time, eventually settled upon the lungs and in a few months utterly destroyed the constitution of this remarkable woman. A winter in Egypt, far from improving her health, seemed rather to aggravate her malady, and on her return to France she was advised to spend the following season of 1857 at Nice. M. Sardou, with exquisite politeness and hospitality, immediately offered her his villa at Le Cannet, and on her accepting it, M. Mario Nèchard, the author of *La Fiammetta*, who was inhabiting it at the time, withdrew to another residence near Cannes. When Rachel left Paris she was fully aware that her last days were drawing near, and before bidding a long farewell to her relatives and friends she ordered her carriage to drive in front of the Théâtre Français, where she stayed a long time contemplating the scene of her greatest triumphs. According to her sister, Sarah Félix, who was in the carriage with her, she did not, while thus employed, utter a single word, but the rapid changes of expression on her wonderful countenance spoke a volume of mental suffering and blighted hope. The journey to the South was performed by short and easy stages, and all went well until she reached Marseilles. From this city to Cannes and Nice in those days the journey had to be performed by carriage across the Estrelle Mountains, and was fatiguing even to persons in full health, but to an invalid of such a nervous and excitable temperament it was a perfect martyrdom. Two ladies of rank happened to be going to Nice at the same time as Mademoiselle Rachel, but by diligence, whereas the actress and her suite occupied a splendid traveling carriage. At Draguignan, one of the stations on the road, they fell in with Rachel and her sister Sarah, and breakfasted at the same table in the little inn. A conversation sprung up, in which Rachel read-

ily joined. I have often heard her person at this time of her life described, and been assured that, although exceedingly emaciated and evidently dying, she still fascinated by the marvelous expression she could throw into her face and the extreme beauty of her dark but brilliant eyes, which retained their lustre until closed never to open again. A beggar-woman happened to come to the door of the inn just as Mademoiselle Rachel was getting into her carriage. Touched by the story told by the poor old creature, the great tragédienne opened her purse and gave her two or three gold-pieces. This act of generosity exasperated Mademoiselle Sarah, who was of a very parsimonious character, and she remonstrated rather sharply with her sister on her prodigality. Rachel quietly answered, "My sister, what does it matter? In a few days I shall be dead. Let me do what little good I can before I go. If the old woman is an impostor, so much the worse for her: God will judge with what intentions I gave her alms." The lumbering diligence followed the fine traveling carriage at a considerable distance, but overtook it some hours later in a wild and lonely pass in the Estrelles, many miles from any village or habitation, where the grandly fitted-up vehicle lay on its side, a shattered and wheelless mass. On a rock sat Rachel enveloped in a cloak and shivering with cold, while Sarah and the servants were in a state of consternation. Night was coming on and a thick mist was falling. One of the men had galloped off in search of aid, but it would be hours before he returned. With true charity the ladies before mentioned quitted their coupé, and insisted upon Rachel and Sarah taking their places. The gratitude of both sisters was warmly expressed, and Rachel did not confine herself to words, but a few days afterward sent to the younger lady a bracelet of value, with a graceful autograph letter of thanks.

On arriving at Le Cannet she was received by several eminent persons, amongst others the celebrated Dr. Maure of Cannes, her physician, from whom

many of the following details were obtained. When she was introduced into her sleeping apartment, which has already been described, she was seized with such a paroxysm of terror at the sight of the statue of Polyhymnia that her attendants thought she had lost her wits. She stood before it trembling from head to foot, her brow contracted, her eyes flashing, and her cheeks, usually so pale, flushed, with the hectic glow of unnatural excitement. "Take away that dreadful statue! for God's sake, take it away!" she cried in the hollow voice which had so often struck awe into the hearts of thousands. "Take it away! It has sealed my doom, for under its shadow I shall surely die." In a few moments her delirium, for such it seemed, increased to such an extent that before the statue could be removed she had fallen into strong convulsions, which were succeeded by a death-like sleep. When she recovered her senses she explained the cause of the horror the statue had occasioned. On the night of July 8, 1852, she had a dream in which she fancied herself in a chamber all draped with white, in the centre of which was a statue exactly resembling the Polyhymnia, which seemed to cry out to her, "Under the shadow of my hand you shall die." This story was no invention, as was afterward found by reference to an old diary. Rachel was, however, like many exceedingly imaginative people, given to what would in other persons be called lying. She would at times tell the most extraordinary untruths, and in perfect good faith, so that her brother Raphael told the writer it was difficult to sift out the truth from the falsehood in what she said. If she liked people, she imagined and related a thousand agreeable anecdotes about them, and if she hated them, she invented any number of enormities to illustrate their evil qualities. At Le Cannet, however, a gravity came over her which showed that she was inwardly preparing for the change that awaited her. Almost the only book she now read was the *Imitation*. Being asked by a skeptical friend what she considered its literary merits to be, she said gravely, "I do not care what they are. If,



monsieur, I had been carefully educated and well trained in my youth, and had read this book earlier in life, I should have been a very different woman. I advise you to read it with attention: its perusal will do you no harm." She frequently retired to her room to pray, and on several occasions held long conversations with friends upon religious subjects. I have been assured that shortly before her death she was converted to Christianity and privately baptized. In the *Mémoires of Rachel* will be found a remark to this effect: "That Rachel believed in a future state there can be no doubt, for on a very important occasion of her life, December 15, 1857, she made an open profession of her faith." This was the day on which Madame S—, a lady eminent for her charity and piety, and a frequent visitor at Villa Sardou, asserted that she witnessed the baptism of the great Jewish tragédienne. The matter was kept, however, a profound secret, out of consideration for the feelings of her sister, Mademoiselle Sarah, who was a strict Jewess of the old school. When in Rome in 1851, Rachel had frequently expressed her admiration for Catholicism, and was observed to be greatly moved by the splendor of the rites. It was during this visit that she was presented under somewhat singular circumstances to Pius IX. She was visiting the gardens of the Vatican toward the close of a very mild evening when suddenly the pope and his court traversed the alley in which she was walking. She knelt as the pontiff passed, and on one of his attendants whispering who she was, he turned round to bestow his blessing upon her. Rachel bowed low, and His Holiness addressed a few kindly words to her, and asked her some questions on her religious opinions. Whether purposely or by accident, she is said to have answered in the words spoken by Pauline in Corneille's superb drama of *Polyculte*, when that glorious heroine becomes a Christian—"Je vois, je sais, je crois: je suis chrétienne enfin"—a speech with which she was used to electrify her audiences.

\* I see, I know, I believe: I am a Christian at last."

Her life at Le Cannet was very simple. She rose at midday, and spent a good deal of her time in sewing, an occupation which, whilst it kept her employed, did not excite her, as did reading and conversation. She also received a few visits, and sometimes, when feeling well enough, played cards, her favorite amusement. She was now always gentle and kind, and still paid considerable attention to her dress, which usually consisted of a white muslin or silk peignoir, with natural flowers in her hair. The kindness and attention of her sister Sarah cannot be exaggerated: she who was usually impetuous and ill-tempered was now beyond all praise patient and loving. It would be difficult to describe the interest which was manifested not only in France, but all over the world, in the welfare of a woman who had once played the guitar in the streets of Paris. Telegrams of inquiry were sent daily from half the courts of Europe, and the quantity of fruit and flowers which arrived for her acceptance was positively incredible. At last the fatal hour drew near. On January 1, 1858, she became suddenly worse, and on the following Friday her life was despaired of. She rallied on the Saturday, but on Sunday, the 5th, all hope was again abandoned. "I am dying, Sarah," she said, "and shall soon be with my sister Rebecca, and then God will show mercy." Early in the morning she wrote an affectionate letter to her parents, who were in Paris. Sarah, seeing her sister's danger, summoned the rabbi and Jewish singers from Nice. They approached the bed and began a mournful chant in the Hebrew language: "Ascend, O daughter of Israel, to God. Behold, O Lord God, the agony of thine handmaiden, and pity her sufferings. Shorten her pains, good Lord, and break the bonds which bind her to life, so that she may be at rest. Lord God, pity thy servant

I give this story as it was told to me. Rachel certainly did meet the pope in the gardens of the Vatican as described, and it is not unlikely she used the words quoted. They may have recurred to her memory and have been almost unconsciously repeated by her, with a vivid perception of the dramatic situation—a Jewess before a Christian high priest in the gardens of his palace.



Rachel, and take her unto thee, and let her sufferings redeem her sins, so that she may find peace." Whilst they were singing Rachel fell into the sleep of death. Just as the soul and body parted she pressed her devoted sister's hand, and opened her eyes to fix them on her with an expression of great affection.

Six hours afterward Dr. Maure felt the corpse and found it still warm and flexible, and it was long before he permitted it to be finally placed in the coffin. The remains were transferred with all possible honor and respect to Paris, and there buried in the Jewish cemetery at Père-la-Chaise in the presence of a vast multitude, including a galaxy of celebrities.

Opposite to Cannes, and about two miles distant, are the islands of Lerins, a group consisting of two large islands and a number of small ones, the latter, indeed, mere rocks covered in places with moss and grass. The largest island is called Sainte-Marguerite, and upon it is the famous fortress which once possessed amongst its state prisoners the "Man with the Iron Mask," and which is now destined to become known as the place of banishment of Bazaine. The other island, and the farthest from the coast, is Saint-Honorat, renowned in history for its great Benedictine abbey. It is the more fertile of the two, and its pastures are rich and exceedingly green, although their beauty is marred by the number of little white sticks stuck all over them for the purpose of supporting nets, which the inhabitants spread to catch the innumerable birds who rest here, especially in spring, on their return from Africa. The name *Lerins*, given to both islands, is derived from the fact that in ancient times a temple dedicated to Lero, the Hercules of the Gauls, stood upon the highest part of Saint-Honorat, which, it would appear, was then joined to Sainte-Marguerite by a tongue of land. After the conversion of France to Christianity, and in the year 410, that ardent apostle Saint Honorat came hither on his return from the East, where he had been engaged the major part of his life in missionary labors. He came not,

however, to enjoy solitude, but to found a theological school, and quickly surrounded himself with eminent scholars. Amongst these were Saint Patrick, the apostle of Ireland; Saint Loup, bishop of Troyes, whose courage arrested the progress of Attila; Saint Salvien, called the Jeremiah of his century; and many other archbishops, bishops and monks whose names are renowned in the annals of the Catholic Church. At the commencement of the sixth century the monastery of Lerins was the most celebrated in Christendom. From all parts of the world scholars and recluses flocked to it, and in 690 an army of five thousand monks inhabited the two islands, for in those days Sainte-Marguerite was also used for monastic purposes. As the islands were exposed to the attacks of pirates and Saracens, the friars were taught the use of arms, and surrounded their holy home with strongly fortified walls. Lerins was, in short, both a monastic college and a formidable fortress, the towers and walls of which, of prodigious thickness, are still visible in many places. Sometimes, and notably on the day of Pentecost, 1107, the vigilance of the monk-guards and the strength of the works were not sufficient to save the monastery from an attack by the turbaned Moors, who laid the church in ashes and slew over five hundred friars. In 1400 the Genoese pirates, Christians as they were, could not resist the temptation of the wealth in precious reliquaries which it was said the holy house contained, and laid sacrilegious hands upon the abbey, slew the abbot and some of his friars at the altar, and pillaged the monastery. These pirates remained more than a year in possession, and kept the monks all the time in prison, but at last the nobility of Provence drove away the freebooters and restored the monks their own again. On June 21, 1525, Francis I., then a prisoner of Charles V., passed the night in the monastery, and in 1536, Andrea Doria dismantled the walls and forts, which in 1746 were taken easy possession of by the Austrians, who, however, soon restored them to the rightful owners. Not-

withstanding all these vicissitudes, the religious fraternity still existed, although a mere shadow of what it had once been. On June 10, 1788, the National Assembly suppressed the monastery, and in 1793 it was almost entirely destroyed by the soldiers of the Republic. The island was then purchased by Mademoiselle Alziary de Roquefort, a lady who, although of noble birth, became an actress and was famous as Mademoiselle Sainval. She left it at her death to the bishops of Fréjus, and it is now once more the site of another abbey, built from the ruins of the former one, and inhabited by friars of the Carthusian order. The island is still very beautiful, and although it has lost the majority of its fine trees, almost justifies the eulogium of Saint Eucher, who describes it in the sixth century in the following enthusiastic manner: "Kept ever green and fresh by innumerable springs of the clearest water, robed in a cloak of emerald green, jeweled with lovely flowers, offering to the eye constantly varying landscapes of enchanting beauty, Lerins is the spot of all others which most nearly presents to those who inhabit it a likeness on earth of the heaven they hope to dwell in hereafter." The remains of the monastery are very numerous, but not remarkable for their beauty. The buildings must have been astonishingly solid, but never of much architectural merit. The church, the outer walls of which date from the seventh century, is handsome, but plain. The nave is supported by columns of great thickness, and the windows are exceedingly narrow. At the time of the Revolution the beautiful woodwork of the choir and all the fine pictures were completely ruined, as were also the majority of the ancient tombs. Opposite the church is a palm tree said to have been planted by Saint Patrick, who also performed for the benefit of Saint-Honorat the same miracle which obtained him such popularity in Ireland—the banishment of snakes from the island. But, unfortunately, he seems to have placed a limit to the duration of the miracle, for they are back again in most unpleasant abundance. The old

fort of the sixth century still exists as complete as ever, and is a rude and curious construction of wonderful solidity. It contains some remarkably disagreeable-looking dungeons, which have neither locks nor doors, and can be visited *à volonté*, but the expedition should be performed with precaution on account of the many reptiles which harbor within these interesting but dismal vaults. As to the old abbey-house, Anne Radcliff ought to have seen it, for she alone could do justice to its long, mysterious-looking corridors and windowless rooms, huge chimneys and crumbling salons, its queer mixture of Gothic and Italian architecture, and its remains of frescoes of saints painted at an early period of its existence, and of powdered shepherds and shepherdesses *à la Watteau* executed in the time of Louis XV., and which one would little expect to see in such a holy place. The upper story of this tumble-down edifice used to be occupied by the library, one of the most valuable for its precious manuscripts in the world. It was cruelly pillaged in 1793, and what remained of it was afterward sent to Paris and incorporated in the Louvre library. A great number of the printed books, however, are at Grasse in the public library, and some of these are worth looking at. Here also is a portion of the archives of the monastery, written on parchment and finely illuminated. The building just alluded to is now being completely restored for the accommodation of the Carthusians, and the shepherds and shepherdesses have doubtless long since gone the way of all flesh.

The sister island of Sainte-Marguerite is longer and more elevated, and still possesses a fine wood of pine trees. In old times it was used by the monks of Saint-Honorat as a retreat for such of the brethren as manifested a desire to live a life of the greatest austerity. It is still covered with the remains of hermitages and other solitary cells. During the Middle Ages it constantly changed hands, and passed from the friars to the neighboring princes, and back again, at least a dozen times. In the seventeenth century, however, Cardinal Richelieu

claimed it for the nation, and built the greater part of the present state prison. In 1635 the fort was attacked by the Spaniards, and conquered by them. They held it only a few weeks, for the gallant Duquesne soon vanquished and drove them away with terrible loss. In 1746 the Austrians and English took it, but were in their turn expelled by the chevalier de Belle Isle, since which time the island has always remained French.

The fortress is a by no means interesting building. The state prison rooms are simply a series of large whitewashed apartments, built in a line and surrounded by high walls strongly fortified. The chamber which was inhabited by the Man in the Iron Mask is a lofty room, with one big window, whence a fine view is obtained of the bay and coast. Three rows of iron bars cover the window, so that the prisoner could not communicate with any one outside, and could only enjoy the view through a dozen little square holes. The walls are very massive, being in places twelve or thirteen feet thick. The door is of iron and barred with huge bands, and communicates directly with the governor's apartments. A corridor walled up at both ends served the prisoner as a *promenade*. The Iron Mask

was not the only prisoner of note who has sighed away his time in Sainte-Marguerite. Louis XIV. imprisoned here seventy Protestant ministers after the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and the regent Orleans sent Lagrange-Chaucel, who wrote a satire on him, to repent at leisure what he had done in a moment of folly. Lagrange did better: he escaped to Italy. In 1816, Napoleon exiled hither the famous Mamelukes, and from 1849 to 1851 it was used as a prison for the Arabs taken in the Algerine war. Since this date Sainte-Marguerite has been little used as a state prison, and it is only in the present year that it has received any involuntary guest of distinction. As the room of the Iron Mask has always been selected for the habitation of prisoners guilty of great offences, there is reason to believe that Bazaine will have that cheerful chamber allotted to him. Probably he will have permission to promenade all over the island, and receive such of his friends as may choose to call upon him. When we consider that Sainte-Marguerite is situated in a delightful climate, and in presence of scenery of unsurpassed loveliness, we may conclude that his lot will not be unendurable. R. DAVEY.

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SONNET.

THERE is a ruin that can make me weep,  
 Nor only that, but inly tremble too;  
 Not death itself can move an awe so deep  
 As that which lately thrilled my spirit through.  
 To see the temple sinking to decay  
 Wherein a soul was beauteously shrined,  
 Could hardly touch to pitying tears to-day,  
 For I have seen the ruin of a mind!  
 Yet now, with harmony of order lost,  
 Its full proportions overawe the eye;  
 The shattered arch reveals the grandeur most,  
 Like the Colossus of the Flavii;  
 And God be thanked that hope, like some green thing,  
 Out of the ruin's clefts doth skyward spring!

CHARLOTTE F. BATES.

## WHEN I WAS A BOARDER.

I BOARDED with Miss Burritt. She was a cousin or niece or relative of some sort of the Learned Blacksmith. She had a mission, or conceived that she had. It was to introduce people to one another, and no incongruity of time, place or circumstance ever discouraged her or damped her missionary zeal. Everybody that came into her house was sure to be presented to everybody else in it. During the seven months that I was a boarder I think Miss Burritt certainly introduced me to representatives of every State in the Union, of every rank in society, and of every sect in Christendom, the Mormon not excepted. Miss Burritt's house, you must understand, was conveniently situated in reference to the great union dépôt, and also to the business portion of the city, and many varieties of people floated into it, although it was not hotel-like in its proportions or appointments. The Down-easter from the banks of the Penobscot going to settle in Florida, and "stopping off" for a suit of summer clothes perhaps, and an Oregon consumptive returning from a winter in Florida, and stopping to have a prescription renewed, intersected each other's paths at Miss Burritt's, and were presented to each other with the conscientious painstaking that an inveterate matchmaker manifests in bringing two victims together.

One evening I was at the tea-table, as were most of the regular boarders, when I saw Miss Burritt in the adjoining sitting-room take the arm of an elderly woman in a brown merino dress trimmed with the inevitable black velvet. This personage, as I afterward learned, was stopping off for a night's rest, and was to leave by the five A. M. train. They marched, arm in arm, into the dining-room: I knew what was impending. At the head of the table Miss Burritt halted her companion: "Mrs. Springer, Mrs. Weaver, Miss Batchelder, Dr. Skinner,

Rev. Mr. Ashley, Mrs. Ashley, Miss Ashley, Mr. Arthur Ashley, Mr. Alexander," etc. etc.; and Mrs. Springer, whom none of us then presented will ever see, or ever wish to see again, this side of heaven, went bobbing her wigged head to some three dozen strange people, until pretty little giggling Miss Dayton hummed to me in a whisper, "'We're all a-nodding, nid, nid, nodding.' If Miss Burritt were keeper of a railroad dining-room, I believe she would be worried into insanity because she couldn't introduce everybody to everybody else. Oh, there's Mr. Abernethy!" she exclaimed. "Do watch him!"

Mr. Abernethy, a pale, student-like, abstracted young man, was just entering the dining-room. You would have conjectured that he was calculating a solar eclipse. He had made about half the distance across the room to his seat, which was beside Miss Dayton, when Miss Burritt from the head of the table fired a pistol-shot after him: "Mr. Abernethy, Mrs. Springer."

Mr. Abernethy halted in the middle of the room; he glanced at me in a startled way; he stared at Miss Dayton; he turned and looked along the length of the table on the right.

"Right, face!" said Miss Dayton with an audible laugh.

Then Mr. Abernethy described another quadrant ("About face!" interpolated Miss Dayton) toward Miss Burritt, who was standing, having risen to perform the ceremony of introducing the gentleman to Mrs. Springer. Mr. Abernethy bowed impressively to her, his hostess for two months, calling her Miss Springer, notwithstanding the fact that Mrs. Springer was keeping up an unflagging nodding. Everybody laughed, I not excepted, though I felt a pity for the target.

"Did anybody ever see such an idiot?" said Miss Dayton with an ill-suppressed titter.

"Mr. Abernethy is no idiot," I replied warmly: "he knows more than any man I ever talked with."

"He doesn't know an earthly thing out of books," asserted Miss Dayton. "He hasn't a grain of out-door sense. Miss Burritt says he always strips the towel off the washstand to wipe with, and leaves the others hanging on the rack, and that when he goes to bed he never takes off the hypocrites, as I call them—those things, you know, that folks put over pillows to hide the dirty cases. I don't believe he'd know what to eat if I didn't sit here and pass things to him. I actually think he doesn't know the taste of a thing he eats. He *is* the queerest mortal!"

"Hush!" I said anxiously, for Mr. Abernethy was taking his seat by her side.

"He doesn't know a thing we're saying," she declared. "We might talk about him till midnight and he'd never hear a word."

"Please stop!" I whispered nervously.

"Well, to oblige you I will, but your anxieties are quite unnecessary."

"Mr. Abernethy," shouted a servant, "have tea or coffee?"

The student was sensitive to the sound of his name. It acted like a pinch on the arm to arouse his attention. The servants had discovered this. "Have tea or coffee?" repeated the servant.

"Coffee," he answered.

"Don't you mean tea, Mr. Abernethy?" Miss Dayton asked. "You told me you never drank coffee."

"I don't: yes, yes, I mean tea." He helped himself to a hot biscuit.

"Mr. Abernethy, here's bread," Miss Dayton said, setting it before him.

"Yes, thank you—I prefer the bread."

"Hand Mr. Abernethy the butter, and bring him a plate of apple-sauce," Miss Dayton said to a servant, as though she were caring for a child. "I've got him fixed now," she continued, turning to me and proceeding to sweeten her tea.

Across the table from us sat Mr. Dimick, a rotund, ruddy man, who always emitted odors of the barber-shop. Though inclined to baldness, he had a heavy

moustache, which he twirled incessantly when his hands were at leisure for twirling.

"Mr. Abernethy," said Mr. Dimick (before the speaker continued he administered a vigorous bite to his bread, which, by the way, had the buttered side turned down out of the way of his moustache), "what do you think of this Paraguayan war?" The boarders went to Mr. Abernethy, not for companionship, but for information, as to a dictionary or encyclopædia.

"Your question is very general," replied the gentleman appealed to, laying down his knife and fork.

"Of course, but what do you think will be the upshot of the matter? That's what I mean."

"I think it will end in the extermination of the Paraguayan people."

"That's just what I think; but what in the world are they fighting about? I can't make head or tail of the thing."

"To find the head of this quarrel one must go back to within a year of the discovery of America, when a papal bull of Alexander VI. divided the New World between the crowns of Spain and Portugal. The question of the boundary-line between their respective territories has never been permanently closed."

"Now, he'll forget to eat his supper," said Miss Dayton quite audibly. She treated Mr. Abernethy as a sleeper who could neither see nor hear till she had shaken him up.

"The proximate cause of the war between Paraguay and the allies," continued Mr. Abernethy, "is undoubtedly the ambition of Lopez to make Paraguay a great military power, with a view to the ultimate enlargement of her boundaries."

"Just my opinion," said Mr. Dimick.

"The events that occurred in 1864 in Uruguay, as you remember" (Mr. Dimick, quickly recovering from a yawn, intimidated by repeated nods that he did remember: I was sure he didn't), "furnished him with the ostensible pretext for entering upon his long-cherished plan."

"Miss Dayton, are you going to the opera this evening?" asked Mr. Dimick,

evidently bored by this talk about history which he had provoked.

Mr. Abernethy prosecuted his subject, turning to me, though entirely unconscious, I was satisfied, that there had been any shifting in his audience. Miss Dayton was sitting back in her chair, and I was leaning forward greatly interested. The speaker's eyes were fixed on my face, but he saw it only as one sees the words he reads, heeding them not, but grasping the idea beyond, or as the musician touches the keys of his instrument, but is conscious of the music alone. His thoughts played about his hearer as the waves about a rock. I had talked much with him, for on every subject he could offer something new, at least to me, and yet I doubted not he would pass me unrecognized in the street. The thought of this, I acknowledge, piqued me at times, for I was rather good-looking, a fluent talker, and used to making impressions on gentlemen—not very profound perhaps, but veritable impressions.

"Mr. Abernethy," said Belle Dayton, breaking in on his discussion of the Paraguayan question, "do you know Mrs. Springer?"

Mr. Abernethy looked hopelessly bewildered. "Mrs. Springer? Mrs. Springer?" he repeated, like one in a dream.

"Yes, Mrs. Springer. You were introduced to her when you first came into the dining-room. I want you, if you please, to tell me which one of the ladies is Mrs. Springer. She's a new-comer."

"I ought to know her," he said, like a child trying to recall his lesson. He ran his eye up and down the length of the table. "I think Mrs. Springer is that lady in the blue dress at the end of the table," he said at length.

"Now, Mr. Abernethy," responded Miss Dayton, her eyes brimming with archness, "I know you are making believe now. You know that pretty girl in blue is Miss Batchelder. You've seen her every day since you've been here, and I've been thinking for the last two weeks that you're in love with her—you look at her as though you were—and

now you pretend to think she's a new-comer!"

Mr. Abernethy looked at Miss Dayton. It was the first time I had ever seen him really look at any one. He seemed amused. "I am a graceless fellow," he said with a smile. "I ought to be a hermit or a monk."

"Yes, I think you ought," assented the merciless Miss Dayton.

We soon after left the table. In the adjoining sitting-room, Mr. Abernethy paused at a what-not to examine some shells which had been placed there that morning.

"What makes the holes in those shells?" Belle asked, advancing to his side. He held in his hand a large *Achatina*.

"These holes?" he said. "Oh, the natives of Africa fill these with honey, string them about their necks, and bring them across the country to the sea-ports, where they are exchanged for salt or other articles of traffic."

"Is that it?" said Miss Dayton. "Well, now, when I was at school I asked my teacher, and he said those were bullet-holes, where the hunters had shot the animals; and to think I was goose enough to believe him! though I always knew he was a humbug, pretending to know everything. But this kind," she continued, taking up a sea-shell, "is so small I shouldn't think it would pay to transport honey in them."

"These holes are of a different nature," answered Mr. Abernethy: "they are bored by the teredo. It often bores holes in the bottoms of vessels at anchor."

"How curious! How in the world did you ever learn so much, Mr. Abernethy? What kind of animal lives in this?" she continued, without waiting for the gentleman to inform her how in the world he had learned so much.

"If you should see the animal alive on the sea-shore you would scarcely recognize it from this shell. It looks like a lump of fat, but when opened this beautiful polished shell is found. In all cases of shells with a high natural polish, the animal mantles the shell, secreting it."



Then he proceeded to discuss other shells. I wanted to go over and hear him, but I was buttonholed in an opposite corner by Miss Burritt, who was entertaining Mrs. Springer and me with a dissertation on the troublesome character of lady boarders.

"I never mean to take another into my house," she said: "they are ten times the bother that gentlemen are. Of course I don't mean come-and-go boarders like you, Mrs. Springer, and I don't mean them that are like you, Miss Tiffaine," she added, turning to me. "You are no more trouble than the gentlemen boarders. You just take your meals and go off to your telegraphing, and are out of the way just like the men."

"Bless my soul! can she work a telegraph?" asked Mrs. Springer, looking at me in admiration.

"Yes, indeed she can," answered Miss Burritt, as if she was proud of her boarder. "If all my lady-boarders were like Miss Tiffaine, I'd just as lief have them as gentlemen, and a good deal liever, for I'm fonder of my own sex than of the opposite sex. But the ladies ain't all like Miss Tiffaine. They are always wanting hot water to wash their laces, or something or other. Then they are always making over dresses and cloaks and things, and they must have flat-irons to press them out. They are all the time tinkering at something, doctoring themselves or their children. They take off the dishes and pails and spoons and tumblers and everything: then when we come to set the table we've got to race all over the establishment. Now, to-day Norah searched the kitchen and dining-room and pantries high and low for the quart measure, and find it she couldn't anywhere. And she was making a pudding, too, for dinner, so she just had to guess at the quantity of flour."

"Jist so," said Mrs. Springer.

"And the consequence was, that the pudding was heavy and soggy." Miss Burritt's puddings were apt to be heavy and soggy.

"Of course," assented Mrs. Springer. "But I'll tell you what you might ha' done, Miss Burritt: that's your name,

ain't it? You might ha' measured your flour in the pint measure. I often do that way; but then you must take two of the pint to one of the quart. For instance, if it's two quarts, you must take four pints, and if it's three quarts, you must take six pints; and the puddin'll come out just as good."

"Of course," said Miss Burritt, "but my pint measure was at the bottom of the flour barrel: they'd emptied a sack of flour on it, and there it was, you see. Well, I didn't finish my story. I was going round putting clean towels in the rooms—for I put a clean towel in every room of this house every day of my life—and there, in Miss Dayton's room, large as life, was the missing quart measure!"

"Well done!" said Mrs. Springer.

"Miss Dayton is the most troublesome boarder in the house," said Miss Burritt. "I mean to tell her next month that I can't board her."

I was rather startled to find that I felt a slight satisfaction at this announcement, and yet Miss Dayton and I were on quite friendly terms.

"Carrying off the quart cup and spoiling the dinner! Nobody could stand it."

"That they couldn't!" assented Mrs. Springer. "But if I was in your shoes I'd have that pint measure outen that flour barrel: then, by takin' two measures to the quart, you kin most ginerly hit it. Law! I can't cook fit for a cannibal without I measure everything. I've hearn of people going by their head; but when folks talk to me about puttin' judgment into my vittals, I tell 'em to go 'long."

"I don't believe you," I heard Miss Dayton say saucily to Mr. Abernethy. I glanced across the room and saw him smiling in her face. Miss Burritt's next words brought me precipitately back to my own side of the room.

"I needn't talk about lady boarders, though. Mr. Abernethy is more trouble than any six I ever saw. I wouldn't board him another month for a hundred-dollar bill."

"Why?" I said. "He never carries off the quart measures and things, does he?"

"Indeed he does, and gets them all smeared up with paint or some sort of musses. He's the most troublesome human being I ever saw in my life. You just ought to look into his room." (I wished I could.) "He's got rocks and mosses, and leaves and dried flowers, and roots and bugs, and butterflies and birds' eggs, and bottles of messes—"

"Why, I wonder he don't git the cholery a-sleepin' with them nasty things?" said Mrs. Springer.

"And don't you believe," here Miss Burritt lowered her voice, "he's got a skeleton up there?"

"You don't say!" said Mrs. Springer with distended eyes—"a dead man's skiliton? Well, ef I was you, Miss Burritt, I wouldn't have sich sackerligious things going on in my house."

"Oh, he's always got something going on all the time. He's everlastingly performing some experiment or other. He's just ruined the carpet—spilled all sorts of things on it, and burnt great holes in it. And don't you think! one day some machinery he had exploded, and come within one of setting the house afire."

"Did a body ever hear the like?" cried Mrs. Springer, leaning forward anxiously.

"No indeed," said Miss Burritt, "you little know what a life I lead. I don't expect anything else in the world but that he'll some day blow us all up or burn us up."

"Well, I must say, marm, you had oughter told me that afore I paid my bill: then I could a-went to a house what's safe, where a lone woman could sleep in peace. I daren't shet my eyes all night, what with explodings and skilitons and sich. In course, you'll give back the money for the lodgin'. I'm perfectly willin' to pay for the vittals, though it's a mighty small eater I be, but it ain't Christian-like to ask a lone woman to pay for sleep what she doesn't git."

Miss Burritt bristled at once. "There isn't a quieter or better-ordered house in this whole city than mine," she declared. "Of course I shouldn't keep anybody in the house that wasn't safe: of course I wouldn't. I'd have more to lose than

anybody else by a fire. Mr. Abernethy is one of the most peaceable gentlemen I ever had to board with me, and if I—"

Here Miss Burritt was summoned out of the room.

"Ain't that gentleman Mr. Abernethy?" Mrs. Springer asked. When I had answered her question she put on her brass-bowed glasses and inspected him as though he had been some curious species of animal, as who shall say he was not? Then she went over to him and touched his arm: "I wanted to ask you, please, not to be carryin' on any of your abracadabras tell I git outen this house."

Mr. Abernethy stared at her in mute astonishment. Miss Dayton laughed: that's what she generally did.

"This lady," I explained, "has heard that you are given to experimenting, and is alarmed lest some accident may occur while she is here."

Mr. Abernethy smiled and assured her that her fears were unnecessary.

"What in the world are you experimenting about, anyhow?" inquired Miss Dayton.

I wondered at her easy audacity toward this man, whose reticence and learning inspired me with unmitigated awe.

"My most recent experiments have been directed to reclaiming the waste sulphuric acid that is used in refining petroleum, and to utilize it in the manufacture of chemicals," he replied simply.

Mrs. Springer threw back her head and gazed through her glasses at him as at a speaker of an unknown tongue. "It does beat all," she said, coming back to me, "what queer people a body meets a-travelin', and what sights of folks there be on the move, to be sure. I thought as how there must be something or other gwine on—a big show or 'lection or something. You don't know ef there is or not?"

"Nothing unusual, I think."

"Dear me! When I got down in that big dépôt 'peared to me everybody was crazy—such runnin' and hollerin'! I was clean beat. I never was worse scared in my life. I didn't know which way to go. I asked everybody, but, law! I couldn't git no satisfaction outen no-

body. By-me-by a man teched me on the arm and said he'd take me to a nice boarding-house ef I'd get in his kerridge. I thought he was mighty kind, and he was a nice-lookin' man, and so I put in my carpet-bag and bandbox, and he fetched me here. Well, I got outen the kerridge, made a curtesy to him and thanked him, when he said, 'Fifty cents, marm;' and, bless your heart! it wasn't mor'n a hundred yards I rode."

On and on Mrs. Springer went in her talk, I half listening to her as my mind kept wandering toward the other couple in the room. At length my companion left me, and shortly after I went to my room and to bed, where I lay awake a long time thinking of Mr. Abernethy and Miss Dayton. But it was not till the next evening that I again saw them together. We were sitting in the parlor, Miss Dayton and I, for the evenings were growing cool and our rooms were not yet warmed. I was reading: Miss Dayton sat by a table with a pile of school-girl compositions before her: she was composition-teacher in the Rushford Academy.

The door opened and Mr. Abernethy entered. Miss Dayton immediately took possession of him: "Oh, Mr. Abernethy, do, please, come here and help me correct these stupid compositions: I shall never get through with them. You've no idea how my eyes ache. Come along! You've got to help me: I won't let you off."

Mr. Abernethy went over with a little smile on his face, and sat down by the table.

"It wouldn't be fair for a stranger to look into these, would it?" he said.

"Oh, you don't know the writers, and you won't remember for five minutes that you ever saw the compositions. Here, now, go to work: here's a pencil. Here are six pages of foolscap about the steam-engine. Now, I don't know an earthly thing about the steam-engine: I never could understand it. I shouldn't know it if there was an error in each sentence. So of course you must correct this. And as a rest after those six pages you may have this composition—a de-

scription of Niagara Falls in seven lines. And here's another essay for you. You'll read in it, 'A little knowledge is a dangerous thing.' You needn't take the trouble to correct the quotation: I've corrected it a score of times, for the lady gets it into every composition of hers, no matter what her subject is. And here is just one more I wish you to take charge of. This writer's essays are nerve-exhausting drains on the sympathies: in every composition she kills off a golden-haired, cerulean-eyed infant."

"I advise you to turn her over to the chief of police," said Mr. Abernethy with a sober countenance.

Miss Dayton clapped her hands. "Oh," she exclaimed, "I'm so glad you can be funny! I've been afraid that you hadn't any ticklish spot. I was thinking that you were just my counterpart. A finger can't be crooked at me but I giggle. I'm glad of it: I thank God every day for all the laughable folks he sends in my way."

Mr. Abernethy took the pencil and commenced on "The Steam-Engine." "How do you correct a young lady's composition?" he asked.

"Oh, I dot the *i*'s, and cross the *z*'s, and underscore the misspelled words, and then shake a sieve of punctuation points over the page."

"Is that all? Don't you alter such a sentence as this?" and he read from the composition: "'The steam-engine is one of the most useful but at the same time hideous things in Nature.'"

"Well, I suppose I'd scratch out 'Nature,' and write 'on earth,' or 'in the universe,' or 'in the solar system.' Oh, I forgot to tell you there's one word I never leave alive in any composition: I always stab it with my steel. It's 'streamlet.'"

Mr. Abernethy addressed himself again to "The Steam-Engine." "Here," he said, "is a string of nine adjectives in one sentence, and not a monosyllable among them. What shall I do with them?"

"Just what seemeth unto thee best."

"Then, I'll draw my pencil through them."

"Hold thy sacrilegious hand, O Vandal!" Miss Dayton cried with mock heroics, grasping Mr. Abernethy's wrist. "Would you break that young woman's heart? Her adjectives are her idols. Ah," she continued with a pathetic shake of the head, "you'll never make a composition-teacher for young ladies."

"I think you are right," replied the gentleman. "I hope, therefore, you will excuse me from any further work."

"Well, wait: I must read you this first. Do, Miss Tiffaine," and Miss Dayton turned to me, "stop reading a moment and listen to this composition." Then she read in school-girl style: "'Animals.—There are a great many different kinds of animals. In the second place, I will proceed to mention some: The horse, the cow, the dog, the cat, the gorilla, the snake, the tadpole, dears, sheep, swines, a boy, a girl, a ant, a uncle, a alligator, a boar-constrictor, a whale, a sardine, a catfish, a thrush, a elephant, a 'possum—' And thus it goes on, through these four pages of foolscap, like the catalogue of a menagerie. It ends—'a musquitoe and myself. MARY JANE STRINGER.' Now, what do you think of that, Mr. Abernethy?"

"I think it is good," was the reply. "The writer says what she knows, and doesn't attempt the impossible."

"I think that if Miss Mary Jane Stringer had attempted something beyond her, she might, it is true, have fallen short of her aim— Well, really, that speech is worthy of any Irishman!" laughed Miss Dayton. "I meant to say that, though she would have failed of her aim, she might have achieved more than she has."

"But failures are such distressing things. The unambitious are spared much heart-burning."

Here I was called away, much to my discontent, for I felt a growing interest in the progress of matters between Mr. Abernethy and Miss Dayton. Miss Dayton, it seemed to me, was simply amusing herself with one of the laughable people whom God had brought in her way, but what would be the effect on Mr. Abernethy? I doubted if any other

woman had ever so closely approached this singular man, if any other had dared to enter his privacy and compel him to hold converse with a personality rather than an abstraction. She had roused him from his somnambulism, but to her presence alone did he appear awake. All other people were indefinite to him as an audience of strangers to a speaker. More and more keenly did the conviction come to me that in all his thoughts I was not; yet how superior I felt myself to the laughing, flippant Miss Dayton! How much better able I was to estimate him! Had I not been the very first in that boarding-house to speak a word for him? to perceive that in him which was worth standing up for, when Miss Dayton and all the rest were only laughing at him? I felt the right of a discoverer in him, and when, therefore, I perceived that Miss Dayton was taking possession of him, I was aggrieved: I was being supplanted. And I resented it that this, to me, unapproachable man permitted to this saucy girl a look into himself that he denied to me. As I have said, I held Mr. Abernethy in awe. I do not know that he was a very learned or remarkable man judged by a critical standard, but he was to me very learned and very remarkable. I felt sure he was a genius who would some day make a stir in the world. But did I care for him in a special way? The question came often to me.

The next morning, which was Sunday, Mr. Abernethy was late at breakfast, as he was apt to be. When he entered it was evident that he had been giving unusual attention to his toilet.

"Do see how he's fixed up!" said Miss Dayton to me as he came to his seat.

"You must be careful how you speak," I said. "Do not suppose that Mr. Abernethy is as oblivious of all the world as he used to be."

She colored slightly, and began after her usual manner to order his breakfast. "Are you going to church to-day?" she asked when he was seated.

To my surprise he said yes. I had never known him to go to church. "An old college chum is to preach at the Sec-

ond Presbyterian Church to-day, and I wish to see how he'll do it," he explained.

"Why, that's my church! May I have the pleasure of your company?" said Miss Dayton with a courtly bow.

"I'm obliged to say no," Mr. Abernethy replied simply, "for I promised to call for my friend."

Miss Dayton seemed greatly amused. "Isn't that a good joke, Miss Tiffaine?" she laughed, "refused by a gentleman! Where is your friend stopping?"

Mr. Abernethy's face took on an expression of helpless bewilderment. Then it became suddenly blank. "Why, I forgot to ask him," he acknowledged with a refreshing straightforwardness.

"Oh, I am so glad!" cried Miss Dayton merrily. "Now you've got to go with me. You can't think of another excuse, can you?"

"No," he said. "God hath wrought good out of my stupidity."

I wondered if he meant anything by this, or if it was only a polite speech. When church-time arrived I saw them from my chamber-window walk off churchward together. And I saw them when they returned, for I had not moved my seat. My heart had been sorely stirred in the period between their departure and their return. When the dinner-bell rang I went down to the dining-room with a dreary feeling. How radiant Miss Dayton looked! Her cheeks were like blush roses, her eyes were brimming with light. That new forest-green silk, with those soft laces about the throat and hands, how becoming it was! I was scarcely seated at the table before Miss Burritt called out, to my annoyance, to inquire if I had been to church. I said no, and blushed as I thought of the wicked feeling I had been cherishing during the morning.

"You ain't sick, are you?" persisted Miss Burritt.

"No, not sick, only tired."

"Well, for my part, I can rest better at church than anywhere else," she said.

"I should think so," assented Miss Dayton in an under tone, "from the way she sleeps through the sermon."

"And I think it my duty to go to

church twice a Sunday unless I am sick," continued Miss Burritt. "We *did* have such a splendid sermon to-day. I should be sorry if I had lost it."

"What was the text?" inquired one of the gentlemen.

Miss Burritt colored and looked very silly. "Well, now, I can't recall the exact words," she said.

"What was the subject?" persisted the merciless inquisitor.

"The fact of the matter is, I didn't half hear the sermon," Miss Burritt owned. "There were some ladies in the seat just ahead of me who kept up such a perpetual fidget, twisting and turning and smoothing down their silk dresses and buttoning their gloves and arranging their ribbons, that I couldn't think of a single thing but them. Then there was Mrs. Deshler in the next seat. That woman's enough to make the preacher himself forget the text. Just for the curiosity of the thing, I counted the colors she had on. How many do you suppose there were? Only thirteen! And her bonnet! Did you notice it, Miss Dayton? She had flowers and feathers and blonde lace and thread and bead-trimming: such a mix! Now, how can a woman with all that furbelowing and thirteen colors think of the sermon or join in the prayers? And such horrid taste!"

"The question with me is, How can a man with corns on his toes and tight boots on his corns say his prayers?" said Dr. Skinner. "I thought that Reverend Pink never would come to his 'lastly.' I found half a dozen splendid stopping-places for him, but he'd get a new relay every time and be off again. Such a preacher ought to have a relay of auditors, four times at least, on one of his trips from text to amen."

"Would not a change of subject be advisable?" asked the Reverend Mr. Ashley with quiet severity. A silence fell on the table.

Miss Dayton broke in on the silence. "Mr. Abernethy, what's the name of your friend who preached this morning?"

"His name?" said the gentleman appealed to, starting a little—"his name?



Barton? No, it isn't Barton." Mr. Abernethy gazed profoundly at his plate. "Parton! William Parton is his name. Did you like him?"

"Not a bit," replied Miss Dayton. "He's too pert: he hasn't an atom of reverence. He talks to God as to a street acquaintance. His prayers are little else but gossip: they made me think of the local column of a daily newspaper, interspersed with editorial comments on the telegrams. And his sermon was a series of conundrums proposed to the audience."

"The style of the sermon was characteristic of the man. The boys at college used to call him 'Interrogation Point.' Whether asking information or giving it, he employed the interrogative form. And he really has no reverence; so that here, again, his manner is in harmony with his character. There is, at least, no affectation about him. He is not afraid of God, and he makes no pretence of being. He thinks he has a right to live, so he doesn't go to Heaven with an apology that he exists, or that he is a man and not an angel or a god. I am inclined to think that the Hearer of prayers is much more interested in the chatting and gossip, if you choose, of this honest man than in a vast deal that He hears in what are called prayers. A father had surely rather hear his child prattle about its toys and games than have it attempt metaphysics. God is doubtless often much amused at the sketches that are held up to His children as portraits of their Father."

"Amused!" cried Miss Dayton.

"People do not conceive of God as being amused or desiring amusement. Now, I have no question but that He has a boundless enjoyment of the humorous. Isn't such a Being more lovable than a divinity creating worlds for his own glory? Each mind has its God as each eye has its horizon, and each mind stamps on its conception the attributes most admirable to itself, and excludes everything that is distasteful. Now, I am of such a sombre cast that I have a dread of the shadows in others: hence my God is a joyous divinity. I can con-

ceive Him as laughing heartily at the laughable things in my life."

Miss Dayton colored: she evidently made a personal application of Mr. Abernethy's remarks. "Well, that is the strangest idea of God that I ever heard expressed," she said.

"If God frowns, why shouldn't he laugh? The first thing demanded in religion is a recognition of the personality of God. God has every attribute of personality," said Mr. Abernethy; and then he went on, deeper and deeper, into metaphysics, which I did not comprehend then, and which I cannot recall now.

I went up to my room unhappy and distracted. Mr. Abernethy, the man whom I most cared for in all the world, seemed to be drifting farther and farther from me. I was sure of this, but I could do nothing, would do nothing, to bridge the gulf between us; for along with everything else which interposed was my own pride. When we were all alike vague to him—lay figures on which to try his arguments or disquisitions—I could talk with him without feeling my remoteness. But now another's nearness had crowded me to the background, and my pride kept me there. I studiously refrained from bringing myself to his notice, if indeed it would have been possible for me to command his attention in the sense in which Miss Dayton had secured it, and yet I did not feel sure that he loved Miss Dayton or that she loved him. I dropped to sleep with my mind full of the subject.

Some hours later I was roused by the fire-bells and by loud talking in our halls. I started up in bed: my room was as light as day. I rushed to the window: a brick house across the street was on fire. I stood for some moments watching the fascinating horror—saw the flames creeping up and up toward the roof, licking up every bit of wood-work. Suddenly a woman's shriek pierced the air: a child was in that burning house. There were not two dozen people on the ground, and no sound of an engine coming to our aid. Oh, how my heart throbbed! I wondered if there



were one hero there to attempt the rescue. How I longed for the cheering noise of the engine, for a score of brave firemen! I saw a long ladder placed against the wall. I saw a man on its rounds mounting into that fiery furnace, and my heart was thrilled. Suddenly it stood still: I had recognized the hero. It was Mr. Abernethy. I did not shriek or scream or swoon, but watched with fascinated gaze as up and up, through smoke and flame, went the man whom in all the world I most cared for. I saw him disappear through the window into that flaming building, and then I saw little more for the tears that were blinding me and the fear that was devouring me. With trembling hands I dressed myself. Faint and dizzy, I staggered down the stairs. In the hall I heard a cry of agony that went through my heart. I rushed to the parlor, whence it had proceeded. The room was thronged with people. Some men were arranging on a sofa the body of a man. It was Mr. Abernethy's. Some others were bearing away another body with white face and with long fair hair streaming over the shoulders. This was Belle Dayton. I can never tell how awestruck, how guilty, how wretched I felt at that moment, as if a lightning's flash had revealed in my path a yawning abyss. Oh how I worked with the doctors for those two lives! Mr. Abernethy revived first, and soon after Miss Dayton opened her fine eyes. I was kneeling beside her as she did so. Putting down my lips to kiss her cheek, I whispered, "Mr. Abernethy is very little hurt: he was only stunned by the fall. He leaped from the window, it seems."

Her cheek flushed crimson. She sat up, and would have left the room, but the physician gently reseated her. "Keep quiet a few moments," he said.

"What *did* I do with it?" we heard Mr. Abernethy say in a bewildered way. "Let me see. Well, it's strange, but I cannot remember what I did with that baby."

"Recall all the circumstances," said a bystander: "that may help you to remember. Where was the child when you climbed through the window?"

"It was on a bed asleep," replied Mr. Abernethy. "Yes, yes, now I remember. I rolled the baby up in the feather bed, tied a sheet round it, and dropped it from the window; and I'm afraid it's tied up there yet."

At this Belle Dayton suddenly burst out laughing and left the room. I quickly followed, almost equally amused at the comical aspect the affair had assumed. We ran up to her bed-room. I thought we should never stop laughing, for I was happy enough now to laugh.

"Did you ever, in your life, know anything so funny?" she said between her outbursts. "The idea of forgetting what he did with that baby!" and off she went into another laugh. "Why, suppose the baby has been smothered?" she said, suddenly sobering. "Wouldn't that be dreadful, after he had risked his life to save it, too? Let's go and see if we can hear anything of it."

Yes, the baby had been found quietly sleeping in the feather bed, although this had been piled on a wagon with chairs, tables, etc., and moved three blocks. Mr. Abernethy's burns, too, had been dressed, and he was comfortable. So Belle and I had another laugh together. Then she cried, and so did I.

Well, that night's experience was a revelation to me. It showed me that envy, the meanest of the mean things that defile the heart, had got into mine. Perhaps I should not be so free to confess this if I had not also a victory to record. I had been nigh hating my friend, and that without the poor excuse of loving the man who had come between us; for another thing that stood revealed to me by the events of that night was, that I did not love Mr. Abernethy, and that Miss Dayton did. Mine was not a pathetic case of disappointed affections: my vanity simply had been wounded. And when I that night stood in the presence of the holy thing which mortals have named love, and of a love doubly holy from impending shadows, I seemed the guilty wretch who had committed sacrilege, for had I not in thought, which might have blossomed into deed, meddled with the sacred thing?

Miss Dayton grew shy toward Mr. Abernethy. At table she had little to say to him, and did not render her usual service, leaving him to the care of the servants, though he stood more in need of help than before, for his right hand was badly burned. Her old banter and charming playfulness were gone: there was a perceptible toning down in her voice and manner. Did he miss the grateful ministry? and did the sense of privation enlighten him as to his own feeling for this woman? He also had changed. I could hardly tell how, but he seemed more like other people. He was more in the parlor. Was it because he had leisure from his writings since the physicians had passed some prohibitions against his using his eyes? or did he hope to encounter Miss Dayton? If so, he was fated to disappointment, for the lady studiously kept out of his way until I was almost angry.

I proposed one evening, as he sat in the parlor in forlorn helplessness, to read something to him; for I too had changed: my awe had passed away, and I felt for him an honest and warm friendship. He seemed pleased with my proposition, and when I asked him to select the reading he went up to his room and brought me *Tredgold on Cast Iron*. I was appalled, but I plunged bravely in, and read and read, on and on, till it grew as meaningless to me as the grinding of a coffee-mill. After a time I began to blunder, for I was actually nodding as I read. I closed the book.

The pause in the reading brought the listener's attention to the reader. Seeing this, I let fly an arrow I had long had strung for him: "Mr. Abernethy, I have bad news: we are going to lose Miss Dayton."

I saw by the quick start and the sudden eagerness in his eyes that my shot had reached its mark.

"Where is she going?"

"To another boarding-house." I had heard Miss Burritt reiterate her resolve not to board Miss Dayton after the close of the month.

"Has she said why she will leave?"

"No."

He became silent.

"I am very sorry she is going," I said. "She is a fine woman."

"Yes," he assented.

"She is very emotional." Then looking him straight in the eyes, I added: "When you were brought in the night of the fire she was completely overcome, and fell to the floor insensible."

"Is that true?" he asked with a light in his eyes and a tremor in his voice.

I felt that I had brought down my game. I showed him no mercy.

"Mr. Abernethy, were you ever in love?" I asked with an audacity worthy of Belle Dayton in her sauciest days. "You're in love now," I continued, feeling that I had firm earth beneath my feet. "You love Miss Dayton. Have you ever told her so?"

"No. Why should I? I ought never to ask her to marry me, and she ought never to marry me if I should ask her. I can never make a married man," he said smiling.

"Why not?"

"I am wanting in adaptability. I've always been a trial to my mother, my sisters, my landlady, to every woman who has had any responsibility about me." He smiled in a pathetic way.

"But can't you mend your ways for the sake of one you love?"

"I could never be sure that my patchwork would hold. I should be all the while commiserating my wife that she had such a husband. Miss Dayton, too, is born to shine: she is beautiful and sparkling. I am a very dullard in society. I have no business in the parlor: my place is the closet. She could never like my closet: I could never like her salon. Besides, I am a poor man. She must marry a rich husband. Two thousand dollars a year is the utmost I can make at my translating and essaying."

"Mr. Abernethy, suppose the matter rested entirely with you, would you choose a two-thousand-dollar life with Miss Dayton or a ten-thousand-dollar one with another?"

He smiled, but beyond the smile I caught the gleam of tears. "Now, sir," I went on, "you are assuming that you

are superior to the woman you love. In your case you are sure that the higher nature would triumph—in hers it would go under. Perhaps Miss Dayton's choice would be the same as yours. I think you should, at least, allow her an option and yourself a chance. Do you dread a refusal?"

"No. I am afraid of being selfish."

That same evening Miss Dayton came to my room. Her cheeks and eyes indicated excitement.

"What do you think?" she said. "Miss Burritt has given me warning. She had the impertinence to tell me that she could not board me another month. She says I carry off her quart cup." Here she burst into a laugh. "I suppose I deserve the penitentiary."

"Well, never mind," I replied: "I think she's going to give Mr. Abernethy warning too. You and he can leave and go to housekeeping together." She blushed scarlet. "Why not? You love each other. Don't be offended. I have good authority for what I say. Mr. Abernethy told me not half an hour ago that he loved you."

"Did he say so?" She put her head on the table.

"I'm not certain, though, that he'll ever tell you so unless you help him to do it."

"What do you mean?" she asked, suddenly lifting her head.

"I mean that some men are so distrustful of themselves that a woman must—"

"I'll never coax a man to offer me marriage," she said haughtily.

"You don't understand me," I hastened to explain, but I only made matters worse.

The next morning she came into the telegraph-office where I was at work.

"Have you found a boarding-place?" I asked.

She smiled archly. "We are going to take your advice," she said: "we're going to housekeeping together."

Of course, I knew what that little word "we" comprehended.

"Then Mr. Abernethy has asked you to marry him?"

"Oh no, indeed," she laughed: "he

begged me not to marry him. It was very funny, but oh so sweet!" and the quick tears came to her eyes. "Do you know, I think he's better suited to me than anybody else in the world could be. You see, I don't know a thing about housekeeping, especially cooking. Most men are so particular about what they eat. I can imagine a man after a month at my table going from it to the lunatic asylum. But Mr. Abernethy will never know even when house-cleaning days come. Of course I mean to learn housekeeping—I've bought a cook-book—but I feel certain there'll be sad mistakes for a while."

"I feel sure you will be very happy together," I said.

"Happy! I'm sure there is nothing he would not do for me. Why, he offered to dispose of his collections of fossils and shells and plants—they'd be in my way, he thought, the dear soul!—after he's tramped all over creation to collect them. I tell you the mortal doesn't live who is good enough to own those things that have so much of his devotion and dear life in them. I feel as if I loved every one of the blessed things for his sake. I'm going to help him fix them up in frames and cases, and we'll take care of them together. You'll come to the wedding—won't you?—at the parsonage of the Second Presbyterian, at four o'clock this afternoon. Then we're going straight home, and begin housekeeping as soon as we get there. Did I tell you? I bought a furnished cottage this morning with my little savings, a perfect little bird's nest in Sycamore street."

Well, I went round to the parsonage and saw them married. Then, while they drove off to their dove-cot, I walked back to the old boarding-house. In the hall I met Miss Burritt. "Well," she said, when I had told her all about it, "I don't like Miss Dayton, but I'm sorry for any woman who's got that man with all his rocks and bugs and traps to look after."

As for me, I didn't feel an atom of pity for either of them.

SARAH WINTER KELLOGG.

## FERDINAND DE LESSEPS.



*Ferd. de Lesseps*

IN the year 1831 a young Frenchman was seen restlessly pacing the deck of the *Diogène*, the sailing packet from Marseilles to Alexandria. His slight, active figure and erect carriage drew attention; yet more, his piercing eye and rapidity of speech and movement, exceeding even the vivacity natural to a Frenchman. A close observer could not mistake the tokens of Spanish blood and of the best traits of Spanish character. He was a native of Versailles, but a kins-

man also of her known, in later days, as the empress Eugénie.

He was chafing under the delay of his sluggish vessel, which was making of that short route a thirty-seven days' voyage. Steam had at that time scarcely shown itself in the Mediterranean. Among the five hundred vessels of the French fleet that had bombarded Algiers the year previous there was but one steamer. It was not till nearly ten years later that the steamers of the Peninsular and

Oriental Company were on the Red Sea. But it was the same year in which the intrepid Waghorn of the British navy was proving to the unwilling home authorities that a route across Egypt, in place of the long passage round the Cape, could be established for the mails to India. Our *voyageur* on the *Diogène* was not ignorant of Waghorn's enterprise and perseverance.

His ship touching at Navarino, he saw around him on entering that harbor the scattered, sunken remnants of the proud Turkish fleet crushed two years before by the storm of fire from English, French and Russian ships, which had for ever struck down the power of the Crescent. The scene was long remembered by one who in after years was to visit the Ottoman Porte on missions of peace.

Arriving at Alexandria, to his dismay the vessel was rigorously quarantined, and this further trial seems certainly to have quickened in his mind the ideas which afterward developed into the life-aims at which we propose, in this article, to glance. Whoever will read Lesseps' own recital of his experience on that trip, as given to his countrymen in the *Conférences* which he has been of late years accustomed to hold, will see that the ruins of the fleet at Navarino deepened his dislike to war, while the intolerable tedium of his voyage and the subsequent quarantine stimulated a desire for freer intercourse and increased facilities of trade and travel. He exposes with caustic severity the arbitrary usages of the Mediterranean, which could quarantine a vessel coming from a known healthy port into an unhealthy one. He tells us that Waghorn's aims and perseverance were his first stimulus, and brings us to an incident which to others might have been unimportant, but in his mind formed and guided the ideas that in after life absorbed the energies of years. During that protracted quarantine, while others were murmuring in enforced idleness, he was fortunate in a study which was set before him. He had come as consular pupil to the French consulate at Alexandria. The consul-general,

Mimault, coming down to the quarantined ship to visit him, brought him the great work of the commission which accompanied Bonaparte in his expedition to Egypt in 1798, and especially recommended to him to study the report of the engineer Le Père on the junction of the Red Sea with the Mediterranean. Then for the first time, as he tells us, Lesseps gave his attention to the study of what the Isthmus was, and what were the historic points in the efforts through so many ages to construct a canal across Egypt. In his examination of Le Père's memoir this paragraph riveted his attention: "I believe it would be easy to open a *direct* route between Suez, the Bitter Lakes and Menzaleh to the sea at Peluse. An open communication here would be far superior to all others, which must be dependent on the rise and fall of the Nile." Reading further, he followed the story of the indirect canal, cut either by Sesostris or Pharaoh-Necho, reopened by the Ptolemies and the Romans, and finally destroyed by the Mussulman caliph El Mansoor, A. D. 767. He found a proposition for a direct canal proposed by Amroo, but forbidden by his master Omar, lest it should open a route for Christians to Arabia. Coming down to a recent period, he followed Bonaparte on his exploration in 1798, when he discovered and tracked the old canal of the Pharaohs from the Fountains of Moses, near Suez, five leagues backward within Egypt. With a Frenchman's admiration of the conqueror, he read Napoleon's charge to Le Père on leaving Egypt: "The work is grand: publish your memoir, and compel the Turk to find in the execution of this plan his safety and his glory." He saw here the endorsement of a master mind, which estimated aright the advantages of an open intercourse with the East. From that hour he fixed his attention upon the subject.

For a long term of years, however, Lesseps was occupied in consular duties. He remained in Egypt until 1838, exercising the functions of consular pupil, then of vice-consul and consul-general. He had begun this service at Lisbon in

1825, following the fortunes of his family, different members of which have been at times thus employed. Mathieu Maximilian Lesseps, the father, was secretary of legation at Morocco; commercial agent at Damietta; consul-general at Philadelphia, where he was made a member of the American Philosophical Society; and finally, at the time of his death in 1832, consul-general at Tunis. The oldest brother was at one time the French minister of foreign affairs; the youngest was chargé at Tunis. It is said that the father when in Egypt placed the viceregal family under obligations by his counsel and aid in obtaining from the Porte the confirmation of Mohammed Ali as pasha. It was then that an intimacy sprang up between Mohammed's young son, Saeed, and Ferdinand de Lesseps, which lasted through life. "Saeed Pasha, trained by a French tutor and well educated, conceived a strong affection for the brilliant young Frenchman who could ride like a Bedouin, was a proficient in manly sports and a most genial companion." The fruits of this intimacy will show themselves farther on in our narrative.

While consul-general at Alexandria, Lesseps received the cross of the Legion of Honor for humane services rendered during the plague, which swept off one-third of the population. Transferred to Rotterdam, and then, in 1842, to Barcelona, he gave great satisfaction to the different nationalities in the latter place at the time of its bombardment by Espartero. The French residents struck a medal in his honor; the Marseilles chamber of commerce presented him with an address; the Barcelona chamber ordered his bust in marble; the princes of Sardinia and the Two Sicilies conferred their insignia. In 1848 he was ambassador to the court of Madrid, and in 1849 represented his government at Rome. But here he voluntarily ended a career which offered high chance of political distinction. "Full of generous ardor and belief in human progress and the rights of man, he remonstrated against the occupation of Rome by French troops in 1849; and, after a protest against General Ou-

dinot's bombardment and military rule, he retired from a diplomatic career in which advancement was so sure, thus seemingly sacrificing his whole future for principle." This estimate is in the words of our own former consul-general in Egypt, Mr. De Leon, who was with Lesseps at the time of his first proposing to Saeed Pasha the plan of the great enterprise at which we are now to glance. To do so intelligently let our readers look with us for a little while on the old land of the Pharaohs.

In the palmy days of that land its trade, if we may not call it commerce, was assuredly worthy of the age. According to Strabo and Herodotus, Pharaoh-Necho's ships passed from Arsinoë (Suez) out to the great ocean, hugging, it is true, its shores, but coasting Africa, and returning after voyages of three years to his Mediterranean ports. The well-known Scripture record in Kings and Chronicles is not without significant correspondence: "Once in three years came the navy of Tarshish, bringing gold and silver, ivory, apes and peacocks." Of the Egyptian seaports, Pelusium was long the queen. Its fortress was the key of Egypt and of the sea, and many a furious battle was waged around its walls. Here, in 525 B. C., Cambyzes gained the victory which transferred Egypt to Persia. Herodotus tells us of the bleached skulls of the slain in that battle as attesting the distinctiveness of race. Alexander captured Pelusium B. C. 333; Augustus took it three centuries later; and after six centuries more Amroo received its submission as that of all Egypt.

Under the Roman rule the city was connected by famous military roads with Memphis and Suez, and with the cities of Persia. The Pelusiac branch of the Nile gave access to the old canal of the Pharaohs, which was available at a late day, since Cleopatra, after her defeat at Actium, meditated escaping with her fleet by this passage. In the year 697 the caliph Omar rejected the proposal of his lieutenant to open this canal and re-establish Pelusium. He feared the entrance of the Christians into Egypt and their interference with the pilgrims



to Mecca. He forbade anything being done for Pelusium, which consequently disappeared from the eyes of trade and fell back into its primitive condition. The Arabs in naming its ruins *Tineh* have but perpetuated the original idea of the names given by the Hebrews, *Sin*, and by the Greeks, *Palos*—all meaning *oase, mire*. The site of old Pelusium was indeed rarely again named until the time of Le Père's memoir.

To recover Peluse, and cut a new route for the commerce of our day straight across from sea to sea, became Lesseps' ruling idea on relinquishing his diplomatic career. An idea to a Frenchman, as we all know, is often something which, from the moment of its adoption, rules every hour of his being thenceforth until he succeeds or fails. Lesseps' idea was (and to this day remains, as shown in his more recent enterprise, of which we shall speak before closing) to bring the East close to Europe's door. He adopted for his motto, "*Aperire terram et dare pacem gentibus*." He has steadily advocated the widest extension of commerce, swift and close intercourse, and the civilization of Asia and Africa by this means. He has shown the most admirable faith, energy and perseverance in pursuing this object, and, having opened one highway, is projecting another of perhaps equal value to the world. On his recent election to the French Academy he presented, in place of a record of devotion to the abstract sciences, one of practical usefulness in the civil service of his country, and this brief but brilliant chronicle of the great ship-canal: "The first blow struck near Peluse for a new harbor on the Mediterranean shore, April 21, 1859; the canal of Suez opened for the world's commerce, November 17, 1869; declared an established success by the receipt of eighteen millions of francs during 1872." This was the triumph of an idea adopted forty years ago, and the result of a ten years' indefatigable struggle.

By what elements of character and by what help from the logic of events has he secured this? In the first place, he began with an intelligent but indomitable

faith in the enterprise. His own words are, "*J'ai pour principe, de commencer par avoir de la confiance*." When addressing the chambers of commerce in different countries of Europe, meeting from time to time at public banquets the capitalists of England, Holland and France, visiting now Palmerston and Gladstone in England, and now the French emperor at Paris, or combating the opposition of Sir Stratford de Redcliffe at the Ottoman Porte—even when the cholera decimated his laborers at Ismailia, or, worse yet, when the sultan's firman, obtained by British intrigue, called away every native workman sent by the pasha—he was ever buoyed up by the same strong assurance of ultimate success. His letters, speeches and despatches have not a tinge of despondency. In person he explored, often with extreme danger, the whole line of the temporary fresh-water canal constructed to supply first Suez and then the line of his workmen, and his main route. He visited every infected place to establish hospitals and sanitary rules. He came through all safe, as years before he had come safely off from the plague at Alexandria. He believed his work would be done, and that he would see it done. This was no small element of victory.

Another was the frankness with which he expounded his plan and courted investigation of its feasibility. At the outset he submitted the whole scheme first to the scientific engineers appointed by the pasha in 1855, and then to an international commission composed of the most eminent engineers of England, France and almost every other European state. They repaired to Egypt, went over the proposed route, and studied the topography of the valley of the Isthmus and of the Nile. They reported to the viceroy: "The direct canal from Suez to the Pelusian Gulf is the only solution of the problem of uniting the seas: its execution is easy, its success sure: its results to the world's commerce will be immense. Our conviction of this is without dissent." In thus inviting an impartial verdict, Lesseps acted very differently from those scheming companies in

our day who spread before the public only the inflated reports of their own engineers. From the first, and through all its ten years' progress, the work on the Suez Canal has been open to engineers from states and chambers of commerce that chose to investigate all its difficulties and bearings. The English engineer Hawkshaw, standing first in his profession, reported upon it in full to the viceroy in 1862.

His power of infusing some of his own enthusiasm into others enabled Lesseps, after other difficulties had been overcome, to raise with facility the necessary capital for the undertaking. Jerome Bonaparte, the comte de Chambord and the duc de Montpensier were among the readiest subscribers after the viceroy of Egypt, who himself took nearly one-half of the shares. The mass of the remainder was thrown open to the people everywhere. Paris furnished seventy-three hundred stockholders, the departments, with Algeria, furnished thirteen thousand eight hundred, nearly three thousand of them holding but one or two shares each. The whole of the original capital was thus raised within fifteen days.

Besides his native genius, energy and perseverance, Lesseps derived, of course, peculiar advantages from his early training, his intercourse with statesmen, his knowledge of courts and familiarity with affairs of state. His connection with the empress Eugénie was the lever which enabled him to bring the influence of the French government to bear at Constantinople on some very critical occasions. His early intimacy with the son of the viceroy of Egypt had still more decisive consequences. When the father of this young man died in 1847, his uncle, Abbas Pasha, on coming to the throne, treated him with a jealous severity. "He then came to Paris," says Lesseps, "where I had the happiness of receiving him into my family. In 1854, when he came to power, he immediately wrote to me to come to Egypt. I had prepared my plan of the canal long before, and I went to Alexandria and carefully broached it to him." To get access in that barbarous land to the ruler's ear, and thus

open the way for explorations, was in itself an important step. To have the ruler's earnest support and the free use of his purse and power was, of course, of incalculable advantage. Saeed Pasha was a friend in earnest. He wrote to Lesseps, when the latter was setting out for Paris to organize the universal company, "Be assured that if you do not succeed in organizing, I am resolved to execute this work with my own resources and such private aid as shall respond to your appeal."

One circumstance not to be overlooked in connection with the enterprise is the great advance in engineering science within recent years, furnishing new appliances that proved to be absolutely necessary for the completion of the work. The ancients relied on the power of numbers for the execution of their vast and marvelous plans. The rulers of Egypt, in particular, had been accustomed to draw without stint on the enforced labor of the *fellahs*, and it was with a large body of these, detailed by the viceroy's authority, that Lesseps began his work. But the English government procured a firman from the sultan forbidding their employment, and, "as was anticipated by those who opposed the project" (says the English captain Clerk, evidently referring to his own countrymen), "everything was brought to a standstill." After the loss of much time and money, laborers were attracted from France, Italy, Greece, and even Egypt. But the next year they were driven off by the cholera. Then necessity led to the invention of machinery equal to the work, bringing it, at reduced expense, to an earlier completion than if the myriads of old Egypt had been awakened for the task. The new steam-dredges, with their long iron spouts and buckets, drove the excavated mud of the cuttings two hundred mètres from their banks; while in the harbors machinery superior to that used in the construction of other breakwaters built out two arms or moles of more than two thousand yards with safety and despatch. Engineers from all countries repaired to Port Saeed to inspect them. Machinery was used representing the

power of more than one hundred thousand men.

The canal is now writing its own history. It is fast revolutionizing the commerce of the Old World, and must sensibly affect our own. A route which lessens the distance to Bombay from English ports twenty-eight hundred miles, from Marseilles thirty-three hundred, and from the grain-market of Odessa four thousand, "must," as the English have lately admitted, "be kept open." The English press is, indeed, ashamed of such utterances as those of the *Examiner* of December, 1860, which called the canal "the monstrous folly of the nineteenth century, . . . never to be completed, or, if finished, to be exhibited as the *French folly*." The receipts of the enterprise during the last three years have increased in nearly geometrical proportions. Lesseps has his revenge for the obstacles and opposition he had to encounter in this heavy toll taken from our English cousins. Their own railroad from Cairo to Suez is abandoned: their travel and trade are along the new highway.

Before closing this brief notice of a remarkable man, we must not omit to mention the new project by which he is giving fresh proof of his lofty aims and indomitable energy. This is the construction of a railway to traverse Central Asia. Within ten days after he took his seat in the French Academy he laid before it his plan, and asked for the appointment of a commission to prepare instructions for a reconnaissance of the route. His son, Victor Lesseps, secretary of the French embassy to Russia, goes to sojourn at Peshawur, the head of the Indian railway system, to secure information of the caravans coming down from the Hindoo-Koosh Mountains. Before the Academy and before the Société de Géographie of Paris, Lesseps has shown that as the whole distance from Calais to Calcutta is but seventy-five hundred miles, if Peshawur in India be joined with Orenburg, the terminus of the present railway systems in Eastern Russia, the traveler need be but a week in passing from London to Calcutta. It

is not, however, certain that this particular line will be adhered to, Lesseps himself having since proposed a more northerly and circuitous route through Toorkestan.

Of course, this project has been already denounced by a portion of the English press, which, while admitting that M. de Lesseps' "audacity, *only* redeemed from the charge of folly by its affinity to genius" (!), has in the past triumphed over all opposition, and "effectually turned the tables on the skeptics and the scoffers," still warns the government and the nation against countenancing an enterprise which "is really part and parcel of the Russian scheme of Asiatic conquest." But the same organ which contains these denunciations admits that English capital will flow wherever the demand for it is backed by fair credit and the punctual payment of interest, and that Russia has hitherto met, and may still be expected to meet, these conditions.

By the admission, therefore, of its enemies the pecuniary success of the enterprise may be considered as secured. And with regard to its ulterior results, we might point to those of the Suez Canal as evidence of the shortsighted policy on which the predictions of its opponents are based. But it is more pleasant to turn from the narrow carplings of prejudiced critics to the enlightened grounds on which the project is supported by Lesseps himself. In his advocacy of it one cannot fail to admire the fairness with which he deals with the international questions concerned, and the expanded views he sets forth of the benefits to be conferred by these openings to civilization and freedom. He shows what hopes have already brightened for Africa and for Asia by the progressing renovation of Egypt, and predicts a still greater gain for the people of Eastern Asia from this new enterprise. Looking at his genius, faith, energy and indomitable perseverance in the past, we cannot but share in his anticipations, and trust that this grand undertaking will bring new renown to its projector and new benefits to the world.

J. E. NOURSE.

## A MODERN CRESSIDA.

If beauty have a soul, this is not she.—TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

## CHAPTER I.

"SO you really mean that I must go away from everything I care for, and bury myself alive, Doctor Wadsworth?"

"That is just what I mean, Mrs. Penrhyn. You must spend the summer very quietly, without any excitement."

"But why can't you give me some tremendously powerful tonic, instead of making me lie by for three months—feed me on phosphates and iodides and quinine?"

"What would you say of an engineer, my dear madam, who, when he saw that some part of the machine he was called on to inspect was almost worn out, should advise the fireman to pile in fuel and crowd the pressure of steam, by way of remedy for imperfect working?"

"Very silly, indeed, but not a fair analogy. That is the trouble with you modern doctors: you are so afraid of the old exploded error that divorced body and soul that you identify them, and as a natural sequence undertake to prescribe for our moral as well as our physical ailments. Now, I know very well that you are going to tell me that you can't practically separate the workings of one part of my nature from another—that, theoretically, it's a convenience to have a nomenclature, so as to prevent confusion of ideas, but that you must prescribe for me as a harmonious, interdependent whole. Is not that it?"

"What do you want to make of me?" said Doctor Wadsworth, smiling in spite of himself at the half-petulant pleasantry of her manner.

"I want to make use of you. There now! I knew you would be angry. Why, what is more noble than to be useful, doctor? I thought the reason why modern science spurned ancient metaphysics and morals was because they were of no use. What I want of a doc-

tor is this. But first listen to what I *don't* want. I don't want you to concern yourself with what is 'good for me' or 'bad for me.' You doctors all trench too much on our individuality—you are as bad in your way to us patients as ever the old priesthood was to the laity. I know what I want: I don't want to have the days of my life indefinitely prolonged; I don't want to be made superior to stimulants or tonics; I don't care, particularly to be made to emulate a milkmaid in her hours or complexion; but I want to spend more than I have—to live beyond my income; and I want all your resources brought out to enable me to live as I wish, without encroaching on my capital. Yes, you shake your head, you look grave, you can't take the responsibility. What right have you to assume it? say I. I don't want you to make of me, body and soul, the nearest approach to your ideal of which my nature is capable. I want you to perform a service for me—"

She stopped abruptly, and looked at him as if for an answer. Unconsciously to herself, there had been a tinge of haughtiness in her manner, and Doctor Wadsworth had felt it. A slight flush came to his cheek.

"I understand," he said. "You would like to bring back the leech of centuries ago—a servant, almost a slave, possessing treasures of knowledge, secrets of healing, precious drugs, prompt to cure or to destroy, but all held at the pleasure of his master, of his employer; as ready to sell a deadly poison as to apply a healing salve—a mere tool, without one sentiment or aspiration worthy of the noble profession he disgraced and desecrated."

"No, no! I did not mean anything so—"

She hesitated for a word, and Doctor Wadsworth supplied her with one—"So

base,' you would say. My dear lady, I'm not angry with you, but I cannot help seeing that you would have breathed quite freely in a century when arbitrary power could subordinate men's minds and consciences to the execution of its will. It seems to me that although you accuse me of encroaching on your individuality, I should have none left of my own if I obeyed your wishes."

"Well," she said, "I did not mean to be so overbearing, but I do rebel against being exiled this summer. Come now, doctor, can't you patch me up and let me go?"

He shook his head gravely. "No," he said. "I can and will give you tonics, but rest is what you want. You have been a spendthrift of your estates, to borrow your own simile, and must be content to let the rents accumulate before you spend them, and the trees grow before you cut them again."

"If it must be, it must be, then, but I really feel as if rest would be extinction," she said with a weary, impatient sigh.

"That is quite natural," answered he composedly: "you must sink lower before you can rise at all."

"When must I begin my idyl?" she said with a sudden transition of mood.

"Your 'idyl!' Is it possible that you have not understood me better than that? There can be no idyl, my dear madam," he went on, laughing, but still seriously, "without a shepherd, and a shepherd I forbid. In plain words, you must live without excitement this summer, or you will—not die, but go to pieces."

"I have it!" she exclaimed. "I will go to my cousin Mary's, up in the Hampshire hills. I will yield an uncompromising obedience to your orders. They shall be obeyed in spirit and in letter."

"That is right! You will remember all I said before you favored me with that invective against modern medicine; and, God bless you, my dear child! you will go next week?"

"Yes, yes," she replied, "and thank you, dear doctor, and forgive me if I was impertinent this morning."

Doctor Wadsworth descended the

stairs and got into his carriage at the door. Edith Penrhyn stood at the window watching him, and as his handsome iron-gray head disappeared she turned from the window with a sigh. "How old he is growing!" she said to herself. "I have too few friends—*real* friends—to have any of them grow old." She threw herself languidly on a lounge and fell into a reverie.

Growing old! Old age was the great horror of her life. She did not dread death, but to be old!—it seemed to embody and involve all her antipathies and fears. Born with a peculiar vitality of nature, anything that suggested decay or loss of power—power to feel, to enjoy, ay, even to suffer—seemed to be the most terrible of evils. Pagan to the core of her heart, all good things were ever young to her: the wild freshness of morning was indeed worth all the rest of the day, and she sowed no seed that was to lie fallow till the day was far spent, and then germinate and bear fruit to gladden the sunset of life. The flowers of her life were as fragile and as fragrant as the products of a forcing-house. The sight of a gray hair among her abundant golden-brown tresses saddened her: the mere suggestion of calm and repose, the accompaniments of maturity, seemed to irk her. The lines,

To die when all the foam is up,  
The bright wine sparkling high,

expressed her feeling; and she spent herself in all ways, never admitting the possibility of her strength and vitality deserting her before mere existence should cease. So, when Doctor Wadsworth, whom she had called in perforce, driven to the measure by a sense of absolute nervous exhaustion, frankly told her, not that she would kill herself, but that she would be good for nothing, she was appalled: anything rather than that. She felt indifferent about death, as most people of strong vitality and high courage do, partly from their impossibility of realizing the meaning of the word, and partly from their habit of mind toward all danger; but this breaking down terrified her. The petulant defiance of the tone she had assumed in



the conversation just chronicled was but to mask her real feeling: she was ready to do anything rather than cease to be herself. A life of thought, of contemplation, of repose, seemed to her intolerable, the humdrum was her *bête noire*: constant excitement, waves of emotion and sensation breaking over her, one after another, with so short a space between them that the partial ebb could not be termed reaction, each, as it rolled back, being caught up by a fresh incoming rush, rolling on and over her again—this was her ideal of existence. Yes, she would go to the country, would forswear all excitement, would be an oyster, a vegetable, for three months, and then again be herself.

She turned from the window as a knock came at the door. "Come in," she said with a sense of relief at the prospect of distraction. It was a servant with a card. She could not repress a start and a slight flush as she read the name. She had not looked for any one at such an early hour. For a moment she hesitated; then, "Ask him up here," she said, and as the servant left the room to obey the order she drew her graceful morning-wrapper about her and passed through a door at the side which led into her dressing-room. While she put herself into more fitting trim to receive the stranger who was now awaiting her, she wondered much why he had come.

Geoffrey Marston was a young man whose acquaintance she had made not many evenings before at a small evening-party, and of whom she had heard more than once as a rising man of science. But neither what she had heard nor the one evening she had spent in his society had in any way interested or attracted her. The only feeling with which he had inspired her was a curious and rather unpleasant consciousness of being understood or divined by him. Not that he seemed desirous of prying into her emotions or detecting the springs of her actions. She was not sure that he was conscious of the effect he produced upon her; but so it had been, not only on the evening when he had talked to her, but twice besides, when he had been near her

at the theatre, she had felt his presence, and experienced the same sense of annoyance as one might feel if suddenly aware of an invisible, intangible presence floating near one and reading one's words in a clearer light than could those mere human beings to whom they were spoken.

As Edith finished the last touches of her toilette, however, she said to herself, "It was absurd, wild imagination, probably the result of this over-excited, nervous state I've been in. He has come now to call on me. Heaven knows there is nothing surprising in a man's doing that, and, like most of these scientific people, he does not know that the hour is uncanonical." So she expelled from her mind the fantastic idea which had crept into it, and entered the room in which Mr. Marston awaited her.

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## CHAPTER II.

HE was a slight, well-made man, with great natural distinction of manner and bearing, and with an odd directness, a sort of intensity in his way of saying and doing even small things, that produced the most unconventional effect. He rose, bowed as she entered, but quietly and distantly, and without that orthodox smile of greeting which is the mechanical grace of society. Edith was a little embarrassed. Her first banished fancy rushed back in full force, and for a moment she could not find words.

He spoke first: "I know this is a very great presumption, Mrs. Penrhyn, on my part, to have come two hours before I was entitled to ring your bell, and when you were sure to be in and at home, but I have an excuse." He paused, and then as he looked at her a smile came like a sudden light over his face. "It is a very good one, if you will only look at it in the full light of truth. I wanted to see you, and this was my only way of making sure of doing so."

"You should have taken your chances, Mr. Marston," she said gayly, but with a meaning in her tone.

"Yes," he said, "I should have done so, but I could not run the risk—I could



not afford it. There are moments in every man's life, Mrs. Penrhyn, when he comes into collision with the conventionalities of life, the laws of society, and must either break them or risk being broken in keeping them. As long as I can run with my Juggernaut, I shall be content, but I could never throw myself before it and be mangled. I haven't the faith for that; so, as I go to-morrow to South America for six months, and this was my only chance of seeing you before I left, I chose to make the chance a certainty."

Edith grew more embarrassed, accustoming though she was to the society of men, and habitually cool and self-possessed when homage the most ardent and devoted was offered her. She now seemed incapable of mounting the conventional dais from which she mentally queened it over her admirers. His manner was not that of a lover, nor indeed was there anything in what he said that might not pass current as the ordinary coin of society, and yet the whole conversation was in some way lifted out of the ordinary atmosphere. They two were together, and he was talking to her, as unswayed by accidents of time and place and all outside things as if they were disembodied spirits. There are some men and women who have this power of bringing whomever they approach into direct contact with their own nature: they seem gifted with a special force of penetration, and one always feels that in whatever relation one meets them it is sustained by one's real self toward an equally real individuality on the other side. So Marston made Edith feel, and his quiet intensity of manner added to the feeling.

He had been silent after his last words, and the silence grew oppressive. She must speak: "I am sorry you are going," she said, "but I should have seen nothing of you, for I go away myself to the country, for three months, in a week's time."

"That is good—you need it," he said. "But pardon me: I think you are not sorry, but secretly glad, to get rid of me. I think I oppress you."

"That could hardly be," she said with a little haughtiness, "as I have seen you but once, and you do not know me, or I you, at all well."

He fixed his dark eyes on hers as she finished her sentence, the last words of which came slowly, and looked at her with an expression mingled of scrutiny and longing. Her eyes fell before his. She raised them with an effort, and said lightly, "You look as if I had said something that was not true."

"So you have," he said rising and standing before her: "I do know you: no one has ever known you half so well as I. And yet, Mrs. Penrhyn," he went on, "you need not shrink from me when I say I know you, for I say too—and with greater truth, if that might be—that no one has ever loved you as I love you. Nay, do not rise: I did not mean to startle you, but I must speak. I did not come here with the faintest idea of affecting you by anything I might say; but I may never return from South America, and I saw no reason for denying myself the expression of what is so strong within me. I do not think I need apologize to you for what I am about to say. Had I any idea of asking aught of you, *that* might seem presumptuous and need excuse, but nothing could be farther from my thoughts. I only ask you to listen to me while, instead of talking about the weather or the opera, I lay bare my heart to you. It will not bore you nearly so much as if I paid you an ordinary morning call."

He said this so composedly that the strangeness of his avowal ceased to agitate her, and she replied with equal self-possession: "Certainly, you are quite right. I have always thought that the most commonplace nature could make its story interesting if it told the literal truth concerning it. Pray go on."

He drew a chair a little nearer to her, yet not very near, and sat down, saying, "I cannot see your face so far away—I am near-sighted, you know—and I want to see you while I talk." She bowed a mute comprehending assent, and he went on: "I don't purpose to tell you the story of my life, nor do I mean to detail it

since I met you, although that is only two weeks ago, and seems to me now the beginning of life. I am a firm believer in natural affinities, and a disbeliever in the possibility of a love existing in its highest manifestation and greatest intensity between beings devoid of this affinity, or only possessing it in a slight degree. I do not think any one can ever give another anything that does not belong to that other. He may *withhold* to an unlimited degree: his power of *imparting* is limited by the corresponding power of reception in the other. All relations, all *real* relations in life, are based on this principle, although it is almost always dishonored, violated and disowned. Nevertheless, being a *law*, it governs and controls, although unrecognized. One only cares for people for one of two reasons: because they can give you something which you want or take something from you which you wish to give. All love means simply this, and is greater or less in proportion as the giving or taking is great, but perfect love is when one meets a creature to whom one could give all and from whom one desires all. One may touch a hundred souls at a hundred points and call it love, but it is always partial and imperfect, liable to be supplanted. Yet these imperfect affinities are all most people know of love, and, knowing no better, they call a part by the name of the whole, and demand the allegiance of the whole nature to a feeling which belongs to and feeds but a small part of it. You and I, unlike as we are, have this in common, that we touch many natures at many points, and that we in our hearts and souls never pretend to give to any one that which does not belong to him. Is not this so?"

"Yes," she said.

"I knew it when I saw you," he went on. "I *felt* it—that you would never give to any one that which was not his; and when I knew at the same moment that I loved you perfectly, with my whole being—that nothing short of an entire self-surrender and entire possession could satisfy me—I trembled at the vision of torment and bliss, both uncertain, both

possible, that rose before me. This is what I came to say: that I loved you as no one has ever loved you—that I shall try to get from you what I desire. If I preserve my will intact, I will never take aught but the whole from you—never supply, as so many men must have done, the need of *one* mood, the food for *one* hunger. Of your being I will have all, or die unsatisfied. My hope lies in the consciousness I have of divining your nature. I understand you, at least, better than you have ever been understood, and it is you that I love, not a part of you—not an ideal hung upon you—not what you represent to me, but *you*, with every imperfection—well, every blot; and nothing can change my love. Loyalty, as generally meant, is something I am too proud to accept from any woman. I would only have of you that which is my own. I give you my whole self because it is yours, not because you attract me and I aim at an ideal feeling. Idealism is the reverse of this, which is pure reality. I *am* yours. I need no lofty resolution, no mail of virtue and faith, to guard the heart that beats for you. No woman can tempt me: my love is perfectly yours. Now I shall go. When I am gone you will do as you have done, as you are doing—drain men dry, distill the one drop of their souls you can assimilate; but that is not love, nor do you think it so. One man may feed your senses, another your intellect, and they may lay their hearts and lives at your feet. I make no sacrifice: I obey the law of my nature; and I love you. But I must wait. I had a wish to say this to you, and you understand me, I know, even as I understand you. You understand—do you not?—now what it was made you conscious that I was not like others to you? It was the force of my whole being setting toward you. No wonder you felt swayed from your orbit."

He rose and stood before her once more. She had sat as if spellbound while he spoke, and now rose too, as if instinctively. Her hand sought a flower she had fastened in her bosom. "No," he said, "I will not take it: *tout ou rien* must be my motto here. The first and

only gift or grace I will take from you shall be yourself."

"Those are proud words," she said, half piqued, half pleased, and, in spite of herself, moved.

"They are true ones," he answered. "You will give away many flowers before I see you again: that which you can give to others is not mine, and I want my own. If you are ever mine, flowers and all other graces will float on the current of our mighty love, and cover it with beauty; but what is a flower now to me, or even a caress? Much as a copper coin to a man asking a crown."

"Then you will not touch my hand in farewell?" she said, unable to resist the impulse to control and conquer—an impulse that was excited in her by every nature with which she came into the slightest contact.

He looked down at the slender white fingers she held out to him and caressed them with his eyes, then looked up and said abruptly, "I may write to you once while I am away. If I do not die, you will see me again in six months from now, and some day I shall ask for your love. To-day I have told you only that you have mine."

He was gone, and she was alone before her parted lips could frame a sentence to detain him.

"Doctor Wadsworth would be in despair," she murmured to herself. "I was to begin vegetating to-day, and that man has given me a new sense of life. How much strength he has! How strange it was! I could not have spoken—something seemed to hold me—and yet—"

She ceased to speak, threw herself into a chair and half closed her eyes in a sort of dream. Nothing seemed to live in her but a sense of his words and their intensity of meaning. Her intellect was lulled to sleep: she subjected them to no analytical process. They floated through her mind in a kind of golden mist, and she sat thus for some minutes, feeling as she thought she could never feel again—simply content to live, and full of a subdued sense of intensified vitality. Presently she rose and walked slowly toward her room. As she passed

a mirror which was set into the wall she paused and looked at the reflection of her face and figure. Long and earnestly did she gaze into the glass. A vague memory had risen from its depths, and she strove to grasp it. What did her face and reflection there remind her of? Suddenly she knew. A triumphant glow spread over face and throat, and she exclaimed, "It is myself of ten years ago. I remember it all: it is youth come back again. Good Heavens! did *that* man bring it?"

The face she saw was no more beautiful than the face she had seen an hour before, but the look in the eyes was different, and like a flash had it been revealed to her that she had seen it in her own face one day, ten years before, when she was a girl of eighteen, and before her brief married life had made a gulf between her and her youth. She had never studied herself much in a glass, her vanity taking the more sensitive and subtle form of seeing herself in others' eyes; and on that day, so long ago, she had chanced, on returning from a ride on horseback, bright and flushed with exercise, to pass the glass. She had stopped then and caught her own face in the glass, and the picture had registered itself, and then been forgotten until that moment. The girl of eighteen seemed there again—the same bright, sanguine look, beaming with life and ardor.

"Is that the medicine. I want?" she murmured as she looked, and even as she spoke the flush and light seemed to die out of her face, and the cold-cut beauty of twenty-eight stood before her. She turned hastily away from the glass and went into her dressing-room: "I must begin to wind up my threads at once, or I shall leave a tangled web behind me. 'Six months,' he said: very well, then I will put him out of my head for the present."

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#### CHAPTER III.

"VERY well, then, old fellow, you'll call for me at three o'clock?"

"Sharp three: good-bye!"

"By the way, Raymond, what will you do without Mrs. Penrhyn at Newport this summer? I hear she is to start for the country the day after to-morrow."

"Did you, indeed? I've not made my summer plans yet," was Raymond's rejoinder,

He stopped an instant to knock the ashes from his cigar, and then sauntered off with so tranquil an indolence of manner that no one knowing the tumult roused within him by the words just spoken could have denied him the admiration that perfect self-command always wins. "Going away? In two days?" His heart gave one great leap, and then seemed to drop like lead and lie quite still and heavy. He had not seen her for a week. Their relations had always been marked by caprice on her part and an affected independence on his, which was principally evidenced by his absenting himself from her presence for a week or two at a time, and then abruptly returning to his accustomed attitude of devotion. They had known each other about a year, and from the first had known each other well.

Thornton Raymond was a man of very positive personal attraction—not an attraction of a very high order, and by no means of a complex character. The emotions he inspired were not difficult to analyze, nor did they possess much variety. Had Edith Penrhyn's mood not chanced to have been what it was the evening she made his acquaintance, their intimacy would never have existed; but he stumbled upon her when the only door of her nature to which he possessed the "sesame" stood ajar, and falling instantly under her influence, open to her at all points, he had contrived, between his own limited attraction for her and her unbounded one for him, to link himself to her.

So a strange relation grew up between them, and every day it became more entirely his life and less of hers. Edith Penrhyn was a woman who differed widely from most women, in that she respected and regarded one part of her nature as much as another, and no man

could have more frankly admitted to himself the existence of impulses, and regarded their mere existence as self-justifying, than she did. She had felt the power of Raymond's intense masculinity, and enjoyed the sensation it gave her as a novel one. Before she had come in contact with him she had never seen an equal amount of masculine vigor combined with so much personal beauty; and the virility of most men has something repulsive for a woman of what Mephistopheles calls "supersensuous refinement." Edith, whose senses were by nature and cultivation exquisitely sensitive, and who like most women received no direct sense emotions, but filtered them all through the medium of her imagination, had been attracted by Raymond because he was possessed of that indefinite and intangible reality, physical attraction; and she had yielded to this attraction unhesitatingly at first, but her feeling speedily ran its course, and smouldered almost to ashes, while his gained ground daily. At times his early power over her would reassert itself partially, and in those moods she still without hesitation took from him what she wanted, and gave him what she had to give. Is there any better definition of flirting than to say that it consists in taking the inch you want from any one, and leaving the ell that is offered? The supreme egotism that governed Edith's relations to men had some excuse, or, if not excuse, a *raison d'être*, in her past life. She had set out in life believing in all men and things. Ten years of association with them had destroyed her faith, and she had gradually formed a sort of semi-materialistic, semi-mystic creed, and in a very great degree she lived by it. All that Marston had said to her about love she believed as fully as he did, and what he had said of her habit of taking that which was hers from every one was entirely true.

For several weeks Thornton and herself had scarcely seen each other: he had been unlucky in his attempts to see her, and she had rather foiled than aided them; of which he had a dim consciousness. He had known nothing of

her interview with Doctor Wadsworth, nor even dreamed of her sudden determination to go to the country, and Harrison's words had been a shock to him. He walked to his rooms and speedily scribbled a note to his friend postponing their engagement to another day. He took a grim satisfaction in so doing, and thereby inflicting a species of punishment for the disagreeable news that Harrison had told him. This done, he looked at his watch and saw that he should be at Mrs. Penrhyn's door in the very nick of time and find her at breakfast. Thither he went, and was admitted into her morning-room, which was littered with boxes, bags and packages of all kinds: the very air seemed full of bustle and preparation for a journey. At her little writing-table sat Edith, looking rather pale and tired, and with an expression of "all work and no play" about her that at another time and in another mood would have made him smile, so foreign was it to her usual air of luxurious, insouciant ease. She had a pile of notes before her, and a half-written one in front of her.

She raised her eyes as he entered and smiled: "Oh, you have come? Wait one moment: I must finish this note." Then followed five minutes of enforced silence on his part and rapid scribbling on hers: the note was done. "Ring the bell, please," she said in a quick, business-like sort of way. The servant entered: "Take these notes, Williamson, and have the answers waited for." The door closed behind the man, and she rose from her chair and throwing herself on the sofa, said, "Now, Mr. Raymond, make your excuses: I am ready to receive them."

One of the most curious things about the relations of these two people was the great disadvantage at which Thornton always found himself with Edith, except at those times and moments, which were becoming rarer and rarer, when he could regain the position from which alone his nature swayed hers. His breeding and intellect were both of a different order from hers, and he never felt on an equality with her except when she was

not her individual self, but a woman merely and dominated by the idea of sex. Their worlds of thought and feeling were utterly diverse, and connected only by the narrow slippery plank of sensuous sympathy. So, now when she took a tone which he felt to be unfair, and in his heart resented as such, he yet knew not how to parry her thrust and refuse the position in which she placed him. All he could find to say was, rather awkwardly, "I don't know what you mean. I did not know that you were going away. I came the moment I heard of it."

"Well, you find me bristling with preparations. The servants cannot understand my doing everything in such a hurry—I who have always said that *Le Roi Fainéant* was my prototype. So, in order to convince them, I have taken matters into my own hands, and am almost ready to start."

"Where are you going?" he said with an assumption of calmness, secretly resentful of her indifferent manner.

"To the country," she answered, laughing.

"*That* every one knew this morning—at least every one but me. I learned it by an accident."

"I don't know how it is," she replied carelessly: "every one always knows what I mean to do without my telling any one. I only determined to go, because Doctor Wadsworth said I must, about four days ago, and I am sure I've seen no one but tradespeople, and written nothing but business notes ever since; and yet every one knows about my plans."

"Doctor Wadsworth said you must go?" he exclaimed, careless of the rest of her speech, and forgetful of his own resentment in alarm at her words. "Good God, Edith, you are not ill!" and he flung himself on his knees beside her and seized her hand. His evident agitation touched and startled her. His love had never seemed to her so serious a thing before—serious, of course, not to her, but to himself. That it was more than a mere mingling of fancy and sense she saw now for the first time. She let



him take her hand and look into her face, as if to read there the truth about her health. Had his wits been keener to interpret what his eyes saw there, he would have been convinced that she did indeed need, imperatively need, absolute repose, but the brightness of her eyes and the soft rosy flush of her cheek were to him signs of life and health. "Tell me," he said, "tell me, Edith, are you ill?"

"No, you foolish fellow," she said with a more successful attempt at gayety than she had made before—"not ill, only what you men call 'played out.' I must have rest, the doctor tells me, and no excitement—warm myself at my neighbor's fire and put out my own."

"Why did you not tell me, write me?"

"I knew you would come in a day or two, and I was so busy."

"Say rather you did not think or care whether I came at all."

"I have often told you, Thornton, that at times I don't think I care for anything or anybody, and one of these moods has possessed me lately: perhaps it is because I am really so exhausted."

"Where is this place where you are going?" he said again, after a moment's thought.

"In Hampshire, at my cousin's, Mrs. Bradford's. I shall be in perfect solitude, and it is a very beautiful and healthy place."

"Can I not go—not with you, but after you?" he said almost timidly.

"Doctor Wadsworth positively forbids the society of men," she said with concealed trepidation. Raymond was turning out an encumbrance, instead of a mere distraction.

"But I am not like other men, Edith. Let me follow you there. I can bring my horses and drive you about, and I will promise not to be on your hands when you don't want me."

"My dear Thornton, but what would the world say?"

"Say? What do they say now? That I love you, and that you let me do it."

"That I don't mind," she replied nonchalantly, "but if you followed me to my solitude and made it a tête-à-tête, they would say—"

"Well," he said impatiently, "finish your sentence."

"That I loved you, and meant to marry you," she added.

"Why not?" he said, gifted with an impulse beyond his ordinary power. "No one will love you more or as well as I do, and I know you so well, Edith, I could surely make you happy. Listen to me this once. Let me follow you this summer: give me a trial. I am a changed man since you first knew me. I never dreamed I could love any one as I do you; but now I could be happy anywhere in your presence, and nowhere without you. I'll give up anything you dislike—horses, cards—cut the men you don't fancy, never come within speaking distance of a woman who displeases you. I'll be your slave—your slave, Edith—if you will only—"

"—Only let you be my master?" she said, drawing her dress closer about her, and with the slightest motion in the world seeming to put a gulf between them. She felt that she was heartless and selfish, for his whole heart was in what he had said, but never had she felt so alienated from him as when he made this attempt to alter their relations and draw closer to her. She could not control her mood. Somehow, Geoffrey Marston in that short interview a few days before had turned her away from Thornton. She felt a sickening, shrinking feeling as she remembered her former attraction toward him, and how she had let it carry her as far as it would go. His eyes filled with tears as he stood looking at her. He felt as if she had struck him, and he was entirely disarmed that morning; but a woman like Edith has need to love a man before she can play Omphale to his Hercules with a distaff, and the only emotion excited in her by the sight of his softened mood was an impatient, arrogant, resentful one. He had no right to love her in that way. She had never led him to think that she would marry him—had never professed to be other than she felt to him, and she chose that her nature and feelings alone should color and control their relations.

"I cannot let you go this summer,



Thornton: it is impossible, and I'm not fit now to tell you why it is impossible."

"May I not go to see you?" he said pleadingly.

"No, I think not, but if I want you I'll send for you. You know I have always told you I am not like other people, and never want to be always with any one. It's contrary to all my ideas of life: it's like living on one kind of food; and, honestly, I don't think you are what I want now: you are not a simple enough diet." Then, as his face clouded, her woman's tact prompted her to add, "You are my champagne, you know, not my bread and milk."

The cloud cleared away, and he smiled, showing a handsome set of teeth, but it contrasted badly with the smile that had lit up Marston's face, and which flashed upon Edith's memory as she looked at Raymond's face. The one smile was a revelation of weakness: the other threw a stronger light on a face in which weakness did not own a line.

The gastronomic comparison pleased him, and he understood it: "I would rather be your champagne, Edith: perhaps you may be thirsty for some this summer."

"If I am I will send for you," she said, seeing that only by some concession could the interview, which was becoming excessively irksome to her, be brought to a close.

"You promise me that?" he said eagerly.

"I promise," she replied.

"And will you not drive with me once more before you go? I will call for you to-morrow afternoon. Just for an hour, Edith."

"I will go," she said. "And now you really must leave me: I am horribly busy, and must go out at once."

He rose reluctantly, and then, taking both her hands in his, he said, "You are quite sure you are not going away to get rid of me?"

"There is no other man in the case." She colored deeply, whether from anger or embarrassment it would have been hard to tell; but whichever the emotion, she controlled its further expression, and

said coldly, "I do not suppose I shall see a man till October, and I shall be only too glad if I do not: I am inexpressibly tired of men and women."

"Something has happened to you."

"Nothing but the natural result of an overdose of anything—satiety and a reaction."

He turned to go, not convinced, but silenced, and as he turned his eyes fell on something that glittered on the table. "What is this?" he said curiously, taking it in his hand. It was a man's sleeve-button of plain gold—a crest on one side and a monogram on the other.

"I don't know," she replied, holding out her hand, and then, as he laid the button in it and her eyes fell on it, it came to her mind that she had noticed Mr. Marston's buttons on that morning when he had come to see her: he had raised his hand and the light had struck on his wrist. She recognized it now, although at first she had been perfectly unconscious of having seen it. He must have dropped it, and it had been picked up by a servant and placed in the little china plate where Thornton's eyes had detected it. "Some one has lost a sleeve-button," she said: "I will keep it till called for."

"Let me see it again," he said, taking it from her—"a flame ascending, and two Latin words. What do they mean?"

"*Deorsum nunquam* — 'Downward never,'" she replied quickly.

"And the initials are— Let me see—plague take these monograms!—'W. S.,' are they not?"

"'G. M.,' I think," she said.

"So they are. How stupid I am! And who may 'G. M.' or 'M. G.' be?"

"Really, Mr. Thornton, an inquiring mind may be a great scientific gift, but not a social grace."

"Pardon me," answered Raymond coloring. "I will keep the button till I find the man for myself."

"You will do nothing of the kind."

"Why not?"

"Because I do not choose that you should. Give it to me."

"Tell me that you do not know to whom it belongs, and I will."

"I will tell you nothing but this: if you value my friendship—nay, if you wish to retain my acquaintance—you will at once give me back that button."

He dared not parley with her: he put the button in her hand, and with a formal salutation left the room.

She did not follow him with a thought, but as the door closed behind him she again threw herself on the lounge, the button in her hand. Long she looked at it, and at last, opening a locket which hung from her neck, she took from it the empty glasses, and dropped the button into the vacant space, saying as she did so, "A proud motto and a proud, strong man!"

#### CHAPTER IV.

PERHAPS the greatest danger of yielding to a merely physical attraction is the effect of the certain reaction that follows. In one's intellectual enthusiasm, in one's moral fanaticism, the ebb may come as surely, but it brings with it nothing of the spiritual depression and self-loathing that follows indulgence of one's senses or one's imagination. Whether the reason is that we make too much of this physical nature of ours, idealize its workings and demand from its simplest functions a symbolic meaning which they were never meant to sustain, is hard to say. If it be so, the chief achievement of modern science will be to place all the instincts of our nature on a common basis, and symbolizing will be a luxury of highly organized natures—the privilege of the lover and the enthusiast, no longer the condition imposed on the natural gratification of impulses. If I were not of the opinion that an author takes a most unfair advantage of his readers when he allows himself to make use of his story to indoctrinate them with his pet theories, I could say much on this subject, but my conviction is deep-seated and controls the desire.

Nothing had been so strong a bond between Edith Penrhyn and Thornton Raymond as his entire recognition of her personal charm. The consciousness

that her attraction for him was a physical one, that her mind and soul bore no perceptible part in it, was a delicious one to her. All women care most to conquer with the so-called legitimate weapons of their sex: they have always an uneasy sense of the inappropriate, of the unfeminine, even when they wield the masculine thunderbolts with most effect: it is the aggressive, restless royalty of a usurper, not the *débonnaire* ease and grace of a sovereign "to the manner born." How willingly would Madame de Staël have exchanged the laurels all men laid at her feet for the simplest flower of sentiment which they offered hourly to women whom she regarded justly as her inferiors!

Edith was to Thornton simply the most attractive woman he had ever known. Her cultivation and intellect were not only thrown away on him, but, other things being equal, would have acted as a barrier between them. She delighted in his admiration—one's vanity always nestles in one's weakness—and to lead a man captive as she led him was a novel and delicious sensation. Weary of the rôle of priestess and goddess, she enjoyed the consciousness that she was in his eyes, at least, on no pedestal or mountain height. So it had been, but now what veil had been rent in twain? what gulf yawned at her feet? She was in no mood for self-analysis, and when she did analyze her feelings it was with no sense of accountability for them: it had never been more than an amusement, at times a study, to her. She was dimly conscious that her interview with Geoffrey Marston had seemed rather to end her relation with Raymond than to begin one with himself. He had made the whole thing distasteful to her. Just as one might feel if, very hungry and tempted by the sight of some daintily spread table, one sat and ate and yet knew "I want other food than this," and then suddenly a table spread with the very meat and drink one has desired should rise before one, how sickened one would feel with that unsatisfying, cloying stuff which one had taken, wanting better! (I seem fated to fall on material

comparisons.) Very well did Edith know that if she ever loved she would require a love like Marston's to content her; but he seemed to her like the exponent of a truth, rather than its embodiment.

Now, on this bright May day, when she heard the stamping of Raymond's horses, she felt an overpowering impulse of disgust. Such was her mood toward him that no disembodied spirit could have more shrunk from the discernment of human vision than she from having his eyes rest on her face and form. It seemed profanity. But his step was on the stair, and she must go. Wrapping a light but ample bonnet about her, she entered the room. Exercise and sunshine had made him radiant, and the glow on his cheek deepened as he took her hand. Formerly she had taken pleasure in his sensitiveness to her looks and touches, but now she hated to mark it. He would have held her hand in his, but she drew it hastily away with a forced laugh, and an exclamation of "Is it not rather late?"

"Just the moment, I think," he replied, "but we need not hurry."

"I must hurry all the time now until I am gone: after that I shall become stagnant."

"Not you," he said. "You are not of the stuff to do that. What was that poetry you read me last summer?—something of Byron's, I think."

"When I was conducting your education?"

"Yes, before you gave it up. But two or three lines of that stuck by me: it was so like you. 'She had too little clay:' that was it."

"I never heard you quote poetry before, Mr. Raymond."

"Probably you never will again."

By this time they had started, the horses on a smart trot, and the fresh air filling their nostrils with spring.

"I am a man of action, and would rather kiss you than write sonnets to your lips."

His words jarred her: "For Heaven's sake, don't talk in that way! I detest it. Is there nothing you can talk about but me?"

"You know I don't care to talk of anything else except horses, and, Edith, you did not dislike it so much a while ago."

"Being human, I like variety."

"Shall I tell you the gossip I heard last night at the club?"

"No—yes: anything you please. I don't care."

"Every one is talking about this affair of Mayhew McPherson."

"Don't tell me anything of that sort: you know I detest scandal. Who is going to Europe this spring?"

"Every one but you and me. Oh yes! The Remingtons are going to South America, and so is that fellow Marston: a scientific man; we met him at Mrs. Lawrence's, don't you remember?"

"What does he look like? I think I remember him, but am not quite sure." This superfluous bit of disingenuousness was according to the fashion of women, who always put as many veils between their feelings and the discovery of them as possible.

"I hardly know. He is tall, slightly made and dark. All the women call him distinguished-looking—a phrase I have never heard defined—and he is certainly not like other people. They tell some very romantic stories about him, and now he's going to South America ostensibly on a scientific errand, but a fellow told me last night it was said by his intimates to be for the purpose of winding up an affair with some awfully rich Spanish girl."

"I don't believe it. He has probably gone to ascertain the pedigree of some rare bug, or the precise number of legs of some vile creeping creature: that is the sort of thing these scientific men pass their lives in. The women of a country they don't look at."

"You are mistaken about this Mr. Marston, *ma belle*: he has the reputation of being a flirt and very irresistible."

"Did you hear the particulars of the Spanish story?"

"No. I was sorry, too, for, to tell you the truth, I thought you must be interested in him. He certainly was in you that evening at Mrs. Lawrence's, and

these things are apt to be mutual; so if I could have proved to you that he was very much in love with a Brazilian beauty, I should have liked to do it."

"He showed no signs of interest that were visible to me, Thornton. You must have very remarkable perceptions."

"Mine are sharpened by jealousy, as you very well know, and I have never seen, not even in your own eyes when you were intent on something, such an expression as in his when they rested on your face. I was puzzled by it, because it was not an admiring look, not as if you had enthralled him by your beauty, but his eyes looked as if they were liquid fire—as if something in your face had kindled them. I must say they made him look infernally handsome."

"Did they look anything like mine now?" said Edith, lifting her eyes to him.

He started. It was like magic. "You must have seen him," he exclaimed. "That is the look, only yours are blue, and his very dark brown."

"Oh no," she said, the light she had secretly invoked, and which had come as she recalled Marston's glance as it had met hers, dying out as she dropped her eyes again, "it is merely a testimony to your powers of description."

"You are laughing at me, and the only way in which I could ever indemnify myself is out of my power here," he said with a meaning look which brought the color to her cheek.

She answered nothing, and the rest of the drive was passed in attempts of Raymond to make her talk or listen, while she seemed inclined to neither, but rather to watch the sun sinking in the red west as they drove rapidly through the cultivated prettiness of Central Park. Her mood did not change when they reached home, and Thornton did not dare propose entering the house with her, as he had contemplated doing. Something in her manner chilled him and forbade it. She was fully conscious of her own inability to conceal her mood from him, and with a recklessness that belonged essentially to her character, but was not often evident, made no effort to

conceal her indifference and distaste for his society. In her heart she was but too well assured of her power to bring him back to her feet by a moment's condescension; and when he said good-bye to her on the doorstep, with a forced coldness and assumed gayety that plainly betrayed how keenly she had stung him, she let him leave her without a crumb of comfort, parting from him on the footing of a pleasant familiar acquaintance.

Thornton drove away moody and bitter, swearing to himself that she was heartless and selfish beyond expression—that she did not care for him, no, not one particle, and that he would give her up: he would put her out of his head. His first step toward the fulfillment of this resolution was to sit up all night playing cards and winning money at the club; and when one of his adversaries, by way of indemnifying himself for his losses, said maliciously, "'Lucky in love, unlucky at cards:' does the proverb work both ways, Raymond?" Thornton replied concisely, "Damn love! The queen of spades is my mistress to-night;" wherefrom his questioner inferred that Thornton had, as he afterward expressed it to a knot of fellows confidentially, "come to grief with Mrs. Penrhyn," but at the same time judged it prudent to put no more jocular questions to Mr. Raymond.

Edith meanwhile had literally left Raymond behind her as she closed the door on him, and no memory of him crossed her during the evening, which she spent in active preparation for her approaching departure. A sound, restful sleep rewarded what she was pleased to term her "honest toil," and she woke the next morning with a secret sense of relief at the prospect of that day leaving the monotonous excitements of city life behind her for an indefinite period of time.

While her carriage stood at the door and was being piled with trunks and bags, the postman brought the morning's mail, and Edith thrust her letters into her pocket till she should be seated in the car and have started on her jour-

ney. When she was under way, and, after taking a look at the fast flitting landscape through which she was being rapidly borne, she drew her letters again from her pocket, she saw that one of them was in a hand unknown to her. That one she of course kept till she had gone through the batch of business notes and *banale* epistles from her society friends which made up the rest of her mail.

The sight of an unknown handwriting when one is well assured that it is not that of a dun is almost as interesting as the sight of a new face, an acquaintance with which is speedily to follow, and Edith scrutinized the address on the envelope carefully before she turned it over and broke the seal. The hand was a bold, free, masculine one, which she was sure she had never seen before; but the seal told its story, and a bright blush on her cheek betrayed that she understood it. "*It was his motto then,*" she murmured as she opened the envelope.

#### CHAPTER V.

AND this was the letter:

"Edith, it may be a weakness to write to you at all, but what I shall say to you will not be weak. Indeed, I write to you because I may lose something by not writing, and as this is the great venture of my life, is it not wise to take all possible precautions against failure? I know that you are a woman with whom power of expression tells. You will believe in my love, you will feel its existence the better for my proclaiming it. If I am silent, you will most likely half doubt its intensity and depth, and it will not be, as I would have it, a living fact in your life. How can I prevent this? If you loved me, if you had exchanged love with me, then your heart could do duty for mine, I should not fear. But how can I urge my suit hourly, daily, so far away? Even letters must be seldom. I must submit to this, for there is no means of overcoming it. And yet, and yet—one word I must say, and perhaps it may stay with you during the months

to come. Every look and grace that you bestow upon others, if you ever love me, will be repented by you bitterly. You *may* love me, you know—only remember that some day you *may* love me—and then you will have spent all your treasure in buying tinsel gewgaws, only to see the pearl of price offered to you and be unable to purchase it. And in one sense love is always and only to be bought—never to be accepted as a gift. '*Die Liebe ist der Liebe Preis*': that is true, utterly true; and though I may lay my love at your feet, you *cannot* really wear it as you could if you paid me for it in like coin, with a like jewel.

"I know your nature so well. I know how absolutely you disbelieve in ever loving any one as I love you—as I would have you love me. But it does not matter whether you believe in your own power of love or no: it *exists*, and when it wakens and asserts its right to reign, what will you have done with its royal treasures, its storehouse of bounty, its insignia of royalty? It will be a beggared monarch, and reign over a kingdom stripped of riches and glory. Then you will be miserable indeed. You have ever lived as if Love were not your king; but he is—uncrowned perhaps, but your rightful king, Edith. What right, then, have you to lavish his possessions, to give away his royal privileges to every chance comer? Oh, Edith, it may not be I who shall embody love to you—it may not be my brows that are destined to be crowned with the myrtle wreath that is far sweeter than any laurel leaf; but whether it be I or another, the day will come when Love will demand of you a strict account, and you, his faithless servant, will tremble before his divine anger.

"Think, Edith, how, if you ever love, it will be with you when every caress, every word of love, every vouchsafed grace that you women confer on your beloved, can be at best old coin reissued, fresh stamped, but from an old die! Think how it will be with you when for a bridal garment no white virginal robe is yours—all your rich dresses stained with the purple wine of passion! Oh



what a fool is the woman who plucks petal by petal from her rose of womanhood and love and beauty, and scatters them, each with its petty dolour of fragrance and beauty, widespread upon the crowd of men who feed her vanity, excite her passions or stimulate her intellect! and then when one comes who claims Love's perfect, full-blooming flower in exchange for that he brings her, and she knows him to be Love himself—not a mere *eidolon*, a mere image of the divinity—can plead only, 'I thought you would never come, and, faithless and forgetful, I have scattered the leaves of your flower hither and thither. I have nothing to give for your love. I have a barren kingdom, an empty treasury, for you to possess and rule over.'

"Love may kiss away her tears, he may shed upon her his own wealth of cherished tenderness and hoarded passion, till she is rich in his riches and glorious with a glory not her own; but again, Edith, 'Die Liebe ist der Liebe Preis,' and for ever will she regret that she can never know the sweetness, the most sacred joy, of a woman's soul—that supreme moment when she leads him whom she loves before the shrine 'occult, withheld, untrod,' and says, 'Enter thou into thy kingdom. Let me kiss thee with a kiss that suggests no memory; let me lead thee in an untrod and a virgin path, wherein thou shalt pluck flowers that have bloomed for thine eyes alone, and whose fragrance has never intoxicated the senses of another.'

"Ah, Edith, do not relinquish this delight, cast not from you this bliss. It is quite true that what you give to all these men may be just what is theirs, but it is only by the splintering of your diamond that you can give to them. Well enough were it, if one were for ever to live in this barbarous, every-day world, in which one neither buys nor sells, for most part, at more than a huckster's rate. If one knew that one must be content to starve should one attempt to keep the precious jewel intact—that no purchaser would ever come to buy it as a perfect chryso-

lite—then it were folly indeed to die a starving beggar with a Kohinoor in one's bosom. Rather would one say to the eager bidders for its fragments, 'Here, splinter me my jewel, and give me, you, bread, you, wine—feed me amongst you.' But if you knew surely that some day—how soon you knew not, but some day—the great merchant seeking through the world for the Kohinoor should come—come and say, 'Here, for thy perfect jewel I offer thee its perfect equivalent, its match, its peer,' would you not wait and fast and pray and watch and struggle?

"I conjure you, wait. If it be not I, then another will come. Ah, Edith, my love, my adored, have faith in yourself—in your own nature. None can harm you but yourself, Edith, for you are of that quality of which it is said

*Que les eaux du ciel ne l'entament jamais.*

I speak not for myself, but for you, whom I love better than myself or ought else.

"Yours, GEOFFREY MARSTON."

However great may be one's power of expression in writing, however strong the impulse that induces one to confide to paper one's ideas and feelings, the supreme objection to letter-writing, the danger of it, can never be diminished: it lies in the simple fact that what is written in one mood will inevitably be read in another by the person to whom it is written. No letter can carry its charmed atmosphere with it: it must take its chances, and how slight they are!

Most true is this of a lover's letter, for the importunity, the exaltation, the extravagance that are to induce it with weight and power especially require it to be read in a fitting mood. A lover who seeks his mistress's side bent on declaring or urging his suit, still, if he perceives that her ear is deaf or her face turned away, may defer putting his fate to the touch till a more propitious time. Upon the right choice of opportunity depend most things in life, and few men are dull enough or perverse enough not to avoid an unfavorable moment or seize upon a fortunate one. But a letter! One writes it, folds and seals it, and then



it is all at the mercy of fickle Fortune. It *may* reach her indeed at a moment when, softened and pensive, she will be open to its influences and responsive to its appeals; but how far more likely that what one has written with heart on fire and forgetful of every prosaic daylight consideration—alone, at midnight, after an evening spent in an imaginary tête-à-tête with the creature whom one loves and from whom one is parted—will be read at noonday, garish noonday, in a railroad car or over a late breakfast-table by a woman who has for the moment forgotten that the word *sentiment* has a meaning for her—has a little headache and is rather out of humor!

Marston had no choice, however. Write he must: as he truly said, nothing could harm him so much as silence. It had not its fabled divine power with Edith. She believed a good deal of what people said, if they said it well, and very little of what they did not say. She was born thus, and could not control it. She read Geoffrey's letter through, not slowly—it surprised and interested her too much for deliberate reading—but with a sort of intensity that sucked the meaning out of it the first time. But her mood was not favorable to it. A feeling of weary impatience possessed her. When she at last folded and laid it away, "Mon Dieu!" she murmured, "I might live up to that sort of thing one month out of twelve, but for the whole year, never!"

The consciousness that one chord in her answered to his touch made the discord with the rest more plain; and then, too, Edith had been so far injured by her intercourse with other men that she felt a sense of spiritual fatigue after long breathing such a rarefied atmosphere. It is not with impunity that a delicately and highly organized creature separates one part of her nature from another, and allows each to ignore the other's action.

Edith banished Marston and his letter from her mind, or rather postponed the thought of them, as one might do the reception of a guest whose chamber was unprepared. She said to herself, "I must not let any one or anything worry me:

I shall never be strong if I do;" and then, as the train swept rapidly on, her thoughts reverted with a sense of languid relief to the prospect of her summer. All milk and honey her diet was to be. Her cousin had written her, in answer to her letter, that a small cottage on the place was vacant and at her service, and the idea of a miniature household of her own delighted Edith, whose chief dread had been not solitude, but the absence of it. Like all very real people, she never, even in her gloomiest moods, dreaded it: a habit of perpetual frankness with herself kept her from any fear of meeting unwelcome thoughts and feelings if alone, and she had, besides, an absolute need to be alone from time to time. Society of a quiet and modified description she knew her cousin's quiet household could furnish her with. For years they had only seen each other at intervals, and those were the occasions when Mary had a week to spend in shopping in New York, and Edith's house was her *pied-à-terre*. Then, very naturally, Mary's impressions were taken more from externals than internals, and of her cousin's real self she knew but little. The affection between them was strong and instinctive, but, like most love between relatives, it existed quite independently of any sympathy of nature or real mutual comprehension—an attachment such as we generally link with the tie of blood. Mary had a daughter, a young thing of nearly eighteen now, whom Edith had never seen since babyhood, and for whom she had the incipient fondness that a matured woman is apt to feel for one of her own sex having about her that atmosphere of youth from which she herself has but just emerged. She thought much of the young girl as she journeyed on, and pleased herself in thinking of her. She was fully conscious how much pleasure and delight she would carry with her to this secluded spot, and it soothed and lulled her to dwell upon it. But by the time the long, weary travel of an unbroken day in the cars was over, Edith was too weary to take or give an impression in any way. She could only hug Mary in a sleepy

kind of way, and was dimly conscious of a slight figure in white gliding about the little low-roofed cottage parlor, and in soft shy tones calling her "Cousin Edith," and then came a delicious cup

of tea and a more delightful sinking into oblivion upon a bed that seemed, as indeed it was, redolent of roses.

FRANCIS ASHETON.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

### PATIENCE IN FRIENDSHIP.

NO, no, I cannot take your offered hand:  
I watch your eyes, and cannot understand  
Why those sweet eyes agree with mine no more,  
As they have always seemed to do before.

Our ways are separate now: you turned aside.  
We both have listened to the voice of pride.  
It was a heavy cloud that brought us this:  
Ah, what a brittle thing a friendship is!

Many a glad and young and sunny year,  
Full of a friendship holding naught of fear,  
Have we been close companions; but we may  
Perchance each find a truer friend some day.

Yet I shall miss your little gentle face,  
Your ways and words so full of inborn grace—  
Your hand so strong to grasp, so soft to soothe—  
Your voice with tones so rich and low and smooth.

Thanks, thanks for all the comfort you have given!  
So sweet, it seemed to come direct from heaven.  
Hard is it to believe that you are wrong,  
Whom I have always thought so pure and strong.

I cannot be impatient: oh, I would  
Be very, very angry if I could.  
You grieve? With tears your lovely eyes are wet.  
It breaks my heart to say good-bye, and yet—

Dear, give me once again your little hand:  
I trust you, though I cannot understand.  
Yes, you are free to go your way, my friend,  
And I will trust and love you to the end.

M. T.

## CRITIC AND ARTIST.

MUCH has been said about the functions of criticism, but not so much about the endowment that is necessary to the critic, and less, it seems to me, than may be said profitably of the modern critical armament. Great improvements have been made in it, as in other appliances of war, within a few years past. My purpose here is to enumerate the chief weapons, new and old, which are at present required for effective service against that old enemy, the Philistine.

A few times in the course of a century mastering thoughts appear in literature, thrown to the surface of the current like eddies from the depths of a river. They affect, however, the entire movement and character of the mental stream. Each of these new conceptions seems to change the world under men's eyes, moulding its phenomena into novel forms, presenting the old problems under new aspects or giving them back to us for a renewed attempt at interpretation. Such ideas were those of the eighteenth century revolutions in France and America. Such an idea, the latest of these plastic thoughts, is what is popularly known as Darwinism, or the doctrine of evolution. This doctrine, traceable at least as far back as to Goethe, remains the newest reorganizing force in the world of thought. Perhaps never before has the whole course of the higher intelligence been so powerfully affected in so short a time. Dating from the appearance of *The Origin of Species*, we may almost say that philosophy has had to be rewritten since the year 1859. Whatever may be the final place of the doctrine of evolution, it has taken possession of the human mind, and will not be dislodged. Our views of life, of art, of the world, all our conceptions, are modified by this master-thought. "Darwinism" has given to men something which they had not a few years ago, and which, for better or worse, has

become a part of themselves—an addition to the very substance of the human mind.

This doctrine gives to criticism, not less than to philosophy and cosmogony, a new method and new conditions. The critic learns to study an immense environment, to view perhaps an entire era, in order that he may speak justly of a sonnet: he may find himself embarrassed by the infinite in describing a portrait. But the reader gains advantage through the arduousness of the critical task. Sounder and better work is thus produced: old superficial methods are discarded for one which gives more trustworthy results. More than this: while the immense extension of the range of criticism lays new burdens upon the critic, it also gives him peculiar opportunities. A new order of originality becomes possible for him. The creative originality of Goethe or of Darwin, the thought in which the mind itself grows, is, of course, the greater and rarer thing, and such a thought is the event of a generation. But a province distinct from this high and inaccessible ground is opened by our greater modern knowledge. New judgments upon all things are demanded: history, art, character, require to be seen again in the light thrown upon them by recent science. Little of history, for instance, stands long unquestioned. But the farther we recede from ancient eras, the better we are able to understand them. The stream of time hurries us onward, but not so rapidly as the philosophic vision darts back toward its sources. The principles of evolution are telescopic in their bearing upon remote eras: they show us the nebulous beginnings of history. The older the world grows the more we learn about its childhood. Like history, criticism too is to be rewritten in the light of evolution. The whole world is spoil to the modern critic: new work, new results, invite him. See the difference between the histories

of Hume and of Mommsen, the criticism of Lord Kames and of Sainte-Beuve! It is not now sufficient for the critic to tell us his chance opinions or to make elegant restatements of other people's thoughts. The thought is no longer his who expresses it the best.

Recurring to the distinction already made, the original creative mind expresses thoughts that have never been held so distinctly, feelings that were never before so subtle or so deep. In them the germinant points of life burgeon: the swelling bark bursts where a new thought puts forth. The poet, the artist, the thinker are the van of the forces which strive to make outer Nature into man: they are like the tongues of a stream which pours into a sandy desert, slowly reclaiming the waste places. Not only their own minds grow: in them the general development of man takes place. One might say that the gods grew stronger in the sound of a new symphony.

Original criticism, on the other hand, directs rather than urges this general growth of the spirit. It points out new causes and effects in thought: it co-ordinates, without aiming to create. Criticism has need of the utmost genuineness of method. It will not insist upon surprises of statement, upon striking terms of phrase. It has been found out that the world is not to be explained by a phrase. Unhappily, critics have tried to say, rather than to see, new things. It came to be held that literature was a trick, that critical judgments were valueless, the mere whim of the individual. The error was the necessary result of the merely literary method.

Perhaps the literary method is best illustrated for us in Mr. Lowell's very readable essays. They are an attractive firework of phrases. But that school of culture depends upon manner for effectiveness, as the Pointed architecture was reduced to florid ornament. Ornament is necessary—even cloth of gold upon occasion, as I shall point out presently—but do not let us always reject the hodden gray. When Mr. Lowell, for instance, forces attention to his style, we begin to search somewhat painfully for the

thought. Such a critic entertains us, no doubt, and I am the last person to slur the amusing. But, after all, is it not Bottom's entertainment that he provides, to hop in our walks and gambol in our eyes? Critics of this school know the form, but not the substance, of their themes, as a bibliomaniac knows his books. Such a critic speaks of Emerson's aphorisms as of a good meal: "These good things," he says, rolling the phrases under his tongue. One would suppose that they were good things to the physical senses. The writings of these critics are full of elegant citations: they ring with Hafiz, Montaigne and Mahershalalhashbaz. They say, indeed, "the neat thing about the universe," but there is no grasp in them, nothing *dämonisch*. They tell us nothing we did not know before. The day of the phrase-maker is over.

But let us quit generalities, and consider the order of development in the critical and artistic faculty. Of course one can do little more in the present limits than give an enumeration, but the inventory may be an interesting one. What are the main ideas and points of growth which are now involved in the production of the best work, artistic or critical? Their sequence I take to be as follows:

1. The chief impression which a work of art makes upon the stolid mind, whether of a savage or of an unsusceptible child, is that of surprise. To the uncultured person a picture or a strain of music is a merely curious thing, something odd, apart from the familiar order. He stares and wonders, but does not legitimately enjoy: his impressions belong to a lower level than that from which the art-faculty builds itself up, and so do not concern the present purpose. One grade above this dumb sentiment the capacity for culture begins: it begins when the mind gets an impression of beauty, rather than of oddity, from the art-object. Nearly all sensitive children commence their art-culture in this way. An elementary delight seizes the young soul in the contemplation of a work of art; a sweet strain of sound or brilliant flash of color

thrills the child. The sound of an æolian harp, the wandering harmonics of an unstopped pianoforte string, the glowing hues of some indifferent painting, are enough to awaken in such a mind the master-passion for the beauty of man's handiwork—a thing more lovely than aught which that fresh dewdrop, the soul, has yet reflected in the shining world of surprises.

This love of art's beauty is commonly an earlier love than that of Nature. Art draws the child more strongly than skies or landscapes; it fascinates him with its usually less habitual influences; it gives him new joys in color, sound or form. But soon this love leads the growing mind back to Nature, teaching it to find delight in the grandeur of bays and mountains, in mystical-colored sunrises, in the wind blowing hoarsely among the hills, in the silence of vast plains or forests.

Does æsthetic growth necessarily pass beyond this admiration? By no means: the art-culture of a large part of the public stops with the acquisition of the sense of beauty. Far from making any further advance in intelligence, people lose the crude but vivid perceptions they had once acquired. The intrinsic charms of form, sound, color, play upon their unglutted senses, yet their keen gustation of these pleasures lessens with experience, like other enjoyments. The natural fondness for music is perhaps retained the longest. We hear persons say that they enjoy music better than they should enjoy it if they knew more about it, and as regards that keen primitive sense-enjoyment the remark is probably true. If it were also true that knowledge and culture are only to be valued by their power to give pleasure, we might advise all such persons to remain ignorant, and not to disturb their Pierian spring of feeling with a little knowledge. But without the higher, complex pleasure there cannot be intelligent enjoyment.

2. But this love of beauty, when it is deeply planted, leads to other things than delight. Those in whom it is vitally rooted grow by the natural law of its growth. If they have opportunity of

study, of access to works of art, they soon reach a second stage of development—the point at which art-production and sound criticism first become possible. The developing art-lover begins to see that love and enthusiasm are not enough—that he must bring himself into fuller relations with what he has been content to admire. He begins to reason about beauty, to inquire respecting its foundations in truth, to revise his enthusiasms. He asks, first of all, whether the painting or the statue is a faithful record. He is no longer contented to stand in childlike pleasure before a beautiful work. He begins to occupy himself with the question, Is it true?

At this point the realistic schools of art and criticism spring into being. Painters begin to copy Nature carefully and "conscientiously." Critics reduce the whole mystery of art to the most engaging simplicity: its object is truth. They are experts upon the moral purposes of statues and of symphonies: they remind one of theologians who are *au fait* respecting the intention of Deity. Henceforth, they tell us, the artist is to have no other business than the delineation of realities.

Upon this subject two theses are contested. The more dogmatic theorists argue that all truth is admirable and available in art—that each and every natural object is equally beautiful to the clarified sight: all objects are therefore deserving of representation. The only justifiable business of the painter or the poet is to transcribe, as accurately as possible, some part of this altogether lovely Nature.

The more intelligent realists perceive, on the other hand, that this is not a sufficient account of the subject, for it disregards the sense of beauty. In practice they permit composition, selection, the choice and rejection of themes, as if conceding so much to human weakness. Hardly knowing why, they do better things than their theory permits, as Wordsworth employed poetic diction while denouncing it. Like Wordsworth, they have enough of the artistic nature to save them from their creeds. They

do not always hunger and thirst after the trivial, nor dwell fondly upon mullein stalks and oyster shells: they assemble details that were never assembled in Nature, though separately and minutely true. Here they draw the line: they strive to glorify the details: these must at least be true, at whatever cost. They must be so accurately studied that they shall satisfy the geologist, the chemist, the historian, the upholsterer and other experts whom the painter will call in to certify to the merit of his work. The realists are like writers of themes who give more attention to the spelling than to the meaning of their sentences. It is very well, they say, to have noble thought or imagination, but let us spell right first of all.

This is indeed an excellent precept, but good spelling can hardly be put forward as the end of art. A literal realist would paint an historic scene without aiming at imaginative composition or at reproducing its larger features, but he will reproduce every detail about which he can collect evidence. He will not knowingly idealize, and he looks with jealousy upon representations that are more beautiful than the attested fact. And this school has done a great service to art. Not all painters can be nobly imaginative, and it is better to copy, in painting as well as in verse,

The star-shaped shadow of a daisy, thrown  
On the smooth surface of a mossy stone,

than to create all the ambitious and sprawling imaginings of the Salle Française in the Louvre. With one stroke the austere thought of realism gave the death-blow to an infinite amount of false sentiment, of indolent and ignorant work. It found painters who were ignorant of the grammar of their craft wholly given over to imagination unguided by knowledge: it sent them promptly back to Nature and to the hornbook again. It made genuine knowledge and work once more a necessity, as they had not been since the Renaissance. It put aside a multitude of trifles. Never was a more needed reform.

But has this reform brought no injury,

along with the benefit, to the cause of our liege mistress, Art? As it seems to me, a considerable amount of injury. It has thrown disrepute upon the feeling for beauty: it has discredited the ideals with which good art has been concerned from the beginning, and will continue to be concerned. If it has kept commonplace men where they should be, at school as students of the grammar of art, it has also entangled among them some who were capable of mastery. Of course, the rank and file of the realists, like the majority of other men, cannot escape mediocrity, and it is well that they should stick to the rudiments, and painfully reproduce the simplest natural facts, which have a genuine value, rather than abandon themselves to ignorant and feeble fancies; for the finer and more difficult beauties of Nature are beyond their reach. Floating color and shadow in landscape, the violets of the sunrise, the moods of the mist, nearly all the delicate and swift expressions of the external world, must for ever elude these men. But why need the realists deny them? Though these facts cannot be pinned down and painfully studied, they are quite as genuine as any others. Realism is visionary when it prefers the ugly to the beautiful facts of Nature; mistaken, when it insists that truth is beauty; narrow, when it calls truth the chief end of art. Truth in art is an essential means, but not an end. One of the chief ends of art is ideal beauty, and realism becomes noble only when it recognizes this.

The doctrine of truth before all in art has been especially associated with painting, which lends itself to theorists more readily than any other art; for, while it is eminently descriptive and narrative, it is not committed to words and definitions, and thus leaves an open field for discussion. Modern talkativeness is playing unduly round all the arts. A strenuous effort is making in Germany to reduce orchestral music into an equivalent of speech and action. But no translation is possible of music, as of painting. Music does not deal with visible things. The feelings and thoughts that it conveys are like those of animals



—without words to express them. Music describes only as emotions and cries describe. For language is by no means coextensive with our consciousness. A professional wine-taster once told me that he could discriminate a thousand flavors in wines: of course these impressions far outran the range of his words for expressing them. The subtler expressions of music outrun the vocabulary further than this. Nor do any two minds, however similarly or highly cultivated in music, receive the same impressions from the same composition. Music, in short, is wholly uncompliant to the interpretative theorists, and she will continue to guard her delicate secrets. Were it otherwise, her fountain of beauty would be stilled: we should then attend logically to symphonies, and listen to serenades in a mood of exegesis.

In painting, the doctrine of descriptive realism is particularly strong in the mind, where it adapts itself at once to the moral bias. When the Anglo-Saxon critic asks whether a picture is "true" art or not, he is not so likely to put his question in the critical tone as in that of a parent who suspects that his child has told a lie. To him the painting is good or bad in the sense of being morally virtuous or vicious: he finds it difficult to discriminate art from ethics, the painter from the preacher. Ruskin, in his earlier writings, was a sad offender in this matter. His raptures over "truth" and "falsehood" are perplexing to one who has not disowned his love for beauty. Believing in art for its own sake, the student darkly follows his master's guidance in Venetian churches, and gazes with disappointment on the dim or mystical canvases which in Ruskin's pages are certified to glow with immortal light.

3. The third leading idea of modern criticism is sufficiently familiar. It is that the artist himself is a chief source of interest in a work of art—a larger factor in the product than mere truth or accurate imitation. We inquire what associations, training, sympathies, beliefs, have helped or hindered the artist or are suggested in his work. It is these qualities

that give even to imitative art its interest. We do not admire Paul Potter's bull at The Hague simply because the likeness has been carried so far. Did likeness explain our admiration, the painting would not be more remarkable than the subject itself. Why do we admire the painting more than the animal which it represents? Because the former is man's creation—because it expresses human effort and success. We fellowship with the artist: we inquire how much of his nature is expressed in his work, what sort of experience is described in the poem or in the painting, what passions are intimated in the overture. We are not content to see bare memoranda of color, form, sound in the work of art. Mere transcription does not satisfy us: tinted statues and deceptive stuccoes are often repulsive. In good art we attend to the cause as well as to the appearance: we try to see through the work to the artist, to feel our own kindred with the underlying genius. It is with a fraternal curiosity that we trace the movements of the creative spirit beneath the work. When we recognize this source of interest, we begin to perceive the complexity of our concern in beauty, and how insufficient are all single and simple theories of art.

4. A corollary of this idea is, that in order to know the work we must know the personality of the artist. His descent and parentage, his education, his career, all the circumstances by which he has been developed or repressed, are of the first interest to the critic who wishes to know the root as well as the flower. Without any direct knowledge of the producer, the critic may, of course, according to his ability, learn to understand the product, as one makes out the authenticity of an undated manuscript. But life is too short for the modern critic to neglect the aid that acquaintance with the artist's personality gives. This knowledge opens a shorter and surer path to the knowledge of the work: it is direct sight added to theory. As a practical means of criticism this method is particularly associated with the memory of Sainte-Beuve.

It seems to some an unfair thing to inquire into the life and character of the artist when it is a judgment upon his works that is sought. But such an inquiry is not properly directed toward moral praise or blame. The censorship of character is a private affair. The passionate desire to pass moral sentence upon others, that desire so fruitful of evil, has been particularly baneful in criticism. Religionists, perceiving the artist's personal belief or skepticism in matters of creed, overlook his merit in beauty, and assail his character by way of criticism. The critic has to apply, on the contrary, knowledge and sympathy: he is to understand, not to denounce. He cannot too constantly bear in mind that from the critical point of view the artist's character is not a proper subject for praise or blame.

Another idea connected with this branch of the subject has not been enough insisted upon. It is this: that the critic should give methodical study, not only to the artist and to his work, but to himself. He should endeavor to define the nature of his own endowment, to know the instrument with which he works, the biases and limitations, as well as the strong points, of his own faculties, of his nature and education. This duty is recognized clearly enough in other kinds of work than critical. In law or medicine the practitioner fails who does not learn to question his ipse dixits. More than other men the critic is called upon to know himself. He needs to apply the subtlest personal corrections to his thought, to recognize the secret prejudices of his constitution. But thus to distinguish the personal and accidental in one's thought from that which is of general significance can only be the result of profound and difficult culture—one which can perhaps never be attained as long as human knowledge and character remain fragmentary. The admirable criticism of Goethe, Sainte-Beuve or Taine sometimes approaches this standard, while the inferior critical work is less interesting for light and justness than for what it reveals of the personal characteristics of the critic. A nearer

approach to unbiased thought is the continual aspiration of the mind and the leading want of modern criticism; and it can only be made after a patient consideration of the principles now under review.

5. If I were writing for that dear public of Utopia which it is so hard to keep relentlessly non-existent in one's thought, I should ask the critic or the author to make common cause with the reader in the effort after the best understanding. Why should he not explain himself, his personality, as distinct from his writings? For after the literary artist even shall have added new minds or cultures to his own, as Taine enjoins upon him to do, he cannot quite cast out the old mind: he remains to the last under the influence of that intimate familiar: he cannot escape his natural biases. Goethe tells us that we cannot step off from our own shadow. Why not, then, describe it freely to us, and call the reader, at least in discussions that concern the higher culture, into frank council concerning the grounds of his opinions? We may imagine such an Utopian, anxious before all things to be just, as carefully defining his antecedent relations to culture. Suppose, for instance, the historian of some much-debated epoch to describe himself in a prefatory note as follows. "My ancestors," he might tell us, "came from England to America in an early colony: thus the blood became Puritan. I was born of it, not in New England, but in a household of refinement in the tropics, whither my parents had emigrated. I came to this country to be educated in the schools which are here termed colleges and universities. Before this, however, even in childhood, my mind had turned away, quite instinctively, from Calvinism, in spite of evangelical precepts." Would not such a statement, even as brief as this, give a free glimpse of the historian's mould of thought, such as we might not get at all, or only with difficulty, by reading his books? But suppose, further, that the historian should tell us of his temperament, his special training, his literary tastes. It is evident,

I think, that this description would be a great aid to the critical reader; and it is only to the critical, ingenuous reader that I commend these Arcadian amenities. Doubtless such a confession would be imperfect, inaccurate, in part misleading. But it would help the reader more than the writer could know. For the sympathetic critic it would be full of invisible writing between the lines. The commonplaces of our thoughts about ourselves are to others the keys of our character.

At present, indeed; the men of the highest culture are often the bitterest wranglers. Is it a visionary hope that new sincerity is to come into literature, new ingenuousness, with the further growth of culture? There seems at least to be a tendency to abandon, in modern writing, the obscurantist and anonymous styles. In countries like England anonymous authorship is still necessary, because there so much account is taken of the personal station of the writer that he is generally fain to conceal it. In France, on the contrary, people care more for the thought than for the thinker's position, and the author is not deterred from signing his own name, even in journalism. The classic writers did not know the anonymous, and perhaps one day we may become as genuine as they. The anonymous is the modern relic of the Delphic oracle.

More than this: a tolerably full estimate of one's own work, if it could be kept from degenerating into mere egotism, might serve in other ways—in directly practical ones which all readers would appreciate. It would help our choice or avoidance of books to be read. Some persons it would attract to new thoughts, to works that are the outcome of mental attitudes quite foreign to them, the outgrowth of exceptional histories. Or the author's confession would be a warning, would indicate vices of method or of mental constitution. We all of us have to waste some time in finding out that a book is bad; and it is not to be hoped that all of the long-eared will write themselves down in Dogberry's registry. But a prefatory hint would be

useful, and quite legitimately it might warn the reader that the ground of the thought was familiar, a region that he need not explore a second time.

I have no doubt that this will seem visionary enough to any reader, and perhaps it is so. Few superior minds, it may be presumed, would be willing to describe themselves thus formally. Even Rousseau, who has done it, whose *Confessions* confess more than any others, says in his letters that "we should argue with the wise, never with the public." At this point the line should be drawn: the Utopian preface should be written for the wise alone—certainly few others would care to read it. But entire candor of purpose and of acceptance in thought are not as yet tiresomely common, and it is not to be feared that estimable critics or authors will embarrass the confessional. Nor will the significant law of "reticence" in art be forgotten. Even symbolism and dark sayings have, though rarely, their uses in modern literature, and one of these is their intimidation of writers who would force their confidences upon their public—who insist on explaining their self-consciousness as they write.

I will not undertake to predict that the preface of the future will be a biography. One drawback to this scheme, indeed, I will mention for fairness' sake. It is this: that self-description of even the wisest sort would impair the author's resources of literary stratagem. By literary stratagem I mean what is familiar to popular writers and speakers—the effort to change people's opinions without alarming their prejudices or superstitions. One can hardly open, for instance, an English periodical of the present day without seeing latent meanings on each page, cloaked thoughts that popular timidity or convention will not permit to be spoken out. It is a common remark that Anglo-Saxons do not, as a race, care for things of the intellect for their own sake; and we have just noticed that the English have to retain the anonymous in journalism. This timidity is terribly clogging. Any one who has tried to discuss controverted points in ethics knows that it is not easy to get a hear-

ing by the public. He is met either by neglect or by contumely. It is the old moral timorousness of the race, from which no reformer can awake us. We are afraid to speak our secret convictions: we are even afraid to hear another speak them. Now, the radical critic, unless he has rare polemic talent, can gain over these timid or indifferent people only by stratagem. He must employ artifices: he comes stealthily upon his reader with his thought. Often he learns to generalize his statements, to speak from a little cloud of poetic mysticism. I think that the mysticism of Emerson's style, for instance, was not wholly native and spontaneous to him. But his intuitions told him, and rightly, that without it he could not gain his just influence: our community would deny him a hearing if he should begin by telling us bluntly what he thought. The most conscientious readers are often the most bigoted. In order not to provoke the needless enmity of these good people, Emerson employed an exquisite obscurantism in his style. Persons of mature prejudices passed him by as incomprehensible. They did not take the trouble to understand him: they took up the cudgels and quarreled with enemies whose weapons were coarse, but far less dangerous than Emerson's enchanted lance. But the young, meanwhile, the ardent and delicate spirits of the times, were reading his sayings with glowing hearts. In them they found the coolness, the freedom, the mystery of Nature: his sentences seemed to flow down from the mountain springs. Emerson's thought was attended to: it gained its deserved influence, and has colored the better character of America. It was the triumph of wise method. I do not say that here a wise method was all. Only genius could have wrought so admirable a weapon as Emerson's style. But it was this that gave him opportunity. A categorical clearness in his first volume would have been ruinous. If vulgar people had known what he meant, he would have been whirled away into their gulfs of controversy, and we should have lost Emerson and the best of New England culture.

Perfect literary ingenuousness, then, may sometimes defeat itself, for it may offend the readers with whom we may wish to keep the peace, and, more than this, it may cut off from good intellectual influences persons who are capable of receiving them, but who are timid readers and thinkers; and how many such timid souls remain to be freed! Again, there are people who are so fortified in their prejudices that one cannot even bring them face to face with their enemy the fact, except by stealing upon them through concealed parallels. When nothing else will help them, must we deny them the benefits of conquest? I am not so sanguine as to think that all the cities of the Philistines can be taken. That hope, like most of the ideas of most reformers, comes from an untenable optimism. The world must still be full of persons who do not care for the things of the intellect, whose life is mainly of the senses. But they need not be quite shut out from intellectual grace. In such ways as that which I have mentioned, and with conscientious craft, let us hope that we may dexterously ensnare some of the best of them. The necessity for conciliation will diminish in time, while the uses of reticence and of symbolism can never be superseded. The author will still take care not to frighten away the coy spirits of his art by too much definition—not to unsoil his germinant creations in the act of sprouting.

At this point reappears the main idea with which we set out, that works of art, in a word, like men, like institutions, are to be studied as parts of the web of phenomena. This last contribution to the theory of criticism is of the first importance. Valid criticism must henceforth take account of the doctrine of evolution. But in using it we must guard against the fatal habit of vague generalizing. General principles, in the practice of art or of criticism, are not to be built up confidently from within: to be worth anything they must be based upon observation, and take hints and corrections from constant outward example; and in the domain of art this is lacking to us as yet. Good criticism is only possible

upon a foundation of abundant knowledge. Without this the finest critical faculty spends itself in vain, as it must continue to do for a long time yet in America.

After all is said, and the analysis is pushed to the utmost, both critic and artist should lay theory aside at times—should permit the moist light to fill their thought. Great things are not done in art by theory. "There is no excellent beauty that hath not some strangeness of proportion," says Bacon; and it is this strangeness of proportion that comes not by taking much thought, and that is incommunicable by words. To attain it the artist may need to slight his thought, to abdicate, however briefly, in favor of pure sentiment and childlike sympathy. And how else can the critic understand and rightly renew for us those rich and blooming lives which have left their flower in art and history? How else shall we retain due reverence for the true artist—for him who has wrought purely and faithfully in the domain of beauty? No analysis will reduce men of genius to labeled specimens. Something of the primitive wonder of creation shines through each creative spirit. With such

natures for his study, the critic should have not only the most perceptive, but the most spiritual, of minds: his analysis shows him beauty everywhere, as under a clear sun the sharp eye will see in a particle of the wayside mud a million iridescent points of color.

Such a critic, such a reader, will not dread to know the artist personally. That reluctance belongs to Northern natures. Why should we look for phylacteries and the ceremonial law when we meet the gifted one? If we are disappointed in the person of the poet or the painter whose work we have truly admired, we may be sure that the blame is ours—that our insight lacked the sympathy to discern in him the finer nature from which he wrought. Not the less is the finer nature there, though it may be hidden from us. Let us cherish an unsoiled reverence for him who has addressed our deeper life. The source cannot be lower than the fountain; and if we should find our benefactor garrulous or trifling or morbid in his moods, let us not be shaken. It is rather our fault: we lack the divining-rod that is necessary to reveal the spring.

TITUS MUNSEN COAN.

## ON THE ROCKS:

### A ROMANCE OF THE AUSABLE LAKES.

ELIZABETH sat in the narrow stern of the canoe, looking dreamily into the west, the paddle with which she had been trying to steer drooping idly from her grasp. She made a pretty picture enough as she sat there, the rich bloom of her complexion deepened by the ruddy light that bronzed her dark-brown hair and brought out the slender grace of her youthful figure in bold relief against the sky. Her clear gray eyes, wide open and innocent as a child's, had a dreamy softness in them now, heightened by the

long sweep of the black lashes. "All was conscience and a tender heart," thought her lover as he watched her from the centre of the boat, where he was curled up with the large-eared, melancholy dog whose duty it was to track the deer. In the bow of the boat, pulling easily with the pivoted oars, sat the guide, a tall, lithe young fellow, whose muscles were steel and whalebone, and whose free and powerful attitudes recalled the figures upon the frieze of the Parthenon. Another boat or two followed,



full of merry voices, just far enough away to be voices and nothing more.

It was a lovely scene into which those arrowy boats were floating. The lake lay nearly all behind them, warm with the last glow of the sunset. The woods lining the indented shores were fast gathering the darkness into their fragrant depths; the coolness of night was settling down upon the little bays and coves, where the clear-cut reflections of the overhanging trees were fading into indistinguishable shadow; and the faint sweet chirp and rustle of nestling birds fell occasionally upon the attentive ear, mingled with the gentle splash of the little waves upon the pebbly shore. Behind the woods rose the great mountains, the sharp saw-teeth of the Restigone range cutting jagged outlines against the sky, and repeating themselves in the clear water far below.

As the boat approached the southern end of the lake, and went hissing through the yellow lily-pads, beloved of the deer, and all nibbled by their sharp little teeth, a narrow winding river suddenly appeared to tempt the explorers on. They had hardly entered the inlet when through a gap in the eastern crest of the mountains shone the full moon, lending a new enchantment to the scene. The quivering beams threw delicate wavering bridges across the river, and turned into frosted silver the long tresses of gray moss that hung down from the gnarled old cedars standing up in stalwart blackness, solemn pyramids of shadow. The boat drifted on past a higher peak, and the moon was hidden again, leaving only a vague reflection, like a half-lost memory, to suffuse the air.

And so the shy Diana played the coquette with them among the mountains, now revealing herself in all her splendor, lighting up every twig of the trees and every rock that peered above the surface of the river, and then disappearing again, to leave a sense of diviner mystery behind. As the warm tints died out of the sky and the moonlight strengthened, the ghosts that haunted the river stole out—white wreaths of mist that swirled in ever-changing circles over its

surface, and danced a phantom waltz upon the smooth dark water. The ragged cedars of the banks vanished in their vapory embraces as the mists wreathed about their topmost twigs or crawled, like airy serpents, from bough to bough.

"We have come into another world," thought Elizabeth as she drank in the beauty of the moonlight, the wreathing silver mists, the glistening leaves, the solemn blackness of the water, and the whole indescribable charm of the scene. And her dreamy eyes strayed from the figure of the guide, sitting dark and silent as an Indian in the prow, to fall with a sudden shock of vague surprise upon the young man at her feet, serenely smoking a precautionary cigar, with his arm round the hound's slender neck.

A strange revulsion of feeling thrilled her heart as she caught the glance of his smiling, confident eyes. A vague impulse of resistance and rebellion seemed to shake her soul—resistance and rebellion against what, she scarcely knew.

She had indeed drifted into another world, nor could she account to herself for the waywardness of her mood. Her past life suddenly rose before her eyes as a distinct reality, which for the first time she recognized in all its subtle relations to her future. A young girl of thoroughly healthy nature, with a sense of life and bounding energy in every vein, suddenly transported to the free life of the wilderness, she felt like the Arabian princess who was wafted in the night to the antipodes. She had been nearly two months among the woods and hills, and Bryan had only joined her three days before. Not even the familiar faces of the party of old friends with whom she had traveled into the wilderness had been able to preserve around her an atmosphere of home. The free fresh life in the open air, with the routine of ordinary existence swept away, and a new social scale introduced, wherein the most perfect physique stood uppermost in value, had interposed a chasm between her and her old life, across whose breadth she looked at her former self with a new consciousness. Most of us have known



such moments, when we seemed to see our own lives and those nearest to us spread out before us in their real relations to each other, as a traveler ascending a mountain suddenly turns and realizes all the ground he has been over.

"It is like our life, Bryan, this river," murmured Elizabeth dreamily. "We go on almost in the dark, and then all at once the moon shines down upon us and we seem to see everything in a new way."

Bryan laughed lightly. In fact, he was amused at this sudden moralizing from his little lady-love, this grave assumption of a philosophy he thought belonged to older heads than hers.

Elizabeth was hurt by the laugh, and looked away from him with dignified severity. Was it possible that she was just learning to know him rightly—that he was as insignificant an idler as he looked to be beside the sturdy figure of the guide? For Bryan was no athlete, it must be confessed, but of short, slight figure, scarcely taller than Elizabeth herself, his light hair and drooping moustache failing to add any element of power to the refinement expressed by his whole person and manner. His clear eyes and the warm clasp of his hand told of truth, courage, and sympathy, but a lazy grace, a languid elegance, was the first noticeable thing about him. He was the flower of a refined civilization, the representative of its highest culture, arrested just on the edge of excess. One shade more of delicate precision in voice and dress and manner would have ruined the gentleman and substituted the prig. Elizabeth's life had been so intimately interwoven with his since their childhood that they had grown up into an engagement as naturally as some children grow up into a profession. Sorely against Elizabeth's secret desire, it must be said, for the romantic little maiden was greatly given to musings over her destiny, and had arranged for herself no such humdrum affair as a marriage with a man whom she had known from boyhood, and of whom all her friends approved. She had leanings toward the mysterious and terrific, and secretly intended to be seized by a sud-

den passion for some superb and irresistible hero, who was to take her heart by storm, and turn her life upside down in a twinkling. She even hoped, in her innocent soul, that he would have an awful history. It was a stern and gloomy being, to rule her with a master hand and inspire her with delicious tremors of admiring awe, that she thought she wanted.

As she sat in the boat and dreamed, looking loftily over the unconscious Bryan who had offended her, and whose idle grace seemed to her at this moment most exasperating, her abstracted gaze fixed itself again upon the guide. He was a splendid study for any one, artist or philosopher, interested in the finest possible development of the human animal. He had the light and graceful strength, with somewhat of the profile, of the Apollo, the swift, silent step of a panther, the keen eye of a hawk, the dark clustering hair and rich glowing tint of an Italian. He had a certain refinement of manner withal, which seemed more than his physical beauty to set him apart from his fellows. Bella Thornton called him "the Prince," and amused herself and her party by wild speculations as to his probable identity with the lost Dauphin. Elizabeth smiled rather vaguely at these pleasantries: they seemed to her somehow to trespass upon very personal ground, and to be flavored by a slight freedom which she unconsciously resented. For Nelson had been her favorite guide and devoted servant (as far as his extreme modesty would permit) all summer, and she accepted his service with the serene gravity of a young princess to whom service is familiar, and repaid him by an ever-increasing dependence upon that service. Now Bryan had arrived, to whom such duties of right belonged, and "the Prince" modestly withdrew still further into the background.

And Elizabeth found herself resenting the change. Her love for Bryan was like an underground river, leading an unsuspected existence far beneath the surface of her consciousness. It was so blended with all her past that she did

not realize how entirely it had permeated and colored her whole inner life. She missed the help of Nelson's strong arm, sure foot, quick eye, and found Bryan awkward and careless. When she reproved him—somewhat pettishly, it must be confessed—he took her sovereign displeasure with such a light-hearted carelessness, such an easy penitence, that she felt almost insulted and very much aggrieved.

So the swift oars with their rhythmic beat swept steadily on down the winding inlet again, and back to the camp, with its great fire blazing up afresh to welcome them. Can there be anything more beautiful in the world than a camp-fire in the woods at night? Against the dark background of the mysterious forest the eager tongues of flame leap into the air like hissing snakes, a thousand sparks sail up among the stars in the black sky, and the glowing heart of the fire burns with ever-changing brightness as the snowy crests and ridges of the ashes crumble and fall away. Strange forms come out among the brilliant masses in the central fire—eyes of lurid light, ruddy serpents that curl over in graceful curves to fall in and be lost, little fountains of blue flame that bubble up like miniature geysers and are gone again, while the knots and knobs of the red logs flash brighter than rubies.

Round this centre of attraction the merry party were grouped, the bright colors of the ladies' dresses giving a picturesque and gypsy-like character to the scene, which was furthermore heightened by the cluster of guides seated at a little distance smoking the pipe of peace, while stretched in the broadest glow lay the melancholy hound and chased imaginary deer, convulsive starts and twitches of his legs and queer half-strangled barks betraying the subject of his dreams.

"Was there ever such a life as this?" exclaimed Bella Thornton, with the enthusiasm of youth and high spirits—"to be all day long in the open air, among such magnificent scenery, and then in the evening to lie before the fire and watch those lovely sparks!"

"She refers to you and me, Bryan," insinuated her cousin Fred. "I am not surprised: I have been expecting some such tribute of admiration. Our poses are not classic, it is true, but then how unstudied!" and Fred fondly contemplated his muddy boots, raised to a level with his eyes, as he lay before the fire.

"The life wouldn't be so bad," said Mrs. Thornton (rather too elderly and fastidious a matron for camp-life), "if it were possible to be clean—and to eat—and to sleep," she added reflectively as the various inconveniences of the situation rose before her eyes.

"You ungrateful woman!" rejoined her husband, a big, burly, fresh-looking man, with an aspect of well-being that made it a comfort to look at him. "What can you say about eating after that dinner? Beef soup, broiled trout, broiled pork, broiled chicken, raspberry pie, bread and butter, cheese, doughnuts, maple-sugar, and a cup of tea—what could you want more?"

"Well, I confess that sounds well," said Mrs. Thornton, "but it would be pleasanter not to have one's water and tea and beef soup all out of the same tin cup; and I *could* wish that we hadn't forgotten the spoons: one spoon for five is rather short allowance."

"Pooh, pooh, my dear! That's nothing!" rejoined her husband. "When you live in the woods—"

"You must do as the woodens do," struck in Fred. "And I'm sure, my dear aunt, that you can have nothing to say about your bed, for Bryan and I took all the sticks out of the ladies' side of the camp this morning, and put in about a foot of fresh balsam boughs."

"My dear boy, it's my private belief that those balsam boughs are changed into kindling wood during the night, for anything more rasping to the feelings before morning I never lay upon. I am so full of aches and pains when I get up that it seems as if Saint Lawrence's grid-iron must have been a feather bed in comparison."

"But yet, auntie dear," said Elizabeth, "what a freshness and strength there is in the air! and what a new life we seem

to have! When I think of our narrow, cramped-up houses in the city, and of the thoroughly artificial life we lead there, and then of these mountains and woods and waterfalls, and of the health and vigor that we enjoy among them, it seems to me that we should never leave this camp. What can we see so beautiful as that fire, in town?"

"Yes, and then to be spared all the trouble of dressing!" said Bella reflectively, who affected more elaborate toilettes at home than any of her set.

"For my part," said Bryan, "I agree with Tennyson—

*Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay.*

The existence we lead here is a purely animal existence, and would inevitably brutalize us if we pursued it very long."

"Oh, do you call *us* brutes?" exclaimed Bella, with a scandalized expression: "we have been here nearly two months, you know."

"My dear Bella," answered Bryan (who was wont to assume a fatherly tone in talking to all young girls), "that is such an awfully feminine way of taking what I said! You come here a party of cultivated people, with your minds enriched and your perceptions quickened, and you are naturally impressed with the beauty of the scenery and the poetic side of all around you. I agree with Mrs. Thornton that one has to put up with a great deal of discomfort, and I confess that I cannot believe the effect of a rough life to be, in the long run, ennobling."

"Oh, Bryan!" exclaimed Elizabeth reproachfully. "Look at these men here—look at Nelson, for instance," she added with a sudden flush as her earnest eyes kindled: "see how strong and brave and handsome he is, how sure-footed and keen-sighted!"

"Yes, and how graceful and polite!" added Bella: "the Prince's manners are really wonderfully distinguished."

"Precisely. You see he is an exception to the ordinary class of guides: you confess it yourselves," said Bryan. "But take even your exception as an instance. Here is a man acknowledged to be the

best possible type of his class: how much do you suppose he knew or felt of the beauty of our sunset and moonlight row to-night, for instance? How much does he think about the places he takes us to because it is his business? What sort of companion would he make for either of you young ladies, suppose you had to be left alone with him upon a desert island, for example?"

"Well, I'm inclined to think they'd be a deal better off than if they trusted to your tender mercies, Keith," said Mr. Thornton with a laugh. "When it comes to a question of desert islands, I'd rather have a guide for a companion than a mere philosopher and friend like you."

Bryan joined good-humoredly in the laugh, and turning to Nelson, who had just then come up to them bearing a great log for the fire, he asked him what he thought of the two Ausable lakes, and which he liked best. Nelson, very much abashed at being questioned before so many "city folks," colored and fidgeted, and "didn't know as he knew."

"Oh, but you must have some notion," said Bryan. "Don't you like one better than the other?"

"Wal," said Nelson hesitatingly, "the lower lake is more precipitately wild, but then this one is a nicer kind of place for ladies; and then there's more trout to be got out of the spring-holes here."

"What were you thinking of this evening, Nelson, when we were rowing up the inlet?" asked Bella: "you were looking very serious about something."

"I dunno as I had anything pertickler on my mind more'n another," said Nelson with a smile, "except I was tryin' to make out whether we'd pork enough for breakfast in the mornin', or whether I'd best go home for more provisions."

"Well?" said Bryan to Elizabeth with an expressive lift of his eyebrows.

But Elizabeth did not answer: she was doggedly pushing little sticks into a soft cushion of moss beside her, and seemed to find the occupation very interesting.

Bryan looked at her for a moment in silence. Her face flushed a little under his scrutiny, but she still did not look

up. He leaned over to her on his elbow, and said in a low tone, so that she alone could hear, "My darling, do you know you have not given me a look or a smile this evening?"

"Why have you talked so, then?" said Elizabeth. "What right have you to call that poor man up and draw him out to laugh at him? Is poetry the only good thing in the world, do you think? and would you be much better satisfied if he went into raptures over the sunrise in the morning and forgot to get your breakfast? I have noticed that all you æsthetic people are very dependent upon your daily bread," she continued with a scornful little laugh; "and for my part I think it is as beautiful and as poetic to think about our duty, as Nelson did, as—about anything else," she ended abruptly, with a shamefaced blush at her own eloquence.

"My dearest, why this righteous indignation?" said Bryan calmly. "I am not aware that I have advanced any peculiarly vicious proposition. I have simply asserted that this mode of life was not calculated to foster the poetic sensibilities; and I think the young person there, in whom you seem to take so warm an interest, has sufficiently proved the truth of my remark. I am sorry if I have offended you, and am quite unconscious of any intention to do so. Make it up—won't you?—and I'll promise to consider your long-legged friend an embryo Joaquin Miller, if you choose."

There was something in the quiet laziness of Bryan's tone that stung Elizabeth to the quick. Moreover, no woman can endure to hear the object of her temporary admiration named slightly, even by the permanent possessor of her heart.

"Bryan, I think you are determined to misunderstand me," she cried desperately. "I cannot tell you how it pains me, this mocking tone of yours. You are never in earnest: you seem to care only for pleasure; and I really think I—I am going to bed." As if in despair of a successful climax to her indignation, she retreated from the field with flushed cheeks and shining eyes, Bella following wonderingly in the rear.

Bryan's nature was far too sweet to be ruffled by this little outburst, but, although he made large allowances for the incomprehensibility of the sex, he nevertheless pondered perplexed over his final cigar, wondering how much the ostensible cause of dispute really had to do with Elizabeth's present mood. He had learnt from past experience the valuable lesson that a woman's actions are rarely, if ever, the result of their apparent cause.

"Fred," said Bryan at last, as the lingering sweetness of the final cigar could be no longer prolonged, "what is your opinion of the mysterious subject, Woman? Young men of your years have usually a freshness of perception and a fund of information upon the interesting topic that we reverend seniors strive after in vain. Give us the benefit of your youthful sharpness of vision, my dear boy."

"Well," replied Fred, with that delightful confidence which has its fullest bloom between the ages of seventeen and twenty-five, "I must say I don't consider women such difficult conundrums as some people pretend they are. Of course there's a great difference in them, you know. There's Bella, for instance: once let her get up a tree, you know, and I defy anybody to make head or tail of what she wants or what she doesn't want till she chooses to tell you. And then there's Elizabeth, you know, just as serene and straightforward as a mill-pond: anybody can make her out in a minute, you know."

"Oh!" murmured Bryan reflectively. "Hum!—yes. Thank you, my boy! I think I'll go to bed."

And silence settled over the camp, and all was quiet on "Paradise" Lake.

The next morning dawned bright and beautiful, and everybody was astir betimes, for the word was given to return through the lower lake, or "Purgatory," toward the regions made classic by the unhesitating pen of Murray. Mrs. Thornton had had enough of the genuine wilderness, and desired to descend gracefully through the moderate roughness of Martin's and Paul Smith's to

the suavity of Schroon Lake and Saratoga.

Elizabeth seemed to have recovered her mental balance in the sweet morning air, and was kind and gracious as ever, though there was a wistful questioning in her eyes occasionally, as she chatted gayly with Bryan, that implied a restlessness not yet quite appeased. With the quick revulsion of a generous nature, she seemed to be doing her best to make up for her harshness of the night before, and Bryan eagerly accepted the implied *amende*.

Then they plunged into the wonderful forest between the two lakes, with all its variety of scenery, changing from cool shady depths of woodland, where they wound along the narrow trail in Indian file, to broad open glades streaming with sunny heat, where the purple thistles, covered with bees and butterflies, brushed against their shoulders, and the tall brakes, with their spreading fronds, waved high above their heads. Here the air was heavy with the scent of mauve-tinted orchids, and the rank vegetation all aflame with brilliant berries of all colors strung upon light sprays of leaves or bristling on stiff stems along the path. Great heads of purple asclepias nodded in the breeze, and long starry wreaths of clematis stretched from bough to bough. Then the trail led under the dark shade again, to emerge presently beside the rushing waters of the Ausable River as it hurried over the amber-colored rapids to the "Purgatory" of the lower lake.

Here our party embarked once more, and slipped through the long winding channel, among the dead wood that makes the upper end of the lake so dreary, out into the open water at last. Some swift clouds had come up, the sun was overcast, and the name of "Purgatory" seemed well given to those gloomy shores. On either side, as they looked down the narrow lake, towered great mountain-cliffs, all seamed and scarred by storms and frost, and but half covered by the slender birches that had a precarious footing among the rocks. Two thousand feet above the water rose those

rocky sides, and descended so steeply that the lake had no perceptible shore. Halfway down its length upon the west side the great "Sphinx" rock bent over the gloomy water, a half-formed semblance of a head with sweeping Egyptian drapery, the chin resting upon the breast. The wild desolation of the scene was hardly heightened by the scream of a great eagle that swooped down from the mountain and sailed across the distance. The high and narrow walls, the ragged edges of the shore piled with stiff spikes of dead timber whitened by time and tempest, mixed with the rough débris of rocks and trees carried down by slides, and the deep and gloomy look of the water, tinged with the leaden color of the clouds, made up a picture of dreary and oppressive grandeur and melancholy. It seemed a mountain-prison, through whose granite walls no captive might ever hope to pass.

And yet at the farther end of this desolate sheet of water lies *perdu* the loveliest Naiad of this region, so full of beautiful lakes and waterfalls. And as our party toiled up the steep gorge that leads to the Rainbow Cascade, she burst suddenly upon them in all her loveliness. Fancy a mountain-brook, with all its endless beauty of sparkling rapids and sunny pools and cloudy depths, coming down from a steep and narrow gorge over a hundred feet in height. On one side the iron-stained rocks, of a rich dark russet, rise in steps and ledges, clothed with moss and tufted ferns of the richest green, bright here and there with the milky blossoms of the *Houstonia*, lingering late in the cool and dewy shadows of the ravine. On the other side, where the cliff is one sheer straight wall, falls the Rainbow Cascade, a thin broad veil of water that scarcely hides the seams and fissures of the rock beneath, and at certain hours of the day catches a rainbow as it strikes upon the great boulder at its foot. Higher up, where the narrow walls of the glen meet, shoots a white and impetuous stream that forms the brook below, but with all the greater rush and fury of its leap it cannot rival the myriad charms of that thin

and wavering veil of water, that in every bewitching form that falling water can take makes the rugged crag beautiful.

It seemed to Elizabeth that she could never tire of watching its infinite variety. The green and mossy glen, the rich red color of the rocks, the pure crystal baths below, the great white clouds that hovered upon the brink of the precipice above, the rush and roar of the upper fall, the tender sweetness of the misty air, wrought upon her like a spell. Unnoticed, she stole away from the others, who were seated at a favorable point of view below, and began to climb the steep rocks opposite the fall. Their step-like formation tempted her on, and, confident in her sure foot and steady head, she went higher and higher, never looking back or down. The exercise was exhilarating, and the climb presented just enough difficulties to incite an impetuous spirit to persevere.

Suddenly, Bryan, who had been engaged in an earnest dispute with Mr. Thornton as to the height of the fall, missed Elizabeth from the group, and looking hurriedly round, caught sight of her fluttering drapery high up on the opposite cliff. He darted up the brook until he stood just beneath her, and called her gently, for fear of startling her and causing her to lose her precarious footing.

Elizabeth turned her head and looked down at him, her cheek bright with excitement, but a troubled look dawning in her eyes that belied the faint smile with which she tried to reassure her lover.

"Elizabeth, my darling, come down from there: you are enough to frighten anybody to death. Come down, directly!"

"I can't, Bryan," said Elizabeth in somewhat unsteady tones: "the last rock that I stepped on has fallen down, and I can't get up any higher, because the cliff hangs over so much just here. I think I shall have to take root here and turn into a white birch," she added with a smile intended to be encouraging, but which struck Bryan as so pitiful that he groaned aloud. There she hung upon

the face of the great cliff, her feet upon a ledge no wider than her shoe, her hands clutching the stem of a little birch tree, far too small to do more than help her to preserve her balance, while fifty feet below her roared the brook over the sharp and cruel rocks that formed its bed.

Bryan hastily began to clamber toward her, but his excitement, together with a natural tendency to dizziness, soon overcame him. His head whirled, his senses were confused, the roar of the waterfall deafened his ears, fire flashed before his eyes, his knees gave way beneath him, and he sank down upon a broad ledge about halfway up the cliff, completely upset by that physical weakness which sometimes conquers the bravest spirits, subjecting them to such tortures of shame and suffering as they alone can know.

"Bryan," said Elizabeth—and this time there was a pleading tone in her voice that drove him frantic—"are you not coming to help me? I am getting so tired! I don't think I can stand here much longer."

"God forgive me, my darling, I cannot get to you!" cried Bryan almost with a sob.

Elizabeth looked down at him, and a little sigh fluttered wearily from her lips. It went to Bryan's heart like an arrow, and he shook himself together for one more desperate effort. But before he had time to take the first step Nelson came bounding past him like a panther, the stones rattling down under his eager footsteps.

"Hold on there—I'm coming!" he shouted as he climbed swiftly up the rocks.

Elizabeth heard him, and her eye grew bright and the color came back into the cheek that was fast growing pale with weariness and fear.

In a few moments he was on a rock above her, and leaning over, with one arm clasped firmly round a sapling, reached the other hand out toward her: "Now, then, take firm hold of my hand, put your foot in that there crack, and I'll haul ye up."



Elizabeth grasped the welcome hand with all her strength, and tried to put her foot where she was told, but tried in vain: the crack was too high up for her to reach it. "I can't do it, Nelson," she said. "I never shall get up in that way."

"Look out there, then!" cried Nelson, who had comprehended the situation at a glance; and swinging down by the slender but tough sapling, he stood beside her in an instant, still clasping the tree.

"Now, do jest as I say," ordered Nelson, in that tone of authority that commands obedience and conquers fear, "and there ain't a mite o' harm goin' to come to yer. Put your foot on my knee—it's jest as steady as that rock"—and he struck it a mighty blow to prove the truth of the assertion—"and then on my arm, and hold on by the sapling: I'll keep her steady."

Elizabeth, unused to making a ladder of her fellow-creatures, hesitated and looked him in the eyes. There was no shadow of wavering there, and taking her courage in both hands, as the French say, she took the first step, those iron muscles never quivering beneath her weight. As soon as she was safe upon the broader ledge above, he climbed up after her, and then carefully helped her, by a more roundabout and safer way, back to the level of the brook again, where Bella and Mrs. Thornton, by this time alive to her peril, received her with effusion.

All this time Bryan had been sitting on the rocks, his face buried in his hands, suffering all the tortures that a brave and sensitive soul conquered by physical weakness can alone experience. Self-contempt, jealousy, despair and longing raged like a tempest in his heart, and not until he heard his name shouted repeatedly by Mr. Thornton, who was impatient to be on the move again, did he rejoin the party.

Elizabeth turned to meet him as he approached, and he eagerly grasped her hand and gazed into her clear eyes. They met his with no shade of resentment in their steady depths, only with a

look of compassion and pitiful sweetness which smote him to the very soul.

"Elizabeth, can you ever forgive me?" he whispered: "I never can forgive myself, dear."

"There was nothing to forgive, Bryan," said Elizabeth with a sort of weariness in her tone. "You couldn't help it if you were dizzy. But it was very fortunate that Nelson came, for I could not have held there much longer. I think I am tired now," faltered Elizabeth as she stretched out her hand. Bryan eagerly seized it and supported her tenderly along the rough stones of the brook; but, although she accepted his help with a quiet smile, there was ever the same far-away look in her eyes, that seemed to hold him at a distance.

As they came out upon the lake again, the clouds had swept away and the sun was shining brightly. The granite slides high up on the mountains sparkled like diamonds, the shimmering birches glistened in the fresh breeze that crisped the waters of the lonely lake, and Purgatory seemed nearer akin to Paradise. Once more they plunged into the woods, and took the rough semblance of a road leading toward Keene.

All this time Elizabeth was vainly striving to allay the tumult in her heart, to find her way out of the labyrinth of confused sensations and half-formed feelings that perplexed her. She was indignant with her own indecision, scornful of her own scorn, not exactly disdainful of her lover's weakness, and yet angry that that weakness should so disturb her mind. Her tender conscience upbraided her for fickleness and indifference, for wavering in her faith, for harsh and uncharitable judgments, for unwomanly insensibility to the love that had so long been hers. Her perverse spirit refused to accept the chastening, and chafed at the bonds it wore. All this time no conscious thought of Nelson had come into her mind. Not from haughtiness, but from very innocence, she had never put him, even in imagination, upon the same level with Bryan. He was not a man to her: he was a guide, one of a class of beings created

for a special end. Confronted with a new ideal of manliness, which as yet she had not realized, her heart was like a magnetic needle upon one of these very Adirondack peaks, trembling and thrown off its balance by the masses of rough ore beneath it, but true in its effort to point still to its pole-star. Upon this unsettled mood, when all the earnestness of her nature was roused in the effort to solve its own perplexities, the light words of Bryan, prompted by the very serenity of his temperament, had struck with a jar, and Elizabeth unconsciously resented his want of harmony with herself.

They were very fine-drawn troubles, these perplexities of Elizabeth's, you say, but they were very real ones to her, poor child! and loomed up formidably in the narrow circle of her experience. So that she stood leaning upon her window-sill that evening with dewy eyes as she gazed out toward the purple mountains and the clear western sky, where one faint star trembled in the blue. Up from the brook near by came Isora, the romantically-named daughter of the house, bearing a heavy pail of water through the gathering twilight. The uncertain light lent a grace to the firm and rounded figure, and softened the outlines of her somewhat heavy features. With her light braided hair she suggested Gretchen returning from the fountain. As Elizabeth's vague gaze rested upon her a tall figure strode swiftly out from the shadow of the house, and seizing the heavy pail with one hand, gently embraced the yielding waist of the pretty water-carrier with the other, and stooped down to kiss her. There was no mistaking that supple strength, that careless perfection of movement. It was a pretty picture enough: then why did Elizabeth suddenly start back from the window, while a burning blush swept over her face and flushed even the delicate curves of her neck, as, covered with an indescribable confusion, she hid her face in her hands? A new dawn seemed to have shone upon her doubting heart, and overcome by a certain oppressive consciousness, from

which she felt that she must fly, she ran hastily down stairs and sought refuge from herself among the party upon the piazza. Bryan sat upon the lowest step, parrying the entreaties of the eager group who were urging him to sing.

"Oh, here's Elizabeth," cried Bella: "now we'll have it! Elizabeth, do please get Bryan to sing: he's as cross as a bear about it."

"Will you sing, Bryan, for me?" asked Elizabeth, with a certain hesitating tremor in her voice that inspired Bryan with a new hope. For, sensitive to every change in Elizabeth's looks or tones, and filled with angry remorse for his share in the adventure of the morning, he had been spending the day in that doubtful poise between hope and despair which is itself desperation. But now a certain tenderness seemed to vibrate in her voice as she spoke, and when she had seated herself upon the steps just above him, and he felt the encouragement of her presence, he began Blumenthal's beautiful song of "The Message."

The clear tones rang through the gathering darkness as the song described the message for the loved one in heaven, which the lover vainly endeavors to send thither by bird and cloud, but which, borne upon a strain of divine music, is finally wafted through the golden portal. And as Bryan threw his whole soul into the words he sang, the message, with all its passionate pleading, its tender urgency, was borne straight to the heart of her he loved, and Elizabeth felt her doubts and perplexities dissolving like the morning mists upon the mountains, that stole across the tree-tops and were gone. Of such intangible vapor her troubles seemed to have been made, and as the last notes died away upon the trembling air, under cover of the darkness she crept softly down to her lover's side. Her hand nestled into his, that eagerly received it, and as she felt the earnest clasp of love and friendship a tender peace fell once more upon Elizabeth's soul, as the sunshine settles upon the hillsides after the morning mists have melted away. KATE HILLARD.

## A WINTER THOUGHT.

IN bare, gnarled arms the gaunt trees take  
 The biting winds with many a shiver—  
 Keen winds that sweep the land, and shake  
 In frozen furrows all the smooth sweet bosom of the river.

Bare is the land of bird and flower.  
 O Mother Earth! art thou forsaken  
 In this thy darkest, dreariest hour?  
 Have birds and flowers, with summer airs, their flight unkindly taken?

And but for this, that in the breast  
 Of winter the young spring is sleeping,  
 The briefest insect life were best,  
 And our life day by day were but a time for hopeless weeping.

But Memory, smiling through her tears,  
 And wild Hope, whisper unto me,  
 "Day crowns the springs of all the years,  
 And glad as thy springs were of old, thy springs again shall be."

Then fast by violet-broidered brims  
 The frozen river seems to run,  
 The trees put forth their leafy limbs  
 To catch the fragrance of the breeze, the warmth of May-day sun.  
 MARTIN J. GRIFFIN.

## TOWN-PLANTING IN THE WEST.

ONE evening, before Wichita, Kansas, had realized its hopes of securing a permanent place upon the map—so long ago, in fact, as the spring of 1871—a gentleman from New York registered his name at the Harris House, and announced his intention of stopping a few days in order to see the country, and perhaps to buy some land in the neighborhood. After dinner he sought out the landlord, and made a special request that, as he was an Eastern man in search of experiences, he might have a buffalo steak served for his breakfast next morning.

"Buffalo steak?"

"Yes. It is obtainable, isn't it? You can get it here? I'd be willing to pay for any extra trouble, you know."

"Oh, no trouble. Fact is, I've not been able to get anything else for a week or two past. I was just going to apologize for having given it to you at dinner."

The Eastern man looked as if he thought himself sold, but still stuck to his request, because he wanted to know how buffalo meat tasted when he was not wrestling with it under the false impression that it was Texas cow. And then, finding the landlord sociable (for no more genial host than Rouse ever made his house pleasant for his guests

at his own loss), he asked if the town was quiet and orderly.

"Oh yes, perfectly so. You Eastern men fancy that we are overrun with desperadoes out here, but you'll find Wichita just as peaceful as a man could wish."

At this point the conversation was brought to a close by the irruption of a party of noisy men, of whom the landlord explained to his guest, as he went to attend to them, that they were "some of Curley Marshall's boys."

"And who is Curley Marshall?" asked the Eastern man of a bystander as he sat down in a vacant chair.

"Curley is one of our celebrities," was the reply. "He is to Wichita very much what Buffalo Bill is to Abilene. Fine fellow he is, too."

But "the boys" approached, and the bystander incidentally moved away without finishing his eulogy, while the newcomers surrounded the sitter before he was fully aware of the situation; and then he thought he would not seem in a hurry to get away. When, however, two of them began to practice broadsword parries over his head with loaded revolvers of the "navy" pattern, he changed his mind about the order of his going, and slipped out from between them just as "Long Dan," growing tired of the fun, cocked his revolver, and, leveling it at his friend's head, said briefly, "Git out of this! Thar's the door."

The other *weakened* a moment and looked at Dan doubtfully.

"I mean it, by G——! You git, or I'll plug you."

He did "git."

There was laughter from the boys as Dan looked grimly triumphant and invited them into the bar-room on his "shout." "Come on, stranger!" said he to the Eastern man, seeing that the latter did not start forward. But the Eastern man asked to be excused, pleading that he didn't drink.

"Don't drink? You won't drink with me? Do you mean to insult me?"

"No, sir, no—surely not. But I *never* drink."

"Look here, stranger! I don't like to

have a man say that he's too good to drink with me: I'm Long Dan Cowee;" and the speaker looked dangerous.

Eastern man thought he had better drink.

He lagged last in the crowd, however, and, satisfied that his absence would not be noted, stole out of the back door and hung round behind the kitchen until "the boys" should have gone. Presently he thought he heard them in the street, and looked round the corner of the house to see. There came a bright flash, right in his eyes, a report, and a handful of shot rattled against the fence near him, while with a yell the boys went on down the street, discharging their pistols into the air. They had not seen him: the shotgun was only fired on general principles, nobody supposing there was a man skulking behind the house who might get hit. Satisfied by this token that the hotel was clear, the Eastern man went inside again, and the landlord presently heard him booking his name with the stage-agent to return Eastward the following morning. He said he thought that when he had realized in consciousness the taste of buffalo meat, as he hoped to do at breakfast, he should have had all the experiences that he cared for at present. The landlord expostulated, and assured him that the unfortunate occurrence of the evening was very exceptional: some of Curley's friends had "taken possession" of the town that day, but it would be quiet to-morrow, and probably the like would never happen again. Nothing of the sort had happened before since Ledford was killed, about two months previously.

"And who was Ledford?"

Ledford had been the former proprietor of the Harris House. At one time a United States scout, he left the service in order to "trade" horses across the line of the "Nation" (the public remembers that some such traders were hung by horse-owners in Douglas county), and, having made enough in that business to enable him to retire from it, he did so, married a lovely young wife, and continued to be one of the most prominent and respected citizens of Wichita until a

squad of United States cavalry was one day sent after him, when he showed fight and was killed.

It was true that such disturbances were rare in Wichita. At the outset they were frequent, but then Curley Marshall was persuaded to accept the office of constable, and he kept the village quiet enough until he got tired of the novelty and resigned—an event which had then recently happened. Whenever any of his boys took possession of a saloon, Curley used to enter with a revolver in each hand and gently tell them to depart; and they always obeyed. It is due to the citizens, however, to state that such vigorous measures were taken soon after this as were effectual to reduce even Curley himself to observe the laws when within the corporate limits.

"You needn't mind Dan Cowee," said the bystander whom the Eastern man had before addressed. "He's the best-natured fellow in the world, you know, only he likes his fun now and then."

"Well, he *would* have shot that man—wouldn't he?—if he had not left when he told him to?"

"Oh, well! I expect he would: he's pretty determined."

"If I'm to be shot," said the Eastern man, "I'd as lief be shot by the worst-natured man in the place as by the best-natured one." And he adhered to his resolution of going away in the morning, much to the distress of the land-agents.

But notwithstanding the Eastern man's conviction that he had had experiences enough, he made a mistake in not staying a few days longer. Had he done so he would have been unmolested, and he might have added to his list the unique item of a fashionable ball, a description of which he read afterward in a letter from a friend who attended it, and who wrote as follows:

"This is a great place for dances: we have one a week on an average. The hall is usually neither extensive nor elegant, compared with the frescoed *salons* of your ancient metropolis: it will be perhaps twenty by forty feet on the floor, and of course not lathed or plastered. Very possibly, too, the building will be

deficient in braces, and will rock and creak to the measured but vigorous bounce and swing of dancers who are conscientiously doing their level best. There are no cobwebs pendent from the rafters—the building is too new for even the most enterprising spider to have begun a web in it yet—nor do I like the color of new cottonwood lumber as well as that of a weatherbeaten old barn; but in a new country like this one cannot expect to have all that is desirable: on the prairie one must not look for the picturesque, or at least, if one does, one will be badly sold.

"There are but few young ladies here, and most of them seem to be engaged as waiters at this and the other hotel. Fancy a scion of the Knickerbockers answering 'Beefsteak rare' (which is a joke, for the buffalo meat here is never cooked otherwise than like a dry chip) to the same young lady with whom he waltzes in the evening! It is not the same, however, as the same thing would be at the East. These girls are not Biddies: they are the daughters of our settlers and citizens. Women are scarce in this country, and it is very kind of them to look after the creature comforts of an occasional bachelor, as well as to dance with him. The landlord pays them for it, I suppose, but one needn't be always thinking of that, you know.

"At the last ball the ladies' toilettes were various, and in general effect quite wonderful, though I am too ignorant to be able to give any details. My impression is that striped calico and pink and white muslin were the staple materials, and that the make-up would have been called, by the fair dwellers upon the Hudson, 'horridly countrified.' No matter for that: there were pretty faces, and some forms which no dress could make seem ungraceful; and I think their beaux were not critical as to costumes.

"As to the gentlemen, the variety and originality of dress were far more striking. There was Curley Marshall in a white ruffled shirt (no coat or vest, and, I believe, no collar), buckskin pantaloons with an ornamental stripe down the leg, low slippers and fine open-work

stockings. He carried two navy revolvers at his belt. There was Major Fitzgerald, formerly of a Texas Confederate regiment. 'Fitzy' wore a pink-plaid calico shirt, elaborately ruffled with white muslin; a paper collar and crimson silk necktie; no vest; black velveteen sack-coat; and black corduroy pantaloons inside his boots, which were brightly varnished and ornamented with inlaid bars and stars of yellow leather, and a huge pair of Mexican spurs with bells. A most gorgeous outfit! In the same set with 'Fitzy' stood a bullwhacker just in on the cattle-trail, clothed in a preternaturally dirty flannel shirt, which was open, showing his manly chest as far down as the waistband of his equally dirty butternut pantaloons; and rusty cowhides, which exhibited his toes, and from which arose clouds of all the dust between the Red and the Big Arkansas whenever he executed a *pas seul*. There were, besides, several prominent lawyers, editors, doctors, real-estate agents and city officials of Wichita. Perhaps the probable number of these will not seem so large when you know that 'editor' means also city clerk, postmaster, United States commissioner and lawyer, and that all the *other* lawyers are real-estate agents and city officers. These gentlemen appeared in conventional 'biled' shirts with studs, and gold watch-chains, and black broadcloth. The rest of the company you may costume according to your own fancy.

"And now that I have given you such a minute account of how they all dressed, you want me to tell you how they danced? I can't. Just imagine it!"

But those days were not Wichita's palmiest. Indeed, it was at that time an open question whether or not there would be any Wichita beyond a mere straggling hamlet. The great rush had been during the previous summer. The preliminary surveys of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Railroad had indicated this place—the point where the Texas cattle-trail to Abilene crossed the Big Arkansas, and where there was a supply store for the drovers—as its temporary terminus. Of course, within a

few months every claim was taken up for miles around. Munger and Dutch Bill had staked off their adjoining "eighties" into town-lots, the latter gentleman donning a black coat and becoming known thereafter as Mr. Griefenstein, and Wichita boasted of eight hundred inhabitants, with more coming. Other towns have done better than that, but it must be remembered that Wichita was not yet a terminus—it was only going to be one, and the railroad was at a standstill at Emporia, whence lumber and groceries had to be brought in wagons, a seven days' journey. And Wichita was destined never to be a terminus, for the railroad company, seeing that all the land had been taken there in advance of their location, wisely determined to run where their grant of alternate sections could be appropriated without deductions. They swerved northward, and started Florence, Newton, and other towns of their own, much more to their profit and satisfaction than any speculation they could have secured in Wichita. So the place was at this time as dead as a glass of soda would be the day after drawing it. It had the surrounding country to depend on, to be sure, and that was enough to ensure it a reasonably good future; for the whole county was well occupied with a class of settlers who had come there, not to speculate, but to stay and work. But this was a very commonplace, humdrum kind of prosperity, and far from satisfying those who had expected a big prize in the lottery. They wanted success to come with a rush, no matter if it soon left again with a hobble. A prosperity which required time to grow, just as other natural products grow, failed to sustain an undiminished enthusiasm. The every-day life of the citizens was not altogether lovely and rose-colored. The young lawyer, who had come there with little more than five dollars and his own brains, found that there was no money in the county to pay him even for what slight services the simple state of society demanded. He had perhaps two hundred and fifty or three hundred dollars a year as county attorney, and



upon that he lived. The land-surveyor worked on credit, and spent the portion of his dues he collected in running after the balance. The doctor did well, to judge from his account-book, but he was unable to pay his bills at the grocery.

Soon afterward, however, the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fé Company built a branch down to Wichita, and the people built an iron free bridge across the river, and the "city" was an experiment no longer, but an assured fact.

An illustration of what Wichita might have been is afforded by what the city of Parsons really was. Somewhat earlier than the date above given—it was in November, 1870—I tried to get a ticket over the Missouri, Kansas and Texas road, at Emporia, to go to "Parsons." There *was* such a station, the agent admitted, but he didn't know *where* it was: he supposed it must be between Ladore and the next place, and he would give me a ticket for Ladore, and the balance could be paid to the conductor. When, on the train, the conductor appeared, I told him to let me off at Parsons. He looked at me queerly a moment, his face very expressive of "Well, none of *my* business, but won't you wish you hadn't?" but merely replied, "All right!" and passed on. Now, such a look as that was naturally calculated to make a man feel uneasy who depended upon finding shelter and food at his stopping-place, yet knew nothing of what that place might be; and so, when the conductor came again, I asked how much of a place it was.

"Plenty of it, such as it is—nothing but prairie, though."

"What! nothing there? No shanties, tents, nor anything?"

"Nothing at all there." And he passed on.

I was hardly prepared for that. I knew that the "City of Parsons" consisted of nothing more than the name as yet, but then that much of it was the future junction of the Sedalia branch, and somebody ought to be living at or near it, if only for the name of the thing. The train was not due until nine, and the night was pitch-dark and cold.

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Well, I could bivouac. "Yes, yes," I mentally ejaculated, "and so I can eat crow, 'but I don't *hanker* arter it, *sure*!'"

The fame of Parsons had evidently gone abroad, however, for when I spoke half a dozen voices coupled it with added questions, and as many heads turned with curious interest to survey "those other fellows," and estimate what they might be going for, and if there was any money in them. So, confident in the strength of numbers, the entire party took the risk of stopping, much to the disgust, as it appeared, of the conductor, who soliloquized audibly that "If they put many more towns on the line, he would have to stop at every mile or two presently." And at the last he meanly revenged himself by letting us off in a muddy cut, among a lot of loose rails and ties.

"Confound him!" objurgated a burly passenger. "He has carried us a mile beyond the station."

"Do you know the place?"—"Have you been here before?"—"Anywhere to stop at?"—"There *is* a place, then?"

"Camp up yonder, and a shanty or two. No, none to speak of."

"Oh, well!" "Oh, well!" "That's all right!" was exclaimed, in various tones expressive of great relief and content, as we fell in line and followed our broad-backed guide up the track. He was by no means talkative, but let us know that he was a contractor, and that the camp was that of his section-hands, with his own tent and the shanties of the store-keeper and boarding-boss. There was another house, too, where a settler's family lived.

Didn't that conductor know perfectly well that those tents and houses were here? Of course he did, only he thought that they were building too many towns along the road, and he didn't want to encourage the practice. Perhaps he was a conservative. Open prairie, indeed! What more of a city need any reasonable man expect or want than there was here?

The settler could not receive us all—full now, he said. "Nonsense, man! what business have you to be full? There's

always room for one more," said one of the party. But there wasn't, leastways not with his consent, gentlemen: he could take a few, but *positively* not all of us. And so we who were chosen went in, and turned our faces to new acquaintances and to the kerosene lamp and warm stove, leaving the others articulately gnashing their teeth in the outer darkness.

It was too late, though, for a long enjoyment of the situation: a peremptory "Bed-time!" pretty soon came from the host, which brooked no denial. One of the new-comers looked bewildered, and his eyes wandered inquiringly from the sides of the room to its inmates as he was heard to mutter, "Twelve by fourteen, with a garret and a kitchen lean-to where one *can't* sleep, 'cause there's no good place; and the man and his wife, and their girl help, and the other man and his wife, and two, four, six, eight of us men?" It was the man who had said there was always room for another. The arrangement was, after all, very simple: the girl somehow fixed a shake-down for herself in the impracticable kitchen, the married people all slept in the room, and the bachelors in the garret. The host held the lamp for us at the top of the ladder until we had distributed ourselves among the shake-downs (made up of a few blankets, a lot of prairie hay in ticks, and pieces of an old tent), and it is not for me to suggest how the married folk managed. There was darkness below presently, and then a deal of laughter; and we all felt acquainted and friendly.

In an interval of stillness a heavy step crunched the frost out doors, and a voice called, "Is Fan there?"

Somehow, it sounded solemn and ominous to us all. I knew it did to the others, though no one whispered.

"Yes, pa," came in a wondering, half-frightened tone, with a stir of the bed as she turned.

"Jessie's dead: you must be ready to go with me on the train in the morning."

"Oh, pa!"

He walked away heavily, and there was no more laughter nor any other sound within doors, other than the sup-

pressed sobs of a woman and the murmur of a few kind but useless words from her husband. The voice which had called was that of our guide, the contractor.

"Who was Jessie? What a sudden and chill touch of death it was to come in so upon the thoughtlessness of the moment! With what a cold, mysterious gleam yonder star shines through the crack in the roof, and how far it seems up to it, where Jessie has gone, perhaps! Pshaw! what stuff! I wish I could find that hole which sends such a stream of cold air all the way down my back, as if it came from the nozzle of a bellows." Thus I communed with myself as I lay, and the next thing I knew was, that I was lying on an iceberg and being trampled over by a herd of stampeded Texas cattle. The cat must have gone to sleep on my face, for she scuttled down the ladder as I threw my arm out.

The next morning we saw Parsons begin to grow. Very likely its growth was not equal to that of Julesburg and Virginia City, and, indeed, it may not have been unusual out there, where cities are a staple product of the country; but it seemed rapid to me, because I had never seen a town sprout before.

There were a dozen or so men wandering about with apparent aimlessness, collecting into groups now and then as if they were irresponsible atoms, and certain spots in the prairie were poles of attraction for them, and dispersing again, with but little conversation. Then a surveyor came out with his assistants and began driving stakes. Instantly all the atoms converged and beset him with questions:

"Are you the engineer?"

"Yes."

"How are you selling these lots?"

"Not at all. Get off the line."

"Are you the engineer?"

"Yes."

"What'll you take for that lot over yonder?"

"Mister, who *is* a-sellin' these lots?"

"I don't know. Stand away, will you?"

"Mishter, you bees as goot as vas dis a shdreet or an alley?"

"That? Street." And he picked up his instrument and escaped for a little while.

The last speaker had been closely followed by a wagon, upon which was the disjointed frame of a house, and on obtaining the information he sought, as to which was the front side of the lot, he directed the teamster to "Drife in dere now," and in a few minutes had his house unloaded. Afterward I saw another hungry speculator waiting, spade in hand, until the surveyor staked out the lot he wanted, when he fell to and outlined an excavation. Very likely both places were destined to be liquor-saloons. And yet the company was not ready to sell lots, the survey was not completed, the plat not filled, the agent not there. But these men were so fully alive to the importance of being first on the ground that they took squatter claims, and ran the risk of having to submit to whatever terms of purchase might be imposed. Their judgment was justified by the result: it was but a few weeks before Parsons contained a hotel or two, and a daily newspaper with a steam press. As to what its history has been since then, I know only what I have read, but it seems to have been one of unflagging prosperity.

A moral tacked to a tale is apt to be tedious, but there is one here which it may be well to notice. "Go West, young man!" has come to be a kind of watchword with us, and to be accepted in our minds as a general panacea for impecuniosity. One who finds it hard to obtain a foothold among the crowded ranks at the East looks toward the sunset, and there the golden and rosy clouds seem to image the golden possibilities of the land beneath. When one gets there the dry facts of treeless prairie and hard work with poor pay seem the reverse of poetical. One then learns that in this matter, as in every other, there is no general formula applicable to all men alike. Some like the West, and some don't; some do well there, and some

could do better anywhere else in the world than they can there. Aside from personal tastes, however, it is evident that in such a complex civilization as ours the conditions of a newly-settled country must be as unfavorable to the development of certain classes as it is favorable to the development of others. In a new State the things most in demand are Muscle and Money. There are large tracts of good farming-land to be had at rates almost nominal. The farmer can readily make a comfortable living from his land, and in the mean time, with no effort of his, the land is sure to rise steadily in value until the possession of it becomes a fortune to him. The farmer, then, does well to go West. Money is in great demand, not only for speculative purposes, but because there is very little in the country, where most of the settlers are poor; so that one who has money can get a larger return for it there than he can at the East. But, on the other hand, there has not yet risen in these new settlements much demand for the best class of skilled labor of any kind. A man who has thoroughly learned, for example, the specialty of building staircases, must, if he goes to Kansas, do general carpenter work at less pay than he could earn in Ohio or New York. A lawyer thoroughly posted in the law of real estate and devises must content himself with petty cases of trespass by stray cattle or the collection of small debts. And even for the second-rate class of service demanded the skilled workman will find it hard to secure the moderate pay which alone he can demand, because the employer, as a rule, will be short of money. Those who belong to the unproductive classes, and who expect to make a living out of the community, had far better stay in a place where the community needs them—or *may* need them—and can afford to pay them, than go to a place where their best work will certainly not be wanted.

CHARLES EDWARD SMITH.

## OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

## CHRISTMAS AT ROME.

CHRISTMAS has never been among the nations of Latin stock what it is among those who have drawn their blood and their civilization from ancestors of the Teutonic race. With the former the great festival of the year is New Year's Day, the "Jour de l'an," the "Capo d'anno." This latter is a pagan festival, the celebration of which has descended to their posterity in direct line from the former dwellers in the Eternal City. And the difference between the two races in this respect is one of the many curious indications of the inherent and essential paganism of this people; an interesting subject, which may be worth discussing when so many other things are to be done—*some day*—but not at Christmas-time.

Nevertheless, pagan as the world around us may be, we nomads of the English-speaking peoples contrive to supply ourselves and friends with an abundant portion of very orthodox cakes and ale—to say nothing of other more serious orthodoxies—and manage to "look like the time," not unsatisfactorily. I partook of as irreproachable a plum-pudding, the production of a Roman cook, at the hospitable table of a Bostonian, as all Old England could produce, to say nothing of New ditto. For we have long since taught these docile people what we want, and they perfectly well understand the advantages to be found in ministering to our special requirements. For whom is provided all that splendid show of roses of all hues, of carnations and lilies of the valley, which turns winter into spring at the well-known flower-shop in the Via Condotti, near Spillmann's, which no winter visitor to the Eternal City will have forgotten? Not for the descendants of the Quirites, I trow; neither for the "Senatus" nor the "Populus Romanus"; but for a *jeunesse dorée* which hails from Fifth Avenue and Belgravia. And the proof of this is to be seen in the brilliant show of holly,

gay with abundance of red berries, which duly makes its appearance there at Christmas-time. Nor is a supply of mistletoe sufficient for the necessities of the rising generation wanting.

By the by, talking of mistletoe, I hope I may be the first to send across the ferry that separates us the following last specimen of an English competitive examination. *Historical Examiner*: "And now, sir, can you tell me where it was that the Merovingian king Clovis embraced Christianity?" *Bright Young Candidate*, short and sharp: "Under the mistletoe bough, sir!"

Carnival is so constantly spoken of by English and Americans—and indeed sometimes by Italians also—as consisting of what should be said to be the last eight or ten days of Carnival, that it is probable that many persons are not aware that properly, and according to the calendar, Carnival begins with the first day of January, continuing, as all the world knows, till the beginning of Lent, forty days before Easter, compels all good Catholics to say "good-bye to meat" till the eve of Easter Sunday puts an end to the forty days' fast. Those last days which foreigners usually speak of as "the Carnival" are merely the culminating point and most furious access of the Carnival delirium. The Roman dealers in creature comforts, who are now decorating their shops, understand perfectly well that the festive season, the time for good eating and drinking, is close at hand. Perhaps the shops which most distinguish themselves in this way at Rome are the *pizzicagnoli*. We have no accurate translation for the word. "Cheesemonger" won't do, for the *pizzicagnolo* deals in many things that a cheesemonger does not concern himself with. Perhaps the main staple of the *pizzicagnolo*'s trade consists of various preparations of the divers feet of Paddy's "true gentleman," the pig; yet he is not a "pork-butcher," for he does

not deal in uncured pork. Hams, "sides," "chops," "chines," sausages in countless forms and kinds—these are articles that at this season of the year fill the shops in question to overflowing. Now, however much all these good things may be "joys for ever," one would hardly expect them to turn out to be "things of beauty." But such they almost become in the hands of a Roman pizzicagnolo. These shops are, at all events, really things to be seen at this season of the year. Evergreens, not holly, as with us, but mainly bay, Apollo's leaf (for the "laurel," as we generally translate the Italian word, which, however, given with full botanical correctness, is the *Laurus nobilis*, is the bay)—Apollo's distinctive leaf is used, and with undeniably good effect, to garland sausages, huge brawn and chines of bacon! The aid of light is largely called in to help the show. Innumerable wax candles cast golden lights and quaint shadows on substances and surfaces of varied hues, which make up a really not inharmonious mass of coloring. Towering piles of huge Parmesan cheeses emulate pillars at the entrance to this temple to Pig glorified. And the slenderer shafts which architecturally flank them are constructed of the smaller but not less precious rounds of *Stracchino di Gorgonzola* from the flat and fat alluvial plains around Lodi in the valley of the Po. This is the cheese—less generally known on the northern side of the Alps than the Parmesan, because it is not so good a traveler—of which it is related that George IV., when prince regent—that "first gentleman in Europe," on which courtier's phrase America may well retort, "But not, thank Heaven! on our side of the water"—this *first gentleman*, when he was looking for evidence to enable him to get rid of his wife, said to an emissary about to start for Italy in quest of such, "At all events, if you bring me back no evidence, you can bring me a Stracchino cheese!" The origin of the name is a singular one. *Stracchino* is the diminutive from *stracco*, *tired*. And the name was given to the product because it is made from the milk of cows which have labor-

ed beneath the yoke, and are therefore *tired*. What influence this may have on the cheese I leave to dairy-farmers to decide and explain. But to return to our tour among the Christmas-shops of the Roman pizzicagnoli. It may be mentioned that not the least effective part of the *tout ensemble* consists of enormous circular masses of Milan butter, perhaps the finest in Europe, which now reaches Rome in perfect condition, fantastically and really very tastefully ornamented by arabesques worked in bay leaves, applied to the straw-colored surface of them. Lastly, and imparting a very marked and decided *couleur locale* to the scene, may be observed, high up in the most conspicuous centre of the back wall of the shop, amid festoons of sausages and huge circular slabs of porphyry-colored "mortadella" (a peculiar kind of colossal sausage as large as a man's thigh), a gorgeously framed picture of the Madonna and Child, surrounded by a galaxy of wax lights. For your Roman tradesman is a religious man, and, though by no means permitting the Madonna to interfere in any way with the conduct of his business, or indeed with any other department of his life, he likes to proclaim himself a dutiful son of Mother Church, and has a notion that the honor thus paid to the Virgin will be likely to induce Heaven to "bless his store." The *Roman* tradesman, I have said. For his fellow from the north of Italy has to a much greater degree emancipated himself from such notions and usages. And accordingly your Milanese or Turinese who moved to Rome when it became the capital of Italy is a much more nineteenth-century sort of personage than the genuine old Roman, the product of many a generation that has lived under papal rule. The consequence is, that one of the phenomena observable in the Roman world at present is the gradual extinction of the Roman citizens—gradual, but quite sufficiently rapid to be perceptible to the resident of only a few years. They are being squeezed out, to their own infinite surprise and disgust. The new men from the north of Italy come with better and more modern business



habits, with more energy, more industry, more capital, more intelligence, more activity. The old Roman can't keep up with them, and is far too proud to permit himself to imagine that his want of success is due to any shortcoming of his own, or that any change in his time-honored habits can be desirable. So he gradually goes to the wall. In a short time "his place will know him no more," and Rome will be inhabited by a more progressive race.

One of the Christmas specialties to which the American and English visitors used to look forward at Rome was the church music. But this, alas! is among the things that were and are not. The appointed church services indeed are performed somehow—those at St. Peter's, however, greatly curtailed in consequence of the pope's sulky determination to consider himself and behave himself as a state prisoner—but the singing is not what it was. It used to be a very favorite expedition to attend the midnight mass on Christmas Eve in the great church of Santa Maria Maggiore. "All Rome"—all English and American Rome—used to be there. It was not perhaps a very edifying assembly. The enormous aisles, stretching away into dim distance as they recede from the galaxy of light upon and around the altar, are all but entirely dark, and the huge columns, casting their black masses of shadow, supplied abundant "cover" to those who brought with them some voice better worth listening to than any in the choir. But the singing was really worth hearing. It is so no longer. Gay young heretics may still find the midnight mass an "awfully jolly lounge," but to the real lover of music the attraction has vanished. The same thing, almost, may be said of the choir of the canons' chapel in St. Peter's; and quite of the nuns of St. Trinità di Monte, whose sweet singing of vespers used to attract "all Rome." Either their good voices have all become old, and they have been recruited by no fresh ones, or they no longer care to make music for the delight of heretic ears. It is curious to note that the same thing may be re-

marked of all the other cities of Italy. If Italy is "the land of song," it is certainly not the land of sacred song. The thing has perished. Evidently, nobody cares for it, and Italians of real musical taste and knowledge speak of the strains of Basili or Palestrina as detestable rubbish! The probability is, that the true explanation of the phenomenon lies in the hatred and disgust for the Church and its services, and all belonging to it, that the Italians have been educated into by their past experiences.

There is, however, one place in Rome where good church music may yet be heard, and that is in the noble suite of rooms which Mr. Hooker, the American banker, occupies in the Buonaparte palace in the Piazza di Venezia, on the eve of Christmas Day. It has for many years been the hospitable and pleasant custom of Mr. Hooker to assemble really almost the whole of the American and English visitors in his house to hear the old Christmas services of Palestrina, Guelmi, Fioravanti and other great composers of the best period of Italian church music, given by the best voices Rome can supply. Several hundreds of persons were assembled to partake of this treat on the night of December 24; and a very great treat it was. It would, indeed, be a very lame account of a Roman Christmas that should leave out Mr. Hooker's annual gathering.

T. ADOLPHUS TROLLOPE.

#### THE SIAMESE TWINS IN THEIR OWN LAND.

WHEN I first saw the Siamese Twins their strange foreign features, and the few sentences spoken for my entertainment in the harsh dialect of their country, made as strong an impression on my childish fancy as the freak of Nature which had united them so closely. Yet I scarcely expected then ever to visit the place of their birth, or to converse with their parents in their own vernacular. When, however, after the lapse of years, my husband and myself were setting forth on our Eastern tour, we sought out the Twins in order to learn from them something of their former home and con-



nctions. They evinced much emotion when told that we should probably visit their country, and readily gave us the address of their parents. When we asked, "What message shall we take to them?" Chang said something in a low tone to his brother, at which Eng smiled and shook his head negatively, and then both spoke out, Chang saying, "Tell them we are coming home some time," and Eng adding, "—When we have made money enough."

The Twins were born some thirty miles south-west of Bangkok, in a little fishing-village that derives its name from the Mâ Klaung ("Great Canal"), on which fronts the single narrow street of low, straggling houses that compose the town. But while Chang and Eng were yet in their infancy the parents removed to Bangkok, and were, when we saw them, living within four miles of the city. The father was a Chinaman, who spoke the Tai-Cheu dialect. He was of medium height, somewhat stout, but well formed, and intelligent for one of the laboring class. The mother was born in Siam of a Chinese father and Siamese mother; so that the Twins were one-fourth Siamese and three-fourths Chinese, so far as parentage was concerned, and the people about Bangkok speak of them as the "*Chinese* Twins." Being born in the country, they spoke the Siamese language far more fluently than they did Chinese. They, however, wore the Chinese dress, and their hair braided *à la Chinoise*, as do always the *male* children of Chinese fathers; and the parents both spoke of their sons as Chinese, utterly ignoring their place of birth and the mother's nationality. The mother of the Twins was a fair, comely woman of medium height and well-developed form. She had good health, and looked still youthful, though already the mother of fourteen children, nine of whom were then living. Two were prematurely born, two died in early infancy, and one, of small-pox, at the age of six years or thereabouts. Chang and Eng were the first-born sons of their parents, and there were four other pairs of twins and four children born one at a birth; but none

except Chang and Eng had any abnormal peculiarity, and those that we saw were all healthy, intelligent and pleasing in appearance. Chang and Eng were born in the latter part of 1811 or early in 1812: we could not learn definitely which, as no record had been kept. The mother spoke of them as somewhat smaller at birth than her other offspring, and as seeming feeble for the first six months of their lives, Eng especially, who was never quite as large as his brother.

The notion that the Twins were in any sort *one*, that they were actuated by one mind or impulse, as had often been suggested, never seemed to have entered the mother's mind, and when questioned on the subject she utterly rejected the idea. She had never perceived that the illness of one affected the other: one sometimes cried while she was nursing his brother, or one might hurt his hand or foot, and the other not feel pain, but if the ligament that united the twain was touched just in the centre, both were conscious of it. They always played together as two, not as one; and when they began to prattle they oftener spoke to each other than to those about them. It is obvious why this habit of conversing together was not more common with the Twins as they grew older. Being always together and enjoying precisely the same facilities for acquiring information, there could be little occasion for one to communicate with the other.

The mother told us, further, that these children seldom disagreed with each other, though occasionally she had to interfere and compel one or the other to give up. Chang being larger, stronger and more intelligent, ordinarily took the initiative, and Eng, who was decidedly amiable, while his brother was irritable, and sometimes passionate, seldom contended for the supremacy. But now and then, either that the rule of the stronger became too stringent, or that the weaker was in a less yielding mood than ordinary, these closest of friends would become so incensed as to make use of some very unfraternal epithets toward each other. A whisper in the ear of one was not heard by the other, and if he

to whom the communication had been made failed to impart it at once to his brother, unkind words were sure to follow, and sometimes the coolness lasted for days. After the reconciliation, which was always cordial and entire, both brothers spoke deprecatingly of their quarrel, and for a long time were more devoted than ever to each other.

The mother said that at first the ligament that united the boys was so short as to compel them to face each other, nor could they turn in bed without being lifted up and laid in the desired position; but as they grew and exercised more freely, the ligament gradually lengthened, till they were able to stand side by side, and even back to back, and to turn themselves in bed by rolling one over the other.

The little cottage where these boys passed their childhood was of the sort known in Siam as "floating houses." They are one-story buildings, moored on the river bank, and kept in place not by anchors, but by large poles on each side driven into the muddy bottom. They are built of either teak boards or bamboo, roofed with *attap* leaves, and contain three or four rooms, of which the front one is a shop, besides a verandah that overlooks the river or canal. Here, day by day, as the father plied his trade of catching fish or cleaned and sorted them for market, and the mother was selling wares in her little shop, the twin brothers amused themselves in the broad, cool verandah, watching their parents and aiding in such light labors as they were able to undertake. Sometimes they went fishing in the boat with their father; and, like all Eastern children, they soon learned to swim, and spent much of their time in the water. One day, while they were thus engaged, Mr. Robert Hunter, a Scotch merchant residing in Bangkok, passed in his boat, and, attracted by the perfect uniformity of the children's movements, he stopped to ascertain how they managed to keep thus closely side by side. One can imagine his amazement at the discovery of the cause; and from that day, which was some time during the year 1824, Mr. Hunter began con-

cocting measures to get them off to Europe for exhibition. He spoke to the parents, to whom his plans seemed about as feasible as to send off their boys to another planet, and they would at first entertain no proposition on the subject. But Mr. H. continued to visit them from time to time, and by his genial nature soon won not only the hearts of the parents, but those of the boys themselves, till the latter became eager to set out on a tour over a world of which they heard such glowing accounts. Still, the parents held back, and all negotiations would probably have failed but for the opportune arrival, in the year 1829, of an American vessel commanded by Captain Coffin, who, offering to give the parents a large bonus, and Mr. Hunter pledging an equal amount, the Twins were handed over to the foreigners, and sailed immediately for Europe and the United States before the parents had time to change their minds. They were tractable, intelligent, well-behaved lads, who gave their new guardians no trouble, nor during the entire voyage expressed any desire to return to their native land. Since then their reputation has become world-wide. I saw them last in the fall of 1865, at the New England Agricultural Fair in Brattleboro', Vermont, where they were again exhibiting themselves, with two of their sons. The fathers were beginning to show marks of age, Eng especially, who looked five years older than his brother. They had nearly forgotten their native language, and in lieu of the deep emotion they had formerly evinced in speaking of their country, they seemed now to care very little about it, and wound up the conversation by saying nonchalantly, "America is our home now: we have no other." FANNIE ROPER FEUDGE.

#### LETTER FROM NEW YORK.

THE national air of New York this winter is "Molly, put the kettle on." "We all have tea" all the time. Kettle-drum is a good expression for an empty, loud noise, such as profane men are apt to denominate "women's cackling"; but, be that as it may, tea, tea, tea, four o'clock tea, is the great prevailing fash-

ion of the day. Tea at four o'clock means merely a reception, with nothing but tea for a refreshment: one cup of chocolate would break the charm. Tea, and tea inviolate. "My dreams are," said a stout gentleman, "that I am a funnel, and forty women are pouring tea down my throat." "My nightmare is," said a stout lady, "that the tea-kettle will not boil." To be sure, we have superb lunches, where, being too many to sit at table, we are served *Lucretia Borgia* fashion—all the guests on one side and all the servants on the other—from behind the well-spread board, which rises like an exhalation, with its candied temples and cloud-capped pinnacles. We go to dinners where the inevitable five oysters stare us in the face, with lacklustre observation. "Oysters," said Thackeray, "pervade American society. To me they are too large: they look like the tongue of a diseased giant. They affect your criticism of pictures: Page's Venus is described to me as 'Venus on the half shell.'" One treads on them at evening-parties, the careless waiters having spilled a few. Deprived of its bivalves, New York would be an impoverished Ancient Pistol, and fain to make the world its oyster.

The bouquet business has finally become such a nuisance that the young ladies of a sensible frame of mind have given out invitations for a certain dancing-class with this motto: "No bouquets will be received." Nothing but a Boston bouquet, composed of "Marshal Neil" rosebuds or the deep red "General Jaqueminot," was permitted to be received. No young lady would go to a ball unless she had one, and would not be seen carrying one made of cheaper flowers. Imagine the feelings of poor Brown, Jones and Robinson who had to pay for them at fifteen dollars apiece! Did Gulnare ask the price of the flowers which she received? Did Zelica or Lalla Rookh know how much their roses of Cashmere cost? Shade of Tom Moore! where are you? One gentleman who owns three acres of greenhouse near New York, and who is forced to sell his flowers to save them,

sold in the week between Christmas and New Year eight thousand rosebuds at twenty-five cents apiece! That is "scattering your rosebuds while you may," isn't it?

One of our most distinguished doctors of divinity, who was supposed, though a Protestant, to believe in the celibacy of the clergy, has become engaged, to the great delight of the men and the despair of the women. A noted Catholic convert, a lady of immense wealth, has been brought back again to the Protestant faith. Who shall say now that "Protestantism is a failure"?

Poor Charles Bristed, most amiable, most eccentric, most scholarly of men, has gone! Society here, which knew him so well, mourns him deeply. In his last letter he says: "They say society in New York is worse than it was in my day. With God all things are possible!" Was not that like him? Individuality was Bristed's charm, and those who knew him best loved him best. He pretended to be less good than he was—not a common defect.

The second "Patriarchs" ball, which came off on the 19th of January, was a picture of New York at her best—beautiful women and noble-looking men; all ages, too, which is the best ornament of a ball. The jewelry of New York women would not disgrace a duchess, and the grand elevated dais where the mammas sit was a blaze of diamonds. Save for the absence of the uniforms and orders which adorn European men, the ball would have rivaled any at Buckingham Palace or at the Tuileries.

It is amusing to hear the names of the dancing-classes—the "Ancient and Honorable," the "Mysterious," the "Bread and Butter," the "Rosebuds" and the "Babies." The dance must come out of people some way, else they would explode, like overcharged engines.

I must tell you a true story of an aquamarine. A young and pretty girl wore at a ball, a month ago, her mother's necklace, from which she lost the principal stone, and felt very unhappy about it, as aquamarines are difficult to get. A young man found it, and put it in his

pocket. After three or four weeks' time, during which he and she had had a decided flirtation, she told him of her loss. He suddenly remembered having picked up the gem, and, having thought it a bit of glass, had forgotten all about it. It was, however, in his vest pocket. He did not reveal his discovery until she said to him one evening, "I would give anything to find mamma's aqua-marine" (with a sigh and a smile). "Will you give yourself?" he asked, and handed her the stone. So she got both a husband and a necklace, for mamma handed over the gems and the daughter.

MARGARET CLAYSON.

#### THE MUSICAL SEASON.

IN the palmy days of the so-called "Ullmann Combination," when the talented and impetuous Anschütz wielded the bâton and Adelina Patti was just coming to the fore, when the Marcel of Carl Formes and the Valentin of Poinsoit afforded us performances that are even now recalled with pleasure, there was one player in the orchestra who, despite the attractions of singers and the dramatic interest of the opera, was frequently regarded with attention by those who look in front of the foot-lights as well as beyond them. The bright, clever-looking youth with long hair thrown back and almost touching his shoulders, engrossed with the task before him, and playing with a dash and spirit that forced one to single him out from those by whom he was surrounded, was Theodore Thomas, the leader of the violins. The career of Mr. Thomas forms an important chapter in the history of American musical progress during the last fifteen years. While yet an orchestral subaltern he acquired no mean reputation as a solo performer on the violin. In conjunction with Mr. William Mason of New York he subsequently conducted a series of chamber concerts which extended over several years. The training he thus acquired, both as an executant and in the knowledge of compositions and composers, has since borne fruit in the formation of an admirably trained band, and the production, in a

manner before unequaled in America, of a long list of orchestral works.

The writer once visited Thomas in his earlier days, when the chamber concerts were yet in progress. There was to be a rehearsal that afternoon, and the leader was busily engaged in collating the different parts of a quartette—adding a *crescendo* here, a *diminuendo* there, and marking accents where they were required in order that there might be unanimity of expression, or, in other words, that his conception of the work might be fully interpreted. A powerful yet discerning mind thus informed the other players with its own ideas, and the result was a harmonious whole—no waste of power, no lack of refinement—a performance, in short, which conquered the most captious of critics. The same method underlies his success as an orchestral leader—a thorough study of the work in hand, a clear conception of the composer's intention, and, after that, conscientious rehearsing with his band. As a result we have wind instruments, both wood and brass, whose tones melt into one another with all the softness of the mellowest stops of an organ, while the strings, by their precision of attack and purity of intonation, seem to realize all one can wish for in that way.

At the first of the series of symphony concerts with which Mr. Thomas is now favoring Philadelphia, it was gratifying to note that the presence of a large and enthusiastic audience testified to a growing taste for music of a high order. The chief point of interest was the Schubert symphony in C major, a work which was unearthed by Robert Schumann, and by him introduced to Mendelssohn and the Leipsic orchestra. No wonder that Schumann was delighted with the treasure he had found. It has long since been accorded a place very near the greatest symphonies of Beethoven. It is a long poem, but its very length, instead of being wearisome, is, to use Schumann's epithet, "heavenly." An attempt at an analysis of the work were out of place here. As Schumann said, "To dissect the various movements would afford no pleasure: to convey any idea of the

novel features with which the work abounds, it were necessary to copy the entire symphony. And yet," he adds, "I cannot refrain from speaking of the second movement, which addresses us in such tender strains. There is one passage in which the horn seems in the distance, and its tones as if they had descended from another sphere. At that moment every one listened as if there were a heavenly visitor gliding about in the orchestra. Excepting those of Beethoven, no symphony had ever so impressed us. Artists and art-lovers united in its praise, and the master who had so thoroughly rehearsed it [Mendelssohn] uttered a few words which I would gladly have carried to Schubert as a message of joy. Years may elapse before the work becomes popular in Germany, but let there be no fear of its ever being overlooked or forgotten, for it bears the seeds of eternal youth within it."

The other orchestral numbers were the *Fidelio* overture, an adaptation of Liszt's bizarre *Rhapsodie Hongroise*, Berlioz's *Carnaval Romain* overture, and some graceful trifles by Bargiel. After what we have written it is needless to refer to the manner in which these works were given, although exception might, we think, be taken to the very rapid *tempo* of the *finale* of the symphony. Rumor has it that the Ninth Symphony is to be attempted toward the close of the season. Where the chorus is to come from we have not yet heard. If there be sufficient time to prepare the singers, there need be no lack of voices. Our Orpheus, Abt, Vocal Union and Beethoven societies would furnish a strong contingent if they could be induced to interest themselves in the matter.

—The sad intelligence of the death of Madame Parepa-Rosa revives our recollections of her many artistic triumphs while in this country. Her success was, in all respects, a genuine one. She came to us almost unheralded. Unlike many of her predecessors, however, she came in her youth, while voice and energies were unimpaired. Although London and Berlin had heard and appreciated her, her Transatlantic successes were so re-

cent that her praises had not yet been re-echoed on this side of the water, and thus we were obliged to pass on her merits without getting the key-note of criticism from abroad. Our critics are, however, gradually learning to get along without that crutch.

Although it is doubtful whether Madame Rosa possessed the qualifications of an actress, it is undeniable that she delighted in the stage. We remember meeting her after her first concert at the Academy of Music in this city, when her first words were, "How I should love to appear in opera in this beautiful house!" She was, at all events, fully equal to the dramatic requirements of comic opera. In the tragic rôles she lacked that intensity which sways an audience. But even there she had that which, with the more musical portion of her audience, went far to atone for this defect—a complete mastery of the musical part of the rôle. We have heard many a prima-donna whose acting saved a poor voice and a bad style. Madame Rosa, however, made one forget that aught but song was required of her.

The fatigues of several opera seasons, with their incessant wanderings from city to city, were not without their effect upon her, and when she last appeared in Philadelphia her voice showed signs of the constant strain that had been put upon it. Shortly afterward she returned to London. Thence she went to Egypt, and sang before the khedive. It seems but a few months since extracts from a bright, rollicking letter of hers, dated at Cairo, were published in our daily journals. Those who were fortunate enough to know her well need not be reminded of her charming manners, her bright, merry laugh that seemed to drive all gloom from her presence, or her power of causing her companions to share her own buoyancy of spirits. She made friends with ease. All seemed anxious to serve her, and, if report speaks truly, she never forgot a kindness. When we last met her she alluded to her long illness while in Baltimore, and spoke with tender gratitude not only of the famed physician who had been so kind to her,



but also of the strange lady who, taking pity on her solitude, had sent lovely flowers to solace her. Numerous instances of her kindness to others are brought to mind while we are penning these lines. To young votaries of her art she was very indulgent, listening to them with a patience that was often out of proportion to their merit, pointing out faults of method that had escaped their attention, and invariably telling them of the importance of constant and severe study. She loved her "art for art's sake." The greater the composition the keener her delight in singing it.

#### NOTES.

APROPOS of the New Year's visits which some persons make in extraordinary numbers, a singular experience is said to have been achieved by a gentleman whose identity we may conceal under the name of Smith. Mr. Smith, being very busy on the first day of the year, concluded to discharge the ceremonies of the season by sending round his cards to the ladies of his acquaintance, and for that purpose drew up a list of names which reached the round number of fifty. Then, giving directions to his new valet to leave at the houses indicated on the list a package of half a hundred cards, which he would find on the parlor-table, our man of business went off, highly satisfied with his arrangement. On returning at night he asked if his Mercury had distributed all the cards. "Yes, sir," was the reply, "and there were two cards over." "Two over! how so?" "Why, there were fifty-two in the pack, and so I brought back the jack of spades and the queen of diamonds!" Tableau!

IF the Chinese lead no very dulcet life in San Francisco, at least the condition of the females seems to be better there than in the Celestial Empire, judging from an edict lately published at Houpei. This proclamation avers that about eight per cent. of the Chinese girls are thrown into the water at birth, and that this practice is an abominable abuse, for the reason that they could be placed at the

foundling hospitals, and sooner or later a great part of them would find husbands. The governor accordingly calls down upon such thoughtless parents the vengeance of Heaven, which, he suggests, may cause only daughters to be born to them before long. Besides, he warns mothers not to forget that they may be visited in dreams by the ghosts of the poor little beings thus cruelly done to death. Human justice, he adds, ought to punish these practices as grave crimes, and every village in which there are eight less girls than boys ought to be considered disgraced. It is a sign of progress in China that its frightful infanticide is really attracting censure as a crime. To us in America it is a little difficult to believe that such figures as those just given are not exaggerated; but it may be remembered that the Hindoo delegate to the Evangelical Alliance, the Rev. N. Sheshadri, while in Philadelphia, drew every whit as startling a picture of the infanticide practiced in India.

It is rather odd to learn that in a wine-making country where the juice of the grape is so cheap as in France, out of one hundred and twenty persons confined at Sainte-Pélagie, no less than sixty are wine-merchants who have been sentenced for adulterations and falsifications of their brands. It is even said that many Frenchmen have taken to strong liquors of late, on the plea of the difficulty of procuring sound and pure wines. If so, however, they leap from the frying-pan into the fire, since a favorite receipt for the manufacture of "rum" in France is said to be—New leather, grated, 2 kilogrammes; oak bark, scraped fine, 500 grammes; cloves, 15 grammes; new tar, 15 grammes; alcohol of molasses, 100 litres. In such a beverage the advantage over deceitful wines is not clear, and the Scripture adage is verified that if "wine is a mocker," "strong drink is raging."

THERE is a class of wonderful scientific stories which make the rounds of the press almost unchallenged, probably



to the intense amusement of the unscrupulous wits who invent them for the consumption of a not too thoughtful public. Such a yarn is the one related of the adventures of an unfortunate young laundress who had unluckily swallowed a needle, which caused her the greatest inconvenience, when a skillful doctor hit upon the expedient of making an external application of a very strong magnet, which, after many careful adjustments, finally drew the needle up the throat of the victim and out of her mouth. The reader will perhaps concede that the magnet was "very strong." However, the *Audience* is inspired by this or a like triumph of medical science to relate that a young man, in drinking hastily, swallowed a bit of his glass, which had been broken off and had fallen into the water. A doctor being summoned, after studying the facts intently for a few moments, ordered the patient to swallow a bottle of mineral water; upon which, with a magnet—still stronger, doubtless, than that of the laundress—he drew out the morsel of glass, which had been attracted by the water; "for," kindly explains the *Audience*, the skillful physician "had had the inspiration to administer a mineral water heavily impregnated with iron!" Some of our practitioners will see that there are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in their pharmacopœias—namely, the things written in the newspapers.

ONE of the characteristic novelties of this age of ours has been a ball given in the Parthenon. The famous temple has seen many profanations in its day from Goths, Vandals, Venetians, and Englishmen, who have successively bruised, bombarded, and pillaged it, but it has been reserved for the Hellenic government itself to give an official ball in the place once sacred to Pallas Athene. Music from modern bands must have echoed strangely in that antique struc-

ture, and the contrast between the costumes, not to say the figures, of dancing consuls, ministers and "ladies of legations," and the marble caryatides, must have been striking.

MR. JOHN BIGELOW, to whom the public is indebted for the first authentic edition of Franklin's autobiography, has conceived the happy idea of supplementing that work by such portions of the correspondence of Franklin as relate to his personal history, so as to form a complete memoir in an autobiographical form. The Autobiography, as edited by Mr. Bigelow in 1868, brings the account of Franklin's life down to his fifty-first year, and to his arrival in England as agent of the colonies in 1757. From this period till his final return from France, five years before his death, he lived abroad, and was in constant correspondence not only with his official chiefs, but with his kindred and friends, to whom he gave full details of his public and private life. After his return to Philadelphia, in 1785, he kept up a correspondence with many eminent persons in Europe, with whom he had contracted a friendly intimacy, his letters coming down to the later stages of his last illness. He has thus left a full record of his remarkable career, and Mr. Bigelow has wisely judged that, whatever interest the world may feel in the accounts given by others of our first philosopher and diplomatist, it will be still more interested in his own account, which is in fact the chief source of all that has been told respecting him. In the execution of his plan Mr. Bigelow has so arranged the excerpts as to form a connected narrative in Franklin's own language, throwing such explanations as were requisite into foot-notes. The work is now in the press, and will be published by Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co. in three volumes, crown 8vo, of some six hundred pages each.

## LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

Memoir and Letters of Sara Coleridge. Edited by her Daughter. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Could this book have been published as the simple history of the mental and spiritual life of an interesting and gifted woman, its charm would have been unalloyed by any such feeling of disappointment as, we may venture to say, is now all but inevitable. Few people will take up the volume without expecting to find in its pages a store of vivid and original recollections of Wordsworth, Southey and Coleridge, such as would make their mental images of these remarkable men more characteristic and lifelike. To whose pen could we have looked more confidently for those life-like touches, those intimate personal details which might give us juster ideas of their individualities, than to that of the daughter of Coleridge, who was also to Wordsworth and her uncle Southey as one of their own children? But, although on every page, almost in every line, of the book we trace the mental and spiritual influence of all three poets, although its intellectual atmosphere is saturated with the metaphysics of Coleridge, and its phraseology proves how completely the poetry of Wordsworth had passed into the writer's mind and incorporated itself with her methods of expression—although she herself distinctly recognizes the part played by each of them in the formation of her character, views and tastes, and assigns to each his distinct sphere of special influence,—still, except from a few not very striking anecdotes and a rare quotation here and there from their sayings, one gains no objective impression of either of these men. All is filtered through her mind, and comes as a purely subjective statement. Delicate and slender as is her individuality, it stands between us and them throughout the book. To do justice to it, therefore, and to enjoy it, one must see in it nothing but a most interesting study of a woman's character, and forget, except so far as it concerns her and influences her development, who she was and among whom she lived.

No life could have been more uneventful, more devoid of the excitement that comes from variety and incident—the first twenty-

seven years of it spent in a retired country place, with few acquaintances, delicate health and very limited means; then after her marriage, which was the fruition of a seven years' betrothal, living in London in lodgings, the current of her existence never blending with the rushing whirl of society, knowing few people and shrinking from knowing more, with five children born to her in the first eleven years of her marriage, three of them dying in infancy, the shadow of ill-health stealing over her day by day, her time and thoughts devoted to her husband and children; then her husband's painful illness and death, followed by nine years of widowhood—years of conscientious labor at his unfinished literary work (the editing of her father's literary remains, a labor of love to her) and of redoubled devotion to her two surviving children, ended at last by a tedious and suffering illness. One cannot imagine a more colorless existence: no blue or scarlet threads are to be seen, but how many gray ones, and some of even darker shading!

Nothing can be more significant than the character of Sara Coleridge's earliest intellectual labors. We are told that at the age of twenty she published anonymously a "work in three octavo volumes translated from the Latin, and entitled *An Account of the Abipones, an Equestrian People of Paraguay*, from the Latin of Martin Dobrizhoffer, eighteen years a missionary in that country." There is something strangely different from the ordinary impatient assumption and eagerness for distinction of youthful authors in the unostentatious and laborious character of this first mental achievement of a girl of twenty. One thinks instinctively of Wordsworth's exquisite lines—

A maid whom there were none to praise,  
And very few to love.

The only recognition the book ever received was in a delicately obscure passage in Southey's *Tale of Paraguay* (which was founded upon the missionary's narrative) and a speech of her father's, which pronounced it "unsurpassed for pure mother English." But the absence of any desire for notoriety, or even commendation, the love of intellectual labor for its own sake, was an essential character-

istic of Sara Coleridge, and was persistently evidenced throughout her life. She did much thorough and successful literary work, but she always did it either for pure love of it, or pure love of some one else—never for effect or distinction.

Very evidently, her early life was as devoid of youthful vagaries, of "the wild freshness of morning," as any mature middle age could have been; and throughout the whole history of her life the same calmness and moderation are to be observed. Delicate, subtle and strong as was her imagination, it was always controlled by her reason: there is a singular soundness and balance about her views on all practical matters and in her judgment of characters. One cause, no doubt, of the soberness and calmness—what one might call the chastened character—of all her views and expressions of feeling, even in these youthful records, was what she speaks of in her account of her early life as the great misfortune of both her father and herself—a "want of bodily vigor adequate to the ordinary demands of life, even under favorable circumstances." To this cause may also be attributed the entire absence of vivacity, at least of the ordinary kind, in her letters. In reading them, one almost longs for a little of the overflow of youth, something of that luxuriance that needs pruning, to relieve the absolute propriety and moderation of her sentiments and expressions.

After the fragment of childish recollections with which the book begins follows a brief memoir of her girlhood, wedded life and widowhood by her daughter, and the rest of the five hundred and odd closely-printed pages are entirely composed of her letters. One gathers from these the impression that letter-writing was with her rather a vehicle of expression than a method of interchange of thought. Most of them are addressed to men and women to whom she seems to have stood in the position of an acknowledged intellectual superior, and but few of them to men or women who have made any mark in the world. At times there is a touch of the didactic which oppresses one; and from first to last there is never a gleam of humor, and her occasional attempts at a joke always smell of the oil. But there is a great deal of forcible and effective illustration, many apt comparisons, and much delicate, thoughtful and well-judged literary criticism; while, above all, we feel throughout the book that elevation of cha-

racter and purity of nature which constituted the main power and the chief charm of the writer's life.

The mistake of the book seems to us to have been in the publication of most of her theological disquisitions, which fill a large space in the volume. We call them theological advisedly: they savor of the barrenness of scholastic disputations, and have as little to do with the reality of religion, for the most part, as a dry stick has to do with a green bough. Nothing could serve as a better illustration of the greater depth of treatment received by religious questions to-day and that of the day in which Sara Coleridge's mind was formed, than some of these letters. Even original and profound thought hardly redeems the religious writings of that day from their spiritual desiccation and superficiality, and the thought in these letters is neither deep nor original, although both subtle and mature.

The most delightful passages in the letters are those in relation to her children and their education and training. The best that she possessed of heart and mind she lavished on them from their birth, and there is a great and impressive beauty in the picture of her relation to and attitude toward them. There is a thoughtful, wise tenderness of feeling, combined with a vigorous healthiness of judgment, in all that she says concerning the training of children, that seems to strike the just mean between the cold, lop-sided morality of her own day and the fibreless sentimentality of the present on this subject. Anything more admirably wise and true than her letters to her husband and to Miss Trevenen and Mrs. Plummer about the education, mental and moral, of children, we cannot imagine, and a most valuable little compendium of her views on the subject might be readily made.

The book is a book for the few rather than for the many, but to those few it will both do good and give pleasure.

*The Old Faith and the New: A Confession.*  
By David Friedrich Strauss. New York:  
Henry Holt & Co.

In spite of its vehement arguments and aggressive statements, the whole tone of this book forbids one to regard it as a contribution to controversial religious writing. It is written for the faithful—to represent and fortify a school of thought, rather than to establish one. All its positions are assumed as already proved. It is addressed to those who think as the writer

does, but who have not his power of expression or grasp of argument, and who will be glad that some one has spoken their mind and defined their position for them. No one will be likely to have his opinions modified by anything it contains. Those who disagree with it will be outraged, those who agree gratified, by so uncompromising an assertion of their inward convictions.

The ground covered by this *Confession* would preclude, in itself, the possibility of going to the bottom of the arguments for or against any of the positions: Dr. Strauss recognizes this, and contents himself with succinct statements and assertions. In a naïf sort of way he always assumes that those who agree with him, and for whom his confession is made, acknowledge his spiritual and intellectual leadership, and will make no appeal from his decisions. Two very striking things about the book are its confident egotism and its courageous frankness. Few men unite the thoughtfulness and acumen of the critic with the defiant bearing of the partisan. Few thinkers are able and willing to be combatants as well, and to descend into the arena in defence of their ideas. Dr. Strauss is in these respects a rare union: he has the courage of his convictions in an unusual degree.

When he published *The Life of Jesus* in 1835, he was met by an all but unanimous cry of condemnation. As he himself says in the preface to his present work, "The author's name was a synonym for every deed accurst." The thirty years that have gone by since then have in nowise daunted or quelled his spirit or weakened his convictions. *The Old Faith and the New* has all the freshness and audacity of a young man's first appearance in the lists, ready to break a lance with all comers. His method of dealing with the great German thinkers, his predecessors, is eminently eclectic. Where they agree with him, their utterances are quoted as being of absolute authority—where they differ with him, he does not hesitate to pooh-pooh them with a good-natured, contemptuous assurance of their error. Lessing, Spinoza and Kant, even the two great teachers of his youth, Schleiermacher and Hegel, are all quoted, all approved, but all come short, in his opinion, of the standpoint to which he has attained. He has outstripped the whole intellectual world, and is now complacently waiting for it to catch up with him. There is always a measure of strength in such perfect faith, even

if it be only faith in one's self. That the world will come round to his views he never doubts: he says, "The day will come, as it came for *The Life of Jesus*, when my book will be understood; only this time I shall not live to see it."

The work of destruction in the present book is out of all proportion to that of construction. Of the old faith, Dr. Strauss leaves not one stone standing upon another, but when he comes to rebuild the edifice he falls into vague generalities, which will scarcely satisfy those weaker brethren who abound in all sects, even in those inspired by the doctrines of pure reason. He never evades this possibility, however, but deals with it as best he may—always frankly, even when to an unbeliever it may seem inadequately. After acknowledging that "a long dissertation" will be expected of him "concerning the compensation which our conception of the universe may offer in place of the Christian belief in immortality," he rehearses a short catalogue of barren and vague ideas, and winds up with remitting the feeble soul not satisfied with the prospect of "being freed from the toil of the long day's work that must at last exhaust," to Moses and the prophets, "who themselves knew nothing of immortality, and yet were Moses and the prophets still." There is indisputably light in the book, but it is light without warmth.

#### *Books Received.*

- Little People of God, and What the Poets have Said of Them. Edited by Mrs. George L. Austin. Boston: Shepard & Gill.
- Siam: The Land of the White Elephant. Compiled by George B. Bacon. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.
- The Lake Regions of Central Africa. Compiled by Bayard Taylor. New York: Scribner, Armstrong & Co.
- Essays on Political Economy. By the late Frederic Bastiat. New York: G. P. Putnam & Sons.
- Under the Evergreens. By George C. Lorimer. Boston: Shepard & Gill.
- Which Shall it Be? A Novel. By Mrs. Alexander. Boston: Loring.
- Barriers Burned Away. By Edward P. Roe. New York: Dodd & Mead.
- Satan: A Libretto. By Christopher P. Cranch. Boston: Roberts Brothers.
- Home Nook; or, The Crown of Duty. Boston: Lee & Shepard.